The Outlook

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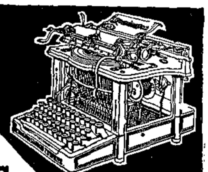

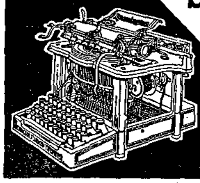

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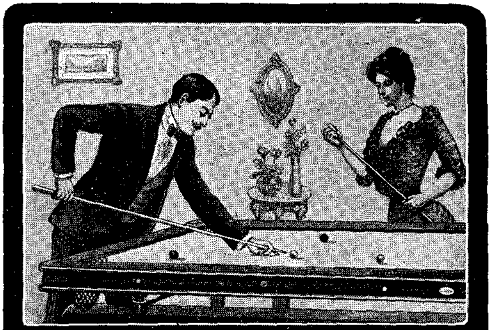

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Published Weekly

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The Week in Congress The subject most discussed in Congress is again the Philippine war, which the Democrats of all schools and from all sections seize every occasion to condemn. Last week it was kept before the House through a large part of three days by a minor item in the Deficiency Appropriation Bill providing for the erection of better quarters for soldiers at Manila. When the final vote was taken upon this item, the Democratic ranks broke, sixteen Democrats voting with all the Republicans in favor of the appropriation. On the question of policy, however, the party seemed to be absolutely a unit in favor of offering independence to the Philippines upon the same terms as to Cuba. The Republicans, while a unit on this question of immediate appropriations, were more or less divided on the question of our ultimate policy. Mr. Cannon's declaration that, in his judgment, the United States would remain in the Philippines "forever and a day" was deprecated by some of his colleagues who want our future policy in the islands to be left for the future to determine. In the Senate the most important speech thus far made on Philippine affairs was that of Mr. Hoar in favor of an investigation by a Senate committee. Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, who is at the head of the Committee on Philippine Affairs, protested that if such an investigation were ordered it must be conducted by his Committee. This compromise is reported to have been accepted. Senator Hoar, not being a member of the Committee, cannot take part in the investigation, but his point of view will be strongly pressed by the Democratic members. The only new piece of legislation which has occupied much time in either house is Senator Nelson's bill for a new Department of Commerce with a representative in the Cabinet. This bill proposes to transfer to the new department a dozen different bureaus now otherwise managed, and to add a new Bureau of Manufactures with thirty officers and clerks. The bureaus transferred are the Patent Office with 605 employees, the Coast and Geodetic Survey with 202 employees, the Department of Labor with 78 employees, and nine others with an aggregate of 210 employees. The criticism of the bill comes chiefly from those who wish these old bureaus kept in the departments now controlling them, but there is additional opposition to the transfer of the Department of Labor to the new department. The last Democratic platform, it will be recalled, declared in favor of giving the Department of Labor a Cabinet rank, and the President of the American Federation of Labor has protested against the proposed subordination of this department into a bureau of a newly created Department of Commerce.

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The New Ship Subsidy Bill By a strict party vote, Senator Frye's new ship subsidy bill has been favorably reported to the Senate. The measure differs from the one defeated last spring in the amount it appropriates, but not in the principle it involves. Last year's measure granted certain shipping interests $9,000,000 a year for a period of twenty years. This year's bill, according to the figures of its friends, grants these interests less than $2,000,000 a year, and does not fix the period during which the grant shall continue. In the present bill, however, as in the last, there is the definite concession that public money shall be handed over to a powerful group of capitalists, on the ground that their industry is of great value to the general public—as indeed every honorable industry is, if it is self-supporting. The group favored this year is not identical with that of last year. Last year's bill permitted Americans who have bought ships abroad to give them American registry and receive one-half the subsidy granted to American-built ships. This year's bill grants no such privilege. Senator Vest, of Missouri, the leader of the Democratic opponents of the bill, announces that he will offer an amendment allowing Americans who own foreign-built ships to give them an American registry without becoming entitled to any subsidy and without becoming entitled to engage in our coasting trade. But it is not thought that even this amendment will be accepted. The present bill is rather a measure to increase the profits of present owners and builders of American ships than to increase the size of the merchant marine flying the American flag and carrying our foreign trade. The new bill omits the provision of the old that no ship shall receive a subsidy unless it carries on its outward voyage a cargo of one-third its tonnage. It is therefore in no degree an exporters' bill. It is simply a measure to help the ship-builders, who last year enjoyed the most profitable season they have ever known, and to help the ship-owners, who at this very time are trying to effect a combination to prevent lower rates.

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A Pauperized Industry Just as Senator Frye is renewing his effort to establish a bounty system in this country, an international Conference reassembles at Brussels for the purpose of getting rid of the greatest bounty system in Europe. Each of the great nations of central Europe has attempted to build up its beet-sugar industry by paying a bounty on all sugar sold abroad. The advantages claimed for the system at the outset were precisely those claimed for the shipping subsidies now urged in Congress. The bounty would develop a home industry at the expense of its foreign competitors. It did develop the home industry—disproportionately to any other—but it has been at a terrible home expense. The system of discrimination, bad in its start, went everywhere from bad to worse. A new bounty in one of the beet-sugar countries was always made the excuse for as large or a larger bounty in the others, and in this way the size of the subsidy has increased until it approximates $7 a ton in most of the beet-sugar countries. In Germany, where the production is greatest and most of the product is exported, the exports have for several years amounted to a million tons a year, and the bounties have cost the taxpayers something like $7,000,000 a year. Austria and France are almost as heavily burdened, and yet the beet-sugar growers in all of these countries receive hardly more for their exported sugar than if no bounties existed at all. They are simply selling their exported sugar for $7 a ton less than the natural price—their governments paying them to sell sugar abroad for less than the cost of production. The costliness of the system is recognized by statesmen everywhere, but no one government dares abandon it unless its neighbors do, for the sugar-producers in each country claim with truth that without the bounty they cannot meet the prices of their bounty-supported rivals. Therefore one conference after another has been held to see if all the nations could not agree to quit the bounty system together.

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Countervailing Duties The present Conference, we trust, stands a better chance of success than any of its predecessors, for two reasons. In the first place, the bounty-paying nations are more heartily sick of the system than ever before. In the second place, the great bounty-receiving nation, England, is preparing to levy a tax so that its treasury instead of its consumers shall receive the benefit of the foreign bounties. For years the sugar-producers of the British West Indies have protested against the unfair competition to which they were subjected by reason of the Continental bounties, and have asked Great Britain to levy on foreign sugar a "countervailing" duty equivalent to the bounty it had received. The fact that such a duty would raise the price of sugar to English consumers and manufacturers has long prevented its enactment. But this year the great depression in the sugar industry in the British West Indies, as in Cuba, has led the English Government to recognize the right of colonial planters to compete in the British market on fair terms with their Continental rivals, and the English representatives at Brussels have notified the delegates from other nations that unless the bounty system is abrogated Great Britain will tax all "bounty-fed" sugar by the amount of the bounty it receives from its home government. This would mean that all German, French, and Austrian sugar coming into England would hereafter be taxed $7 a ton more than sugar from Jamaica or Cuba, and thus the bounty paid by the Continental governments be turned into the British treasury if the sugar went to the British market. As our own Government has already adopted the same system of countervailing duties upon "bounty-fed" sugar, the greatest sugar markets would be closed to the recipients of bounties unless they turned over their bounties entire to the foreign customhouses. Just at the present time the adoption of such a system by England would create a situation peculiarly intolerable to Germany, France, and Austria. Not one of these countries could endure the thought of paying bounties into the British treasury, for they all know that Great Britain's need of more revenue is to carry on the Boer war. If England has taken a firm stand in this matter—and the King's Speech suggests that she has—the days of the sugar bounties are numbered. It was nearly the height of folly for the Continental countries to pay bounties in order to sell sugar to English consumers for seven dollars a ton less than it cost. But the folly of paying such a bounty into the English treasury to carry on a war which the Continent detests staggers the most fanatical advocates of the bounty system, and is likely to cause its overthrow. Nevertheless, disagreements are reported at Brussels which may make this Conference end as fruitlessly as its predecessors. A bounty system is as easy as sin to enter upon, but as hard as sin to abandon. The moral to America is plain.

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The Commission's Report for Panama

The Isthmian Canal Commission, called together to consider the offer of the Panama Canal Company to sell its interests for $40,000,000 (instead of the $109,000,000 previously asked), unanimously recommends the acceptance of the new offer. This recommendation surprises no one who read its previous report, which seemed, on the whole, favorable to the claims of Panama except in the matter of price. With the new offer in hand, the estimated cost of completing the Panama route is less than the estimated cost of constructing the Nicaragua route, the figures standing: Nicaragua, $190,000,000; Panama, $184,000,000. A still more important consideration in favor of the cheapness of the Panama route is that the canal is shorter, and therefore the estimated cost of maintaining it is but $2,000,000 a year, as against $3,300,000 for Nicaragua. In order to make either canal commercially profitable, the tolls must not only cover interest on the bonds issued to build it, but also the cost of maintenance; and the sum of these two items for Panama would be reckoned at $8,000,000 a year, as against $9,300,000 for Nicaragua. The Commission plainly does not believe that the traffic through Nicaragua would be enough greater than that through Panama to offset the difference; for while it admits that the Nicaragua route is from one to two days shorter for steamships between our eastern and western coasts, it urges that the Panama route is from one to two days shorter for vessels between our eastern coasts and the western coast of South America. More important, however, than the Commission's supplementary argument about the relative cost of the two routes is its statement that the Colombian Government, the representative of the stockholders of the old Panama Company, and the managers of the new Panama Company, have all joined in making the present offer of sale cover a valid title to all the rights hitherto controlled by the Panama Companies. The submission of this report unanimously recommending the Panama route has created a new situation in Congress—and by no means a simple one. Hitherto the advocates of the immediate construction of an Isthmian Canal have been emphatic partisans of Nicaragua, while the advocates of delay have urged the counter-claims of Panama. Now that the Commission recommends Panama, some of its previous champions are calling attention to still other routes, while all the advocates of Nicaragua are put in the position of delaying the construction of a canal if they refuse to authorize the President to choose between the two routes, according as the terms offered by Nicaragua or Colombia prove the more favorable. The outcome is still doubtful, as several leaders in both Houses are unwilling to transfer to the President the decision of what they think a legislative question, and the Southern Congressmen seem still to be a unit in favor of Nicaragua because that route brings the Mississippi Valley six hundred miles nearer the Pacific slope. The Senate Committee may again take testimony on the whole question, and it is possible that there may be no action at this session.

* * *

Bending and Breaking the Inter-State Commerce Law

The annual report of the Inter-State Commerce Commission tells why the Commission has been unable to prevent the discriminations in favor of the great packing-houses exposed by its recent investigations. The law, it says, has been so construed by the Federal courts that its penalties cannot be imposed upon the railroads, but only upon the individual agents through whom the discriminations are made. The words of the report are as follows:

> While it was undoubtedly the intent of the tenth section of the act to impose a penalty upon the corporation itself, under its peculiar phraseology, it has, however, been judicially determined that the corporation is not liable. The agent alone can be punished. Now, the object of rate-cutting is to get business and make money, and the corporation, if any one, profits by the illegal act. It is the real offender, and ought certainly to pay the penalty as well as its officer.

This is startling enough; but the judicial construction of the law so as to shield those who violate it has been carried still another step further. Even the agent cannot be punished for granting rebates or otherwise departing from the published rates in violation of law, unless it be proven that he did not grant "the same rebate to some other shipper with respect to the same kind of traffic moving at the same time under similar conditions"! "As a practical matter," says the Commission, "this is almost always impossible. For this reason, prosecutions otherwise sustainable can rarely be successful." The outcome of all this bending of the law away from the obvious purpose of its framers has been its systematic violation, until railway managers who may wish to observe it cannot do so without risk of sacrificing their properties. The Commission urges that the law be revised so as to remove the ambiguities through which its enforcement has been paralyzed, and that the granting of rebates be further checked by subjecting the books of the companies to the inspection of the Commission. This recommendation is the one which has in it the greatest promise of efficiency, and we therefore reprint the Commission's words:

> The twentieth section should be amended so as to open the books of the carriers to the inspection of the Commission or its agents. Such publicity would be of the greatest service in exposing and punishing illegal practices of this kind, and it is difficult to see any good reason why this ought not to be permitted, provided proper restrictions are put upon the use to be made of knowledge thus obtained.

If one-half the people who approve this recommendation would urge it upon their representatives in Congress, something could and would be done. It is in direct line with President Roosevelt's emphasis on "publicity."

* * *

Judge Taft on the Philippines

Naturally, much interest attaches to the views of Governor Taft expressed by him upon his arrival at San Francisco last week. The greatest stress was laid by Judge Taft upon his belief that civil government in the Philippines is a success. This belief is supported by his statement that there is a strong peace party in the islands, composed of the most influential men among the Filipinos; that these men are working sincerely and zealously for good relations between the Philippines and the United States Government; and that the reports from the Governors of the provinces with regard to civil government continue to grow more encouraging. Governor Taft thinks that Samar will soon be pacified, regards the hostilities in the province of Bantangas as now of little importance, and asserts that there is no trouble of any consequence elsewhere, while there are thirty-five provinces capable of civil government. The greatest difficulty before the Philippine Government, he thinks, is the land question, because of the extremely unsettled condition of land titles, as well as because of the trouble with the friars. As to the tariff discussion, Governor Taft hopes that

Congress will be as generous to the Philippines as it was to Porto Rico, and thinks that, if reasonable tariff concessions are made, the Pacific coast may find a good market in the Philippines; he does not regard free trade between this country and the islands as possible or desirable. In regard to the military future of the islands, Governor Taft has surprised many military men here by declaring that fifteen thousand men will be an ample force in the islands before the close of the year. This, he thinks, will be made possible by the increase of the number of native constabulary, now consisting of twenty-five hundred men, but capable of being raised to fifty thousand men, under the authority granted by Congress. No serious differences of opinion, it is stated, have arisen between military and civil authorities; and the best of good feeling exists between Governor Taft and General Chaffee. Simultaneously with the expression of opinion by Governor Taft is published a report to the War Department from General Bell, in charge of the military operations in the Batangas province. In it General Bell states that the reconcentration order issued last month was necessary to prevent the collection of forced contributions by the insurgents from the people. The order establishes a zone around the garrisons within which all inhabitants who are friendly are required to come, under penalty of confiscation and destruction of property; while another order practically puts an insurgent guerrilla outside the pale of civilized warfare and subject to the penalty of death if he is not engaged continuously in war and does not observe the rules of war. General Bell declares that "neutrality should not be tolerated; every inhabitant should be either an active friend or be classed as an enemy." It does not appear from this order that the Filipinos assembled in the reconcentration zone are in a condition of deprivation or starvation, as has been asserted by some critics of our policy, who have produced no evidence on this point.

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Dr. Schurman on the Philippines

President Schurman's address in Boston last week respecting the Philippines is one of very considerable significance, though we think its significance has been somewhat misinterpreted. He reaffirms, what has been sometimes disputed, that after the Commission of which he was President issued their proclamation to show the purposes of the United States, and, as a result of it, the Filipino Congress voted to establish peace on that basis, Aguinaldo accepted the result, and a delegation was sent to inform the Americans thereof. The consummation of peace was prevented by the military action of General Luna, who arrested the delegation and treated its members as traitors. "Luna was assassinated, and Aguinaldo seized the reins of military power and inspired military terrorism. . . . So, the republic having been slain by its own false friends, it only remained to meet force by force." In this portion of his address President Schurman is dealing with facts which came within his own personal knowledge. He seems to us to establish the fact that the responsibility for the Philippine war rests upon the Filipinos, and, among them, primarily on Aguinaldo. He is, however, of opinion that such changes of public sentiment have taken place since in the Philippines as to render their early independence not only desirable but inevitable. He reports that there are only two parties in the Philippines; one which urges that the islands should form an integral part of the United States of America, to be organized as a Territory, with the purpose of becoming in time a State; the other urges independence. The first policy he thinks wholly impossible; the second he regards as the only alternative. He bases his judgment partly upon the reflection of public opinion which reaches him through the Philippine press, partly upon the reports of Governor Taft, which the public generally possesses, and partly upon the reported declaration of General Chaffee that the natives of the islands all have their hearts set on independence, and he sums up his conclusion in the following words:

> If the Filipinos desire independence, they should have it when they are qualified to exercise it. The reports of General Chaffee and Governor Taft show that the difficulties in the way of independence are gradually disappearing. Let a Philippine popular assembly or House of Representatives say whether the Filipinos want independence or not, and if so, when, and we shall then have before us all conditions necessary for the final solution.

The Philippine Question of Fact The contrast between the reports of Judge Taft and the opinion of Dr. Schurman indicates more clearly than ever that the difference between the miscalled imperialists and their opponents is largely a difference respecting facts. President McKinley did not and President Roosevelt does not desire to keep the Philippine Islands permanently against the expressed will of their inhabitants. Substantially all Americans agree that as soon as a truly national organization can be created, a truly national consciousness formed, and a true expression secured of that consciousness, it should be done, and that not until then will the country have before it all conditions necessary for the final solution of the problem. But The Outlook is strongly of the opinion that this process will take a much longer time than Dr. Schurman's address seems to indicate. Meanwhile the immediate question is not, What shall America do then? but, What ought it to do *now?* This question, as presented by the programmes of the two parties, is the only practical one before the country; our judgment upon this question we express on another page.

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The Charges of Torture We have received a letter from Mr. Herbert Welsh inclosing a reprint from "City and State" relating to the "water torture" alleged to have been perpetrated in the Philippines, and containing also reference to some authorities substantiating these reports. The Outlook believes that the principle that every man is to be deemed innocent until he is proved guilty, and every accused is to be confronted with his accuser and have an opportunity to be heard in his own defense, applies with peculiar force when charges of brutality are brought against American soldiers doing the duty with which they have been charged by their Government. The evidences to which Mr. Welsh refers are certainly such as to demand investigation, and we hope that the Senate committee which is about to enter upon an investigation of the whole Philippine question will not omit this subject. These reports are certainly sufficient to create a *prima facie* case that water torture has been perpetrated by the Maccabebes, with the acquiescence of United States authorities, and in some instances by subordinate American officers. That it has been perpetrated by the authority or with the approval of the commanding general we do not believe. Torture never ought to be allowed either as a means of punishment or as a means of extorting evidence, and if any American officer has so employed it, he should be called to a strict account.

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The Danish West Indies It is quite evident that the United States is acquiring the Danish West Indies almost solely for military and naval purposes. The treaty was signed at Washington last week, but to become of effect must be ratified by the Senate and (we believe) by the Danish Rigsdad. It is announced apparently semi-officially that by a plebiscite or in some other way the consent of the people of the islands will be asked; there have been conflicting statements as to the desire of the inhabitants of the islands, and there is undoubtedly some opposition to the sale, but the Government of Denmark appears satisfied that the result of the proposed plebiscite would be acquiescence. The price to be paid by this country has not been officially named, but is put by rumor at four and a half millions of dollars. Denmark wished to include a stipulation for free trade between the United States and the purchased islands, but our State Department held that the tariff question must be left to Congress. Perhaps the newest of our new possessions may be placed on the same governmental plane as Porto Rico. By the treaty absolute sovereignty is granted over the islands of St. Thomas, St. John, and St. Croix or St. Kitts. These three islands contain about one hundred and twenty-seven square miles, and the population is estimated at about thirty thousand, about eight-tenths being of negro blood. English is more commonly spoken than Danish, but the latter is the official language. Denmark has been the possessor of the islands since 1671. For many years the Danish expenditure on the islands has, it is said, greatly exceeded the income that has been derived from them.

Mayor Low and the Excise Problem

Since the last issue of The Outlook, Mayor Low has made two utterances on the excise problem in the city of New York, one of which defines his attitude concerning the enforcement of the present law, the other his views respecting the amendments which it is desirable the Legislature should make to that law. The first (printed in part on another page) is in a reply to a letter addressed to him by the Society for the Prevention of Crime, which was epitomized in The Outlook last week. He declares that it is impossible rigorously to enforce the present law with the means at command, except by leaving all other laws unenforced and concentrating the entire police force of the city upon the enforcement of the Excise Law. Even such success as this method might achieve could last for only a few weeks at a time, since the city could not be left for a long period an open field for the perpetration of other violations of the law. He declares that his administration will continue to enforce the Excise Law as one of the general body of laws; but that it will not concentrate the entire police force on this one law and let all other laws go by the board. In our judgment, the public opinion and the public conscience of the city and of the State will approve this resolve as alike rational and just. Law and order are substantially synonyms. When the authorities have so far enforced the Sunday law as to maintain order, they have done all that is required of them by the oath of office, and all that is consistent with the highest welfare of the community. The Mayor's other utterance was in reply to a committee of citizens who called upon him on behalf of a larger committee which had been considering the excise problem, and which recommended as steps towards its solution, first, an amendment of the present law giving to restaurants the same right of selling liquor on Sundays now accorded to hotels; secondly, a referendum on the subject of Sunday selling, for the purpose of ascertaining the public sentiment of the city. The Mayor in his reply indicated an approval of the first measure. In respect to the second, he drew a distinction between a referendum, which only seeks to ascertain public opinion, and local option, which gives to the judgment expressed at the polls the force and effect of law. He recommended, in place of a referendum, the extension of local option to the city by boroughs, so that each borough might vote on the question of Sunday opening; whether he would also have them vote on the question of week-day sales does not appear. The Outlook is clearly of the opinion that the local option extended to the city ought to cover week-day and Sunday selling; that those opposed to any sale of liquor ought to have an opportunity to express that opposition at the polls. We have been of the opinion that it would be better to submit this question to smaller geographical areas than the boroughs; but there are certain practical advantages in adhering to the borough organization which those who are versed in the practical aspects of the political problem apparently think would outweigh the advantages of submitting the question to smaller districts, the boundaries of which it would perhaps be difficult to define.

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Insane Asylums

Very strenuous opposition has been developed to the bill introduced into the New York Legislature abolishing the local Boards of Managers in charge of the various State hospitals for the insane. Under the present system the fourteen asylums of the State are under local Boards of Managers, except that there is one Board for the three asylums of Manhattan and one Board for the two asylums of Brooklyn. These local Boards appoint the Superintendents directly, and, through the Superintendents, all the personnel of the asylum; but all their expenditures are subject to approval by the State Lunacy Commission. This Commission is composed of three salaried members; the local Boards are unsalaried. The proposed bill as amended abolishes all the powers of the local Boards of Managers, leaves them simply the power of visiting the asylums and reporting the results of their observation to the Governor, and confers all powers of appointment and administration on the central Board at Albany. The objections to this plan appear to us conclusive. It abolishes local administration and substitutes a centralized administration; and we understand the principle to be recognized in all democratic communities that administration should be localized, under a general executive supervision. It abolishes all unpaid, voluntary, spontaneous service in the hospitals and substitutes paid official service; and we understand the principle to be established by experience and recognized by all experts in charity that spontaneous, unpaid service should be made available as far as it can be obtained, under the direction and control of paid and permanent officials. It will make possible—and past experience indicates probable—a change in the personnel of the hospitals with every change of administration, such as has taken place in the personnel of the post-office in the Federal Government. Experience has proved, what hardly needs proof, that charitable service should be absolutely free from partisan control and partisan consideration. We may add that, so far as we can learn, practically all men who have had any considerable experience in charitable work are opposed to this change, and practically the whole medical faculty of the State are opposed to it in the interest of the patients whom they have to send to the hospitals. We hope that any readers of this paragraph who agree with The Outlook's position, and who can do so, will send their protest against the bill to their Representative in the New York Assembly, or preferably to their Senator.

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The Tunnel Disaster The verdict of the coroner's jury in the inquest finds the officials of the New York Central road responsible for the disaster, "for the reason that during the last ten years said officials have been repeatedly warned by their locomotive engineers and other employees of the dangerous conditions existing in said tunnel, imperiling the lives of thousands of passengers, and they have failed to remedy said conditions; and also for the reason that certain improvements in the way of both visible and audible signals could have been installed, and the disaster thereby have been avoided; and for the further reason that no regulation of speed at which trains should run in said tunnel has been enforced, thereby allowing engineers to exercise their own discretion." The engineer is exculpated on the ground that he was unable to locate the danger signal because of smoke and steam. The verdict is certainly plain-spoken, but no more so than that found by a coroner's jury after the tunnel disaster of 1891. Indictment of the officials may or may not follow; this rests with the District Attorney and the Grand Jury. In either case remedial action for the future must probably be sought elsewhere. The investigation now going on before the State Railroad Commission should make the technical problems involved so plain that the Legislature or the city authorities can insist positively on distinct improvements. The most interesting testimony before the Commission has been that of Mr. William Barclay Parsons, the chief engineer of the Rapid Transit Commission, who expressed the belief that the tunnel might be made safe and comfortable for travel either by removing the top and making it an open cut, or by abandoning steam and substituting electricity as the motive-power. Air in the tunnel, he said, was constantly vitiated, and no scheme of forced-draught ventilation would help matters. The plans lately submitted by the Central officials for running suburban trains by electricity, retaining steam for the through traffic, enlarging yard facilities, and bringing the suburban traffic into an underground station, would, Mr. Parsons thought, be a step forward, would reduce danger, and would give facilities for operation, but future growth of traffic would in time offset this gain.

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Political Awakening in Pennsylvania A gleam of hope reaches us from Pittsburg, which has been twice "ripped" by Governor Stone, of Pennsylvania, under the recent ripper act, to suit political demands and exigencies. Although the act in question takes away the power of selecting a chief executive for two years, the people can exercise some control through Councils and the Comptroller, and it is along these lines that people hope for relief. The wantonness of the recent acts of the Governor and his appointees has aroused the voters, who have taken steps looking toward an assertion of their rights. Largely attended mass-meetings have been held and a Citizens' party organized. The Democrats have likewise for the first time in years risen to their opportunity. They have driven out the trading members and declared for straight-out fusion and opposition to the machine. As an earnest of their good faith, they have nominated John B. Larkin for Comptroller and elected George W. Gutherie City Chairman. Mr. Larkin is a man of sterling integrity, possessing the confidence of the people. Mr. Gutherie is a leading member of the Pittsburg bar and one of the ablest constitutional lawyers in Pennsylvania. As a member of the Executive Committee of the National Municipal League he is known throughout the country as one of the most eminent of American municipal reformers. His selection indicates that there will be a genuine effort to rehabilitate the Democracy and give effective aid to the aroused municipal spirit of the city. Pittsburg has seemed dead politically for the last four or five years, but the events of the past few weeks have given new life and hope to the friends of decency and purity in politics. The Democratic situation in Philadelphia seems also to be improving. The two factions of the party have come together after years of wrangling, and both are bending their energies toward building up a united and effective minority party. Fusion between the Democrats, the Municipal League, and the Union party may be consummated, and a strong effort will certainly be made to secure the selection of a sufficient number of honest election officers to guarantee a fair election next fall and spring.

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Mr. Balfour and Mr. Brodrick on the Boer War

Last week's debate in the House of Commons elicited important announcements from two Ministers regarding the Boer situation. Mr. Balfour's was the first official intimation given to the public that, since the negotiations between Lord Kitchener and General Botha, no proposal having in view the termination of the war had been received from any one able to speak for the leaders of the Boer forces, and no discussion for a treaty of peace was now proceeding. This seemingly evasive reply was taken to be a confirmation of the reports that proposals had been received from the Boer delegates in Europe, but had been rejected. Dr. Kuyper, the Prime Minister of Holland, is now in London. The British Government has not denied the statements of Lord Rosebery and others that the Dutch Premier's presence is connected with a proposition for peace made by the Government of Holland. Referring to the criticisms from Mr. Redmond—and perhaps also referring to those made in the Senate at Washington by Mr. Teller—Mr. Brodrick, War Secretary, explained that Commandant Scheepers (captured in October last by General French and executed a few days ago) was shot because he had been convicted of various offenses against the usages of war, including seven cold-blooded murders of natives and the flogging of a white man. The fact that Commandant Scheepers was a prisoner of war, added Mr. Brodrick, carried no exemption from trial for murder or for other violations of the rules of war.

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Lord Cranborne's Statement

In March, 1898, Lord Pauncefote, as dean of the diplomatic corps in Washington, asked Mr. Hay, American Secretary of State, if President McKinley would object to a joint note (inspired by Austria) from the European Powers expressing their hope for a continuance of peace. The note was duly presented. In it the Ambassadors trusted that " further negotiations would lead to an agreement which, while securing the maintenance of peace, would afford all necessary guarantees for the re-establishment of order in Cuba." The President's reply was as follows: " The Government of the United States appreciates the humanitarian and disinterested character of the communication now made on behalf of the Powers named, and for its part is confident that equal appreciation will be shown for its own earnest and unselfish endeavor to fulfill a duty to humanity by ending a situation the indefinite prolongation of which has become insufferable." Austria then proposed an international note criticising the American attitude adversely, whereupon England " declined to associate herself with proposals which seemed to be open to the objection of putting pressure on the United States." This quotation is taken from a speech made last week in the House of Commons by Lord Cranborne, the Marquis of Salisbury's eldest son and Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. It constitutes the first official and public statement of the British Government's friendliness towards America during the Spanish crisis. The exact terms of the Austrian proposals are not known, nor are the exact terms of England's refusal. Though Mr. Balfour was then temporarily in charge of the British Foreign Office, his decision was of course not taken without the authority of Lord Salisbury, the Premier and Foreign Secretary.

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Other Statements This notably friendly act, however, is only a page from the history of a remarkable year, and will be of far greater interest when all the pages are published. With their help English friendship will doubtless be accentuated; yet, in viewing that year, the historian will take into account two facts: First, that the Spanish Queen Regent was an Austrian princess, hence the interest of the Austrian Government was a natural one, even if Austrian action, looking towards a joint European protest following the expression of a joint European hope, seemed precipitate and unwise. Secondly, French interest in Spain was also natural, since three-quarters of the Spanish debt is held in France. To its credit, as we see by an official statement last week, France kept clear of any pro-Spanish action, if for no other reason because Russia, honoring a historic friendship with this country, declined to be concerned in the matter. We may gratefully remember that the late Count Muraviev was then Foreign Secretary. The sensitiveness of the German Government to adverse criticism was plainly shown last week when, with promptness, it issued the following official statement: "Neither before the outbreak of the Spanish War nor during its course did Germany propose intervention to other Powers, nor did Germany support such a proposition made by any other Power." This does not say, however, that Germany took the decided position of England; nor does it hint that Spain relied, whether rightly or wrongly, on German support, only at the last moment to find it wanting. At all events, it is an interesting coincidence that this question should be asked and answered on the eve of Prince Henry's visit to this country. That visit and Lord Cranborne's statement indicate the present interest of the greatest naval power and of the greatest military power in the friendship of the United States. Our friendship is offered to all nations alike. While we cherish no illusions as to singleness of motive, on the other hand we cherish no grudges on account of grievances, real or fancied. Americans desire to live in peace and good will with every nation.

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Chinese Affairs During the past month public attention has been drawn to the murder of several missionaries in the extreme northwest and in the extreme southeast of China. In the northwestern province of Kansu two Belgian missionaries have fallen victims to an insurrection believed to be fomented by the exiled Prince Tuan and General Tung. The latter's head has been demanded, it is said, by the Empress Dowager, and rumors are current that he has been executed. It is difficult to believe these rumors, however, since General Tung has a great following in the Chinese army, especially in the Mohammedan element. The recent edicts of the Empress Dowager would indicate that she wishes to sever all connection with some of her former anti-foreign supporters, of whom the two exiles mentioned above have been particularly close to the throne, but this may be a ruse to gain time. The events of the past week at Peking further mark the Chinese Court's changed attitude. M. Beau, recently appointed to represent France at Peking, declined to present his credentials unless assured by action rather than by word that China would take summary measures to punish the murderers of French missionaries in the southeastern provinces of Kuangtung and Kuangsi. After a short delay, the Chinese Government convinced M. Beau of proper action in the matter, and he, in company with the other Ministers, was received last week by the Emperor. This reception marked the attainment of the goal which has been the Ministers' aim ever since the beginning of diplomatic intercourse between China and the Powers. Receptions have been grudgingly held in a dingy and barren room. Now, for the first time, they were held in the splendidly decorated Innermost Hall, and the Ministers were received as representatives of sovereigns who are equal in rank with the Chinese Emperor. Despite this apparent friendliness, thousands of boatloads of small arms and ammunition have been passing weekly up the Yangtse River, and the arsenals have been enlarged, the work going on day and night. Coincidentally with the issuance of reformatory edicts by the Empress Dowager, she has also issued instructions to all officials to recuperate the army, to inform her as to the fighting strength of each division and the time required to concentrate the forces at a given point. Meanwhile, Boxer placards have appeared in various towns, again demanding that the foreigners be driven out of China, and declaring that the Boxers are endowed with "heavenly strength to accomplish that purpose."

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Aubrey de Vere Aubrey Thomas de Vere, who died last week, was not only a prose and verse writer of distinction, but was one of the few remaining links between the men of Wordsworth's generation and the present time. His father, Sir Aubrey de Vere, was the contemporary of Byron at Harrow, and Wordsworth regarded his sonnets as the most perfect of the time. The difficult art of sonnet-writing was, however, better practiced by his son, whose work in this field commanded the admiration of so critical a reader as Tennyson. Aubrey de Vere's first volume appeared in 1842; his last volume, "Recollections," in 1897. His eighty-eight years were full of good work, of quiet meditation, of scholarly pursuits, and of consistent endeavor to reach the highest standards of personal character and conduct. His culture was both ripe and vital. As an interpreter of Wordsworth he has long been greatly valued by all students of the poet. His poetry was delicate, sensitive, refined, and imaginative, revealing everywhere the touch of the trained artist and of ripe culture, as well as the sensitiveness of a poetic nature. The audience to which he appealed was never large, but it was made up of the best; and probably no writer of our time has been more sincerely beloved by men to whom the highest standards of art are dear.

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Canon Gore Last week the ceremony at the confirmation of the election of Canon Gore as Bishop of Worcester was attended by a scene of tumult. The Church House at Westminster, where the confirmation took place, was thronged, not only by the many friends of the Bishop-designate, but also by some objectors to his confirmation on the ground that he had distinctly violated Protestant traditions in founding the Community of the Resurrection, a monastic celibate society. When, as provided by the law of the land, the question was asked whether there were objection to the confirmation, Mr. John Kensit, the notorious anti-ritualistic crusader, vehemently protested. The Vicar-General ruling out his protests, he declared that he would continue to protest until ejected by force. It was only when the Vicar-General prepared to clear the hall that the vigorous objector consented to sit down. On the following day, however, the objectors to the confirmation appealed successfully in the King's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice for a mandamus against the Primate and Vicar-General of the Church of England, directing them to hear the objections. The Archbishop of Canterbury, as Primate, then of course could not proceed with Canon Gore's consecration until the validity of the confirmation was settled. The Archbishop himself was once the victim of a similar experience; his appointment as Bishop of Exeter, twenty-two years ago, was disputed on the same grounds. It is rumored that the result of such checks to the consecration of Bishops may be the abandonment of the ancient ceremony of the confirmation of prelates, thus avoiding the opportunities which ecclesiastical agitators now have of making disturbances. When Canon Gore's consecration does occur, it will add to the Bench of Bishops a foremost figure among Anglican Churchmen. Whether men agree with him or differ from him, all unite in having high respect for his unswerving honesty as well as for his pre-eminent scholarship. It has even been said that no man in late years has influenced the religious life of England, as lived by university men, more than has the Bishop-designate of Worcester. It remains to be seen, however, whether his powers as an administrator and a prelate are on a par with his rare intellectual gifts.

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The Protestant Faculty of the University of Paris About the middle of the thirteenth century Robert de Sorbon, the confessor of St. Louis, founded a kind of hostel for the reception of poor students and teachers of theology. The institution quickly took root and developed into a center for the dissemination of scholastic theology. The name of the founder became a part of the institute: it was called the Sorbonne; and this name was finally applied to its influence on religion in France, an influence hostile to the Jesuits and the Reformation alike. The Sorbonne as such was abolished by Napoleon, and its building handed over to his reorganized University of Paris, an institution which has since superintended the education of the whole country. Like every French university, that of Paris comprises several faculties or departments: those of Theology (Roman Catholic), Letters, and Science occupy the magnificent new building rechristened the Sorbonne. The faculties of Jurisprudence, Medicine, and Protestant Theology occupy separate buildings. In the Protestant Faculty the lamented death of Auguste Sabatier left two positions vacant; he had been both Dean of that Faculty and Professor of Protestant Theology, or of the Reformed Dogma, as they called it. To the first office the eminent author and theologian, M. Edmond Stapfer, has been elected. He is best known both in his own country and in this as the writer of a Life of Christ which has been translated byMrs. Louise Seymour Houghton and published in three volumes under the titles "Jesus Christ Before His Ministry," "Jesus Christ During His Ministry," and "The Death and Resurrection of Jesus Christ." The special significance of the election of Dean Stapfer lies not so much in the fact that he is a distinguished author as because he represents the modern tendency in French Protestantism away from a doctrinaire Christianity. It considers Christianity primarily as life, not creed. For the professorship of Theology there were two prominent candidates—MM. Ernest Bertrand and Jean Monnier, the first Conservative, the second Moderate. Pasteur Monnier was chosen by a vote of 63 to 39, and his election has given great satisfaction to all liberals, as his broad-minded views contrast sharply with the rather rigoristic attitude of Dr. Bertrand. M. Monnier is also in hearty sympathy with the evangelical movement in France as shown by the McAll Mission and the Students' Movement; he has been an active worker in each. Thus the outlook for Protestantism in France is encouraging to all friends of progressive thought and action.

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Various Missionary Fields The lifting of the debt of the American Board of Foreign Missions at its annual meeting last October has had an encouraging sequel in the apparent purpose of its constituency to prevent a recurrence of debt. The receipts for the first three months of its financial year beginning September, 1901, were fully twenty-five per cent. larger than for the corresponding period a twelvemonth ago, and the receipts for November were nearly double those of the November preceding. In consequence, there is an end, for the present at least, of the discouraging and, in its results, costly policy of retrenchment. The Prudential Committee have voted the same appropriations for 1902 as for 1901, though the receipts of 1901 fell $19,000 behind expenses. To maintain the present work and meet urgent needs of enlargement, the Board requires an increase of $150,000 upon last year's receipts. The Board has recently added eight new members to its missionary force in China. In Madagascar, where the French policy at the time of the conquest in 1895 was apparently bent on rooting out the work of the London Missionary Society, as desired by the Jesuits, the face of affairs has entirely changed. The missionaries of the Paris Evangelical Society, favored by an impartial attitude of the Government, work so fraternally with their British brethren that the Protestant interest is now in the ascendant. In one district six Roman Catholic churches have been closed in the past two years and the one church of the London Society has become five churches. Since the persecution that arose at the time of the conquest has ended, the spiritual life of the people has wonderfully revived. The marvel of present-day missions is in the populous kingdom of Uganda, on the shore of the great Victoria Nyanza Lake in Central Africa. Here, after the usual prelude of persecution and martyrdom, in which such men as Pilkington and Bishop Hannington perished, the past ten years have witnessed growth a hundredfold. Thirty thousand communicants, including two thousand native evangelists, are spreading Christianity, not only through Uganda, but through the surrounding countries, and in these have already established churches which, in turn, are propagating their faith in regions beyond. The work of the native churches of Uganda is maintained wholly by their own resources, without a penny of foreign aid.

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The Philippine Problem

The Democratic minority of the Philippines Committee in the United States Senate have defined the Democratic programme on this subject, and the definition has been accepted by the opponents of the present Administration's policy toward these islands as their own. This programme, therefore, occupies much the position of an amendment offered in the House of Commons by the minority to the Address from the Throne, and may be regarded as an official definition of the course which those opposed to the present policy would substitute for it. It is as follows:

(1) That the United States relinquish all claim to sovereignty over the Philippines, subject to the provisions hereinafter set forth.

(2) That from and after the passage of this act the Philippine Islands shall be foreign territory, and all goods entering the United States therefrom shall be subject to the same duties, customs, and imposts as are now or may be hereafter prescribed by law for goods entered from other foreign countries; provided, that during the temporary occupation of the islands all trade between them and the United States shall be free.

(3) That the United States shall continue to occupy the archipelago until the Filipinos have formed for themselves a stable government, and until sufficient guarantees have been obtained for the performance of our treaty obligations with Spain, and for the safety of those inhabitants who have adhered to the United States.

(4) That as soon as these results have been accomplished, it is declared to be the purpose of the United States to withdraw from the Philippines, and leave the government, control, and sovereignty thereof to the inhabitants, retaining only such military, naval, and coaling stations as may be designated by the Government of the United States.

The moment we attempt to follow out these resolutions in a practical fashion and see what they mean, not as an avowal of theoretical doctrines but as a working plan for the accomplishment of justice and liberty, we find ourselves confronted with some serious and perplexing questions. The Filipinos, it is said, are to be left to form for themselves a stable government. Who are to form this government? The Tagalogs? or the Tagalogs and Viscayans? Or are the Igorrotes and Moros and Ilocanos and Bilanes and all the rest to share in forming this stable government? How about the Chinese and Spaniards and half-breeds? Is it to be formed by the men, or are the women to share in forming it? Is there to be an age limit, or any conditions of residence or education or property or character, attached to the suffrage? And who is to determine these questions? Perhaps the United States is to determine them, as it did in Cuba. Such determination would certainly be a very fundamental act of sovereignty on the part of the United States. Suppose they are so determined, and a constitutional convention convoked, and a constitution adopted, new and not less serious questions present themselves. Who is to decide whether the government thus organized is a stable government? How long a trial must be given in order to determine whether it is stable? Is the average government of a South American Republic, with its revolutions following after every election, a stable government? If not, what is? If it is stable, what sort of guarantees can such a government give that will be adequate to satisfy the United States that its treaty obligations with Spain will be fulfilled and those Filipinos who have adhered to the American flag will be safe?

There are other practical questions

quite as perplexing. The Filipinos for three centuries have depended on ecclesiastical schools, and ecclesiastical schools have done no better for them than, to speak within bounds, ecclesiastical schools have done in Spain, in Italy, and in France. Are the Filipino children to have no better schools than their fathers had? Do we owe them any duty? and if so, what? and how shall it be fulfilled? If we do not provide them with schools, who will do so? Where will the money come from? whence the teachers? whence the men to organize and develop the system? At the present time American teachers are starting schools all over Luzon; soldiers are acting as teachers where the school system has not yet permeated; the children are eager to learn. When the Americans have left the Philippines to themselves, keeping only some naval and coaling stations for their own use, what will become of these schools? What of these eager children? What of this just-initiated system of education?

The Filipinos for three centuries have been educated under a Spanish system of justice; and Spanish justice is injustice. Accused have been imprisoned without a trial, without knowledge of accuser or accusation, without being confronted with the accuser or the witnesses against them. The simplest and most fundamental rights of property and person and family have been calmly, habitually, and under cover of law disregarded or absolutely denied. No clear line of demarcation has been drawn between Church and State, nor between ecclesiastical and political functions. The rights of free religious worship, religious teaching, and religious opinion have been denied by the Spanish Church in the Philippines as in Spain. How are the Filipinos to obtain a system of justice under which the rights of the individual to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness will be secure? Will the Filipinos be able out of hand to construct, without preliminary education, such a system as the Anglo-Saxons have been nine centuries in developing? or are individual rights to remain unprotected and unguarded until a people just emerging from barbarism have learned by centuries of painful experience what rights mean and how they can be protected?

The industrial problem is even more perplexing than the educational or the judicial problem, though inextricably mixed with these. The best lands in the island of Luzon are owned by foreign religious corporations. Experience proves beyond all question that an agricultural people is never prosperous when the land belongs to a non-resident landlord and is tilled by an impecunious tenantry. The industrial antagonism between landlord and tenant in the Philippines is embittered by religious controversy and by centuries of oppression. What will be done with these people when the United States has left the government, sovereignty, and control of the islands to the inhabitants thereof? They cannot do what it is notorious they want to do, confiscate the land of the friars; for we have, by treaty with Spain, declared that the rights of the landed owners shall be respected, and the "stable government" established by the Filipinos will have given us guarantees that this treaty provision shall be carried out. The stable government will not be for at least half a century stable enough to possess financial credit in the markets of the world, and it will have no money; it cannot, therefore, buy the lands of the friars. The old sore will remain, a constant provocation to unrest and revolt. The agrarian outrages in Ireland indicate but feebly what would be the condition of agricultural life in the island of Luzon, with the friar problem unsolved, and the lands still held by landlords whom a hot-blooded tenantry hate with the passionate hate of the Malay race.

Such are some of the questions which the platform of the Democratic Committee of the United States Senate suggests. We have neither the right nor the desire to speak for the Republican Administration. But its principles have been defined by the President's Message, by the recommendations of the Taft Commission, by the report of the Secretary of War, and, perhaps we may add, by the provisions of the Senate and House bills for the government of the Philippines as reported in last week's Outlook. With those principles The Outlook is in hearty accord. The Democratic platform assumes that every community has a capacity and therefore a right to govern itself. We deny that capacity for self-government is any more inherent in a community than in an individual; in the one as in the other it must be developed. It may be developed by long centuries of discipline in the hard school of experience, as Anglo-Saxon ability has been developed by the despotic authority of the Norman kings, the Tudors, and the Stuarts, and by revolutions and civil wars following each other through centuries of race education. But it may also be developed in one community under the tutelage of another community, in incredibly less time and with incredibly less tragic experiences. The Democratic platform demands that we "relinquish our claim to sovereignty over the Philippines." We cannot relinquish what we do not possess. The fact of our sovereignty, however acquired, entails responsibilities upon us; among them is the duty of helping the Filipinos to form a stable government. We are not, on the one hand, to govern them as a subject people; we are not, on the other, to leave them "to form for themselves a stable government," on the assumption that this is one of those simple and easy and primitive things which any people can do without previous preparation.

We believe with the President that "it is no light task for a nation to achieve the temperamental qualities without which the institutions of free government are but an empty mockery." We share with him his hope: "We hope to do for them what has never before been done for any people of the tropics—to make them fit for self-government after the fashion of really free nations." To do this we must first of all protect them from interference by other nations who might endeavor to do what Spain has done for three centuries, govern them for the sake of plundering them. This our flag has done and is doing entirely adequately. We have next to secure peace and order in the islands, and for this purpose to put down with a strong hand armed resistance to our authority—the only governmental authority which in fact exists in the islands—whether that resistance shows itself in an organized army, in sporadic guerrilla bands, or in brigandage. The first we have done, the second we are effectually doing, the third it will take yet a considerable time to do. We are to organize a political system in which self-government can be initiated under American supervision, a government in which the sentiments, opinions, even prejudices of the people will find adequate representation, but in which they will not be freed from external supervision and control. We are to establish courts of justice, in which the people shall be represented, but in which there shall be sufficient Anglo-Saxon representation to secure justice for the individual against wrongs perpetrated under the forms of law. We are to lay the foundation for a universal school system, educating native school-teachers where we can, providing American teachers where we must, and by such a system prepare the future generation for that self-government which we are to keep steadily in view as the goal of all our effort. We are to furnish the money or the credit by which the foreign landlords can be bought out and their agricultural lands sold or rented to the actual cultivators of the soil. And we are to guarantee and preserve the religious freedom which experience has proved to be essential to that moral development without which justice is difficult and liberty impossible. When this has been accomplished, and not before, can the United States with honor relinquish her sovereignty in the Philippines. Then and not before can she leave the government, control, and sovereignty of the islands to the inhabitants. For then and not before will they be able to protect themselves from foreign aggression or domestic anarchy.

And what then? Why, then they will be prepared to say what relations they wish to establish with the United States. If they then wish independence, there will not be even a respectable minority in the United States to refuse it to them. No one wishes to keep an unwilling people, who are able to take care of themselves, in subjection to the United States' authority. When they are able to be independent, if they wish for independence, the whole Nation will wish them Godspeed in their national career. To quote once more from the President: "There need not be the slightest fear of our not continuing to give them all the liberty for which they are fit. The only fear is lest in our over-anxiety we give them a degree of independence for which they are unfit, thereby inviting reaction and disaster."

But when they have a truly stable government, a well-organized judicial system, a public-school system, an independent and prosperous industry, we do not believe that they will wish for independence. The alternative of independence is not subjugation. New York State is not independent; in some matters it is subject to the Federal Government, in others it is independent. Canada is not independent; in some matters it is subject to the imperial authority, in others it is independent. When the Filipinos learn, as they will—as let us hope even the Congressional framers of the Democratic Philippine platform may live to learn—that the Philippines can have all the advantages of independence with all the advantages of organic connection with one of the foremost nations on the earth, no consideration will be found able to induce them to forego so great and valuable a connection.

As to the question how the tariff shall be adjusted between the Philippines and the United States, the Democratic position needs no refutation; it only needs to be clearly stated. It is this: the Philippines are not and ought not to be any part of the United States; to prepare them for absolute commercial and political independence, in which they will be subject to the same tariff as other foreign countries, we demand that immediate free trade be now established between them and the United States.

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The White House

Mr. Kennan's article in this number of The Outlook proves beyond doubt or question that the White House as it stands to-day is fit neither for a residence nor for the executive office—much less for both. The traditions and associations which belong to the old mansion, as well as its excellent effect as a type of early American architecture, have naturally made the people of the country disinclined to see it altered or removed to make room for a more modern and adequate structure. That something must be done, and done quickly, is evident when one sees the executive force crowded and cramped in a way that no intelligent business man would think of accepting for an important and growing organization. What, then, is possible? Three plans may be considered. The first, that of using the present White House as the center of a large building, architecturally harmonious as far as possible, has never been set forth so fully and with such pictorial presentation of the proposed reconstruction as it is in Mr. Kennan's article. A second plan, also described, though less fully, by Mr. Kennan, is to retain the White House as the President's residence, making all changes needed to put it on the footing of a fit and dignified modern official home, and to move the executive offices to a new building to be erected near by. This is the plan advocated by the Lodge bill of the last session of Congress; since Mr. Kennan's article was written press despatches state that "committee leaders in the two Houses of Congress seem to have settled definitely that at the present session an appropriation will be voted for the purchase by the Government of the block of land just west of Lafayette Square in this city," and that it is proposed to place on this site a building for the accommodation of the Department of State, the Department of Justice (both, it seems, now cramped), and the executive staff of the White House. It is reported also that Mr. George B. Post, the well-known New York architect, has made drawings for a building adapted for all the purposes above named. This does not, we take it, mean that Congress is not open to argument as to the best method of dealing with the question after it has been carefully considered from all aspects.

But there is still a third plan possible which we do not recall having seen advanced. This would be to retain and reconstruct the present White House as the executive office, and build elsewhere a worthy private residence for the Presidents. Under this plan it would be possible to have the President live a little farther from the center of the capital and it would be possible also to give the President the means of having the private, personal life which every man, be he President or office clerk, ought to have, if he is to be at his best. The argument in opposition, that the President could not then work night and day with facility, is precisely the reason why such a plan should be commended. The Presidents have been the slaves of the White House.

There is no more essential reason why the President should not come to his office in the morning, work a reasonable number of hours at the public business, receive official and business (not social or ceremonial) visits at that office, and return to his private residence at night, than can be urged against the same routine in the case of the Secretary of State. The difference is one of degree, not of kind. If necessary, let us have a ten-hour law for the President; and if it be still further necessary to relieve the President of some of the minor matters of patronage and red-tape routine, both people and President might have reason in the end to be glad. There are those who say that President McKinley's physical state was so depressed by overwork that he was not in condition to withstand the attack of the wound on his vitality. Mr. Cleveland probably worked harder and did more detail labor than any man in his administration. Our present Chief Magistrate seems to have boundless energy and capacity for work. But what the people want of a President in the way of work is not quantity so much as quality. If the tradition that the President shall live in the house where he works be laid aside, it is possible that a gain might be made in more directions than one.

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That Which Abides

The throng was moving on without order and apparently without purpose; though here and there in the crowd there were faces set toward some invisible goal, and eyes which glowed with exaltation and shone like stars in a heavenly order. The road was broad, rough, and full of pitfalls; low clouds hung over it, sometimes lifting and showing a clear sky, sometimes settling about it so closely that its boundaries vanished in obscurity. The throng swept along as if driven forward by some inward impulse; a few pressing on with steady step; many hurrying or loitering as the mood seized them; and here and there one vanished with despairing face into the fog and was seen no more. Some ran freely, with buoyant and active step; many wavered, broke from the crowd, rested awhile, and then patiently set out again. And ever and anon, in the hurry or the loitering, one stumbled and fell and lay prone, bewildered and exhausted; or rose again, stunned and hurt and soiled, and slipped back into the crowd and was swallowed up in the disorderly ranks.

One there was who seemed born to run well and with speed, and at times he shot far ahead as if he saw his goal; then, when the light was on his face, he stumbled and fell headlong and lay apparently without consciousness. But after a time he lifted himself and looked about him with despair on his face. Sometimes a hand was stretched out toward him; oftener the throng swept on and left him prone in the mire. He staggered to his feet and began to walk slowly, as if in great pain; and he was filled with shame, for his garments were defiled from head to foot and he was one mass of uncleanness. And some who were near drew away, that their own raiment might not be defiled; and he crept on, solitary and sorrowful. Now this man, whose steps were so unsteady that he seemed to fall into the pitfalls against his will and often unaware, hated his own uncleanness and counted himself unworthy the companionship of the white-robed men and women about him. And ever as he fell he loathed the more the mire which clung to him and thought himself the more unfitted to touch hands with the clean. But in his soul there was something, he knew not what, which sent him forward in spite of hurt and pain and mire. When he lay prone, a great sickness of heart smote him and a great longing for cleanness, and so, with shame and much defiled and with loathing of himself, he pressed on with little help, with many cold glances, with a deep sense of repulsion borne to him from many faces.

At last, footsore and weary and faint in heart, he came to a place where the mist lay on the road and many halted, fearful of what might lie beyond; but he, caring only to be clean and fleeing from his own defilement, ran into the mist. And, behold, the mist lifted and a fair country lay smiling about him, and hands were held out to him in welcome. But when he looked into the pure faces of those who stood guardians of the country, he drew back, crying, in great agony of spirit, "I cannot enter, for I am unclean."

And they smiled and pointed to his

garments; and he looked, and, behold, his garments were like snow. And he stood trembling, knowing not what had befallen him and doubting if he were himself. And while he doubted, a voice came to him saying: "In thy heart thou didst hate uncleanness and love purity, and that only which we love abides."

A Great Citizen

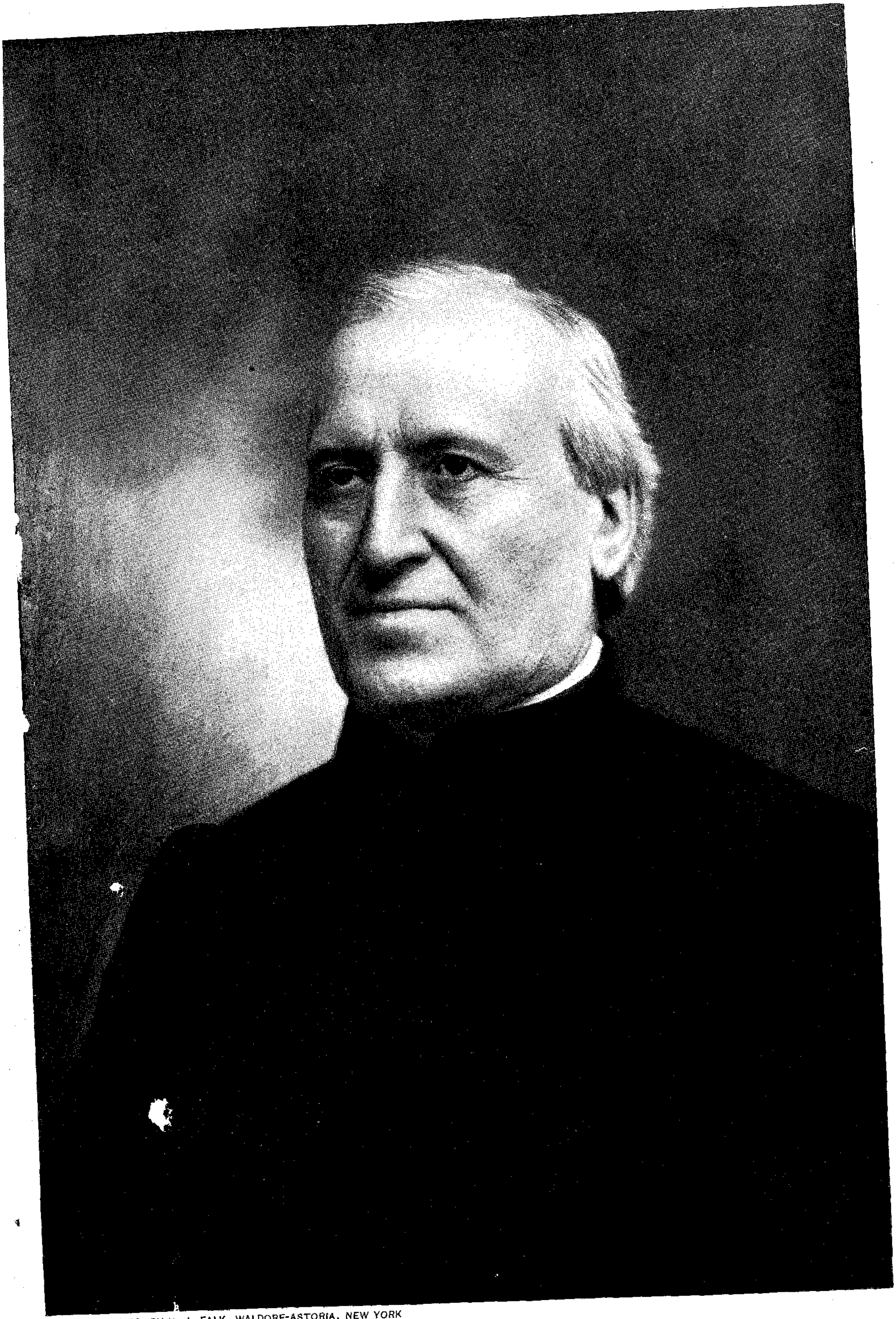
Archbishop Ireland is one of the foremost citizens of the United States, and his eminence and influence are explained by one of his own phrases: "The watchwords of the age are reason, education, liberty, the amelioration of the masses." An ecclesiastic, he has been in sympathy with the rational liberty, the ordered freedom, of modern life; a priest, he is a profound believer in education; the representative of a great and powerful religious organization, he is a devoted friend of freedom; and his life has been conspicuous by reason of his manifold and influential endeavors to share with the masses of the people the religion, morality, and intellectual and social capital of the world. For more than forty years Archbishop Ireland has lived in St. Paul, identifying himself from the beginning with the life of the Northwest in all its best aspects. Born in Ireland, his boyhood was passed in America. His earlier education was obtained at the Cathedral School in St. Paul, his theological education in France. Forty-two years ago he was ordained a priest. During the Civil War he served his country as chaplain for a Minnesota regiment. Twenty-six years ago he was consecrated Bishop of St. Paul. Since that time his personal history has been a part of the history of the country. His vigorous personality, his frankness, his courage, and his decided views on many questions have sometimes aroused the animosity of influential men; but his sincerity and his disinterestedness have never been questioned. Every year has cleared away the misconceptions which always surround the path of a bold and able man; and he has won the profound respect not only of those who agree with but of those who differ with him.

Archbishop Ireland is first and foremost an American citizen. He is a patriot of the old-fashioned kind; a man who loves his country with the passion of enthusiasm; who is not blind to her faults; who does not evidence his devotion by belittling other countries or antagonizing other forms of civilization; but who shows in his attitude, his spirit, and his habitual utterance the affection of a man who never forgets that he is a member of a great nation; that his country is something more than an abstraction; and that, in all relations of life, he is a true patriot who puts the interests of his country above those of his party, and who never fails to remember that he owes allegiance to a nation.

Every man who has the patriotic feeling must be a representative citizen; for no man can love his country in any intelligent way without taking a profound and immediate interest in public affairs. Bishop Ireland has been conspicuous as a friend of public education. Unlike some priests in every Church, he has never shown the slightest fear of the spread of truth; on the contrary, he has thrown all his influence in the direction of opening the doors and letting in the light.

Archbishop Ireland has been conspicuous also by his advocacy of many reforms, among them the temperance movement. The first Catholic Total Abstinence Society was organized by him thirty-three years ago; and he has put his mark on St. Paul in the noticeable reduction of drunkenness in that city, in the obliteration of the vilest resorts, and in a changed atmosphere throughout the entire community on the temperance question. He has used all his influence, not only as a citizen, but as an ecclesiastic, to make intemperance disreputable, and to restrain it by public opinion and by wise restriction. He is a speaker of magnetic quality; direct, effective, pictorial, convincing, with a gift of humor which comes from his race and is indicated by his face—a gift which puts him at ease with men and has added immensely to his influence with them.

Archbishop Ireland is a fine type of the American Catholic; progressive, broad-minded, thoroughly loyal, consecrated to his work, and interpreting the spirit of Christianity in terms of practical service, of every-day fidelity to political duty, and in rational efforts to reach and save men.



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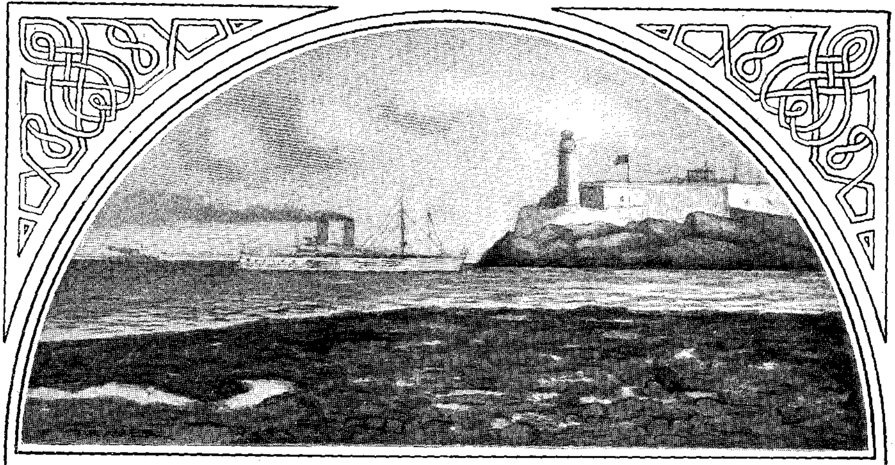
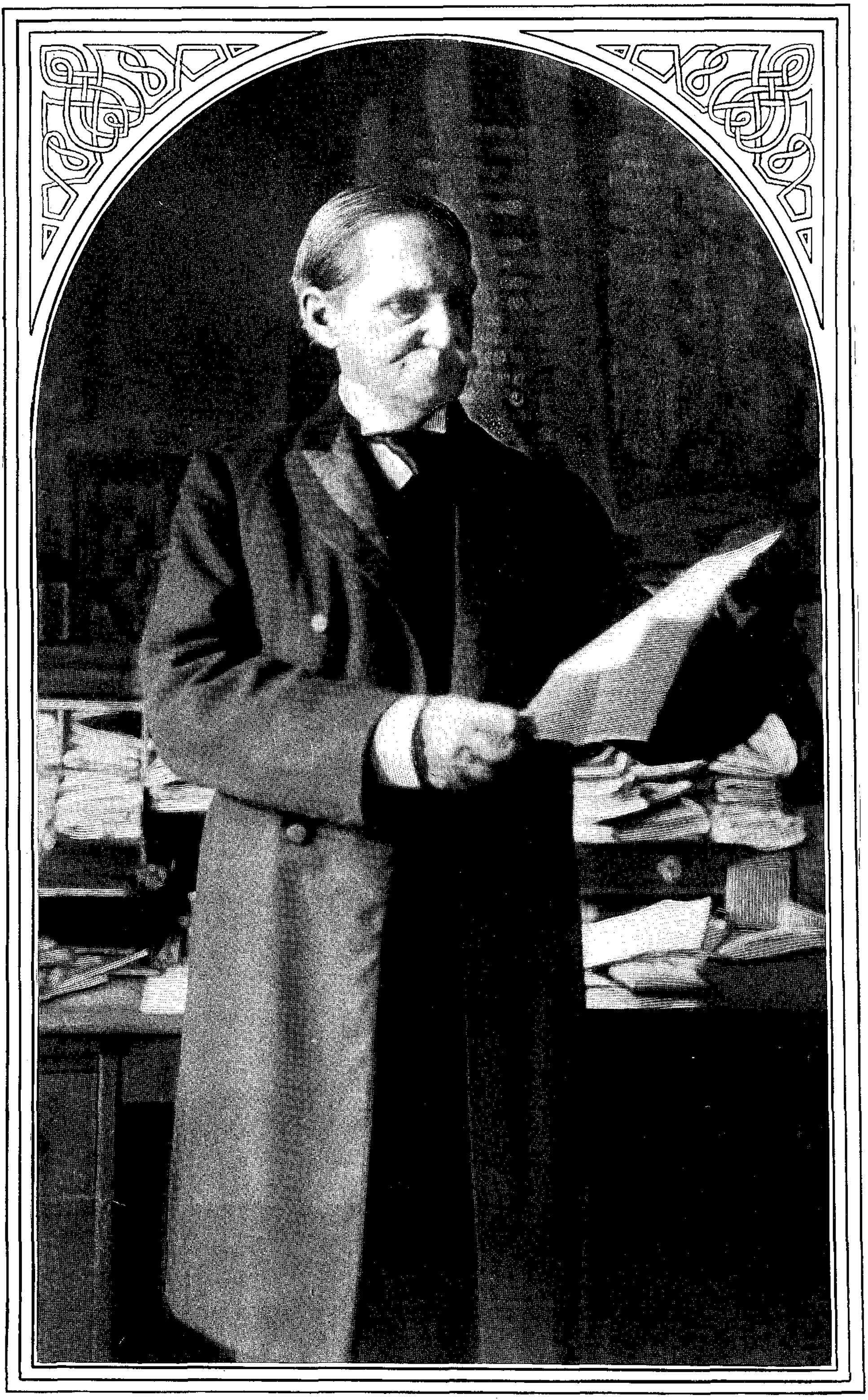
ARCHBISHOP IRELAND



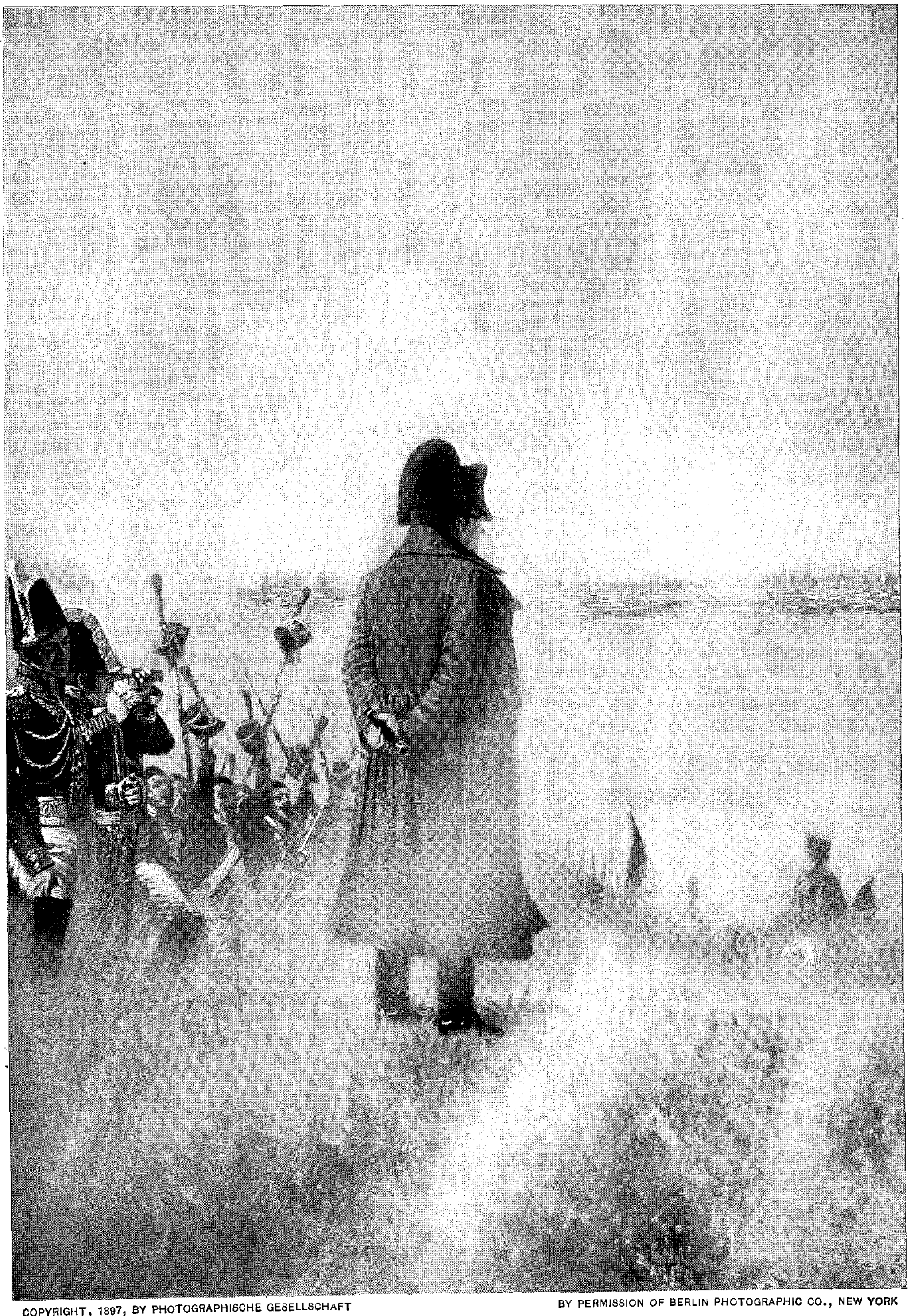
THE NEW PRESIDENT OF CUBA

THAT the newly elected President of the Cuban Republic was not a resident of Cuba, but is and has been for nearly a quarter of a century living in a small town in Orange County, New York, was learned with surprise by most Americans with the news of his election. While Señor Palma has been away from Cuba for so long, however, he has kept in constant touch with his native land through a large correspondence, and has done most effective work for her as the head of the Cuban Junta in this country. It was this work, indeed, which Señor Palma regarded as of the utmost importance in securing the independence of the island, for he long ago formed the opinion that American intervention was indispensable to free Cuba from Spanish rule. Once before Señor Palma was President of the Cuban Republic, but it was an empty honor conferred on him during the Ten Years' War, in which he took an active part in the field. He was captured during the hostilities and sent to Spain. Upon his liberation he came to this country and settled in Central Valley, N. Y., where he opened a school for Spanish-American youth and maintained it for eighteen years, until the outbreak of the Cuban Revolution of 1895, after which time the work of the Junta absorbed his energies. Visitors to the large, comfortable, old-fashioned mansion in which Señor Palma lives, and in which he conducted his school, find in the new President a man of almost Jeffersonian simplicity of manners and spirit, kindly, courteous, unassuming, democratic. He is well along in middle life, is of short stature, of spare build, and by no means gives a stranger the impression at first of being a masterful man. His talk, however, which is in English with a marked Spanish accent, shows him to be a man of decided views, of dispassionate judgment, and of excellent sense. He is disposed to live in the present and the future rather than in the past. To the remark made by a recent visitor at his most hospitable home, "Many of your early friends and compatriots must have passed away since you came to America," he simply replied, "Yes, many of them have gone; but others have taken their place." A family of young children, who attend the village school and count themselves as little Americans, with their typically Spanish-appearing mother, Señora Palma, make bright the atmosphere of the Palma household. Their influence, no less than that of Señor Palma's long residence in this country, has doubtless had its effect in making the new President, what he seems to be, an Americanized Cuban.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE OUTLOOK BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

TOMAS ESTRADA PALMA



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BEFORE MOSCOW

By Vassili Verestchagin.

Vassili Verestchagin

Sermons on Canvas by an Artist and Apostle of Peace

By Charles De Kay

Managing Director of the National Arts Club

IN the diary of the late Field-Marshal Blumenthal, just published in German, he describes, under date of October 24, 1870, how starving women crept out from the skirts of Paris, some of them handsomely dressed, to dig potatoes within the zone of fire. Some came so near the German lines of investment that they were warned away by shouts. But they fell on their knees and begged to be allowed to dig, crying out they would rather be shot than die of hunger. "What shall we do," writes Blumenthal, "when the starving wretches swarm out by hundreds? There will be nothing for it but to shoot them down, if peace is not soon declared. Frightful prospect!"

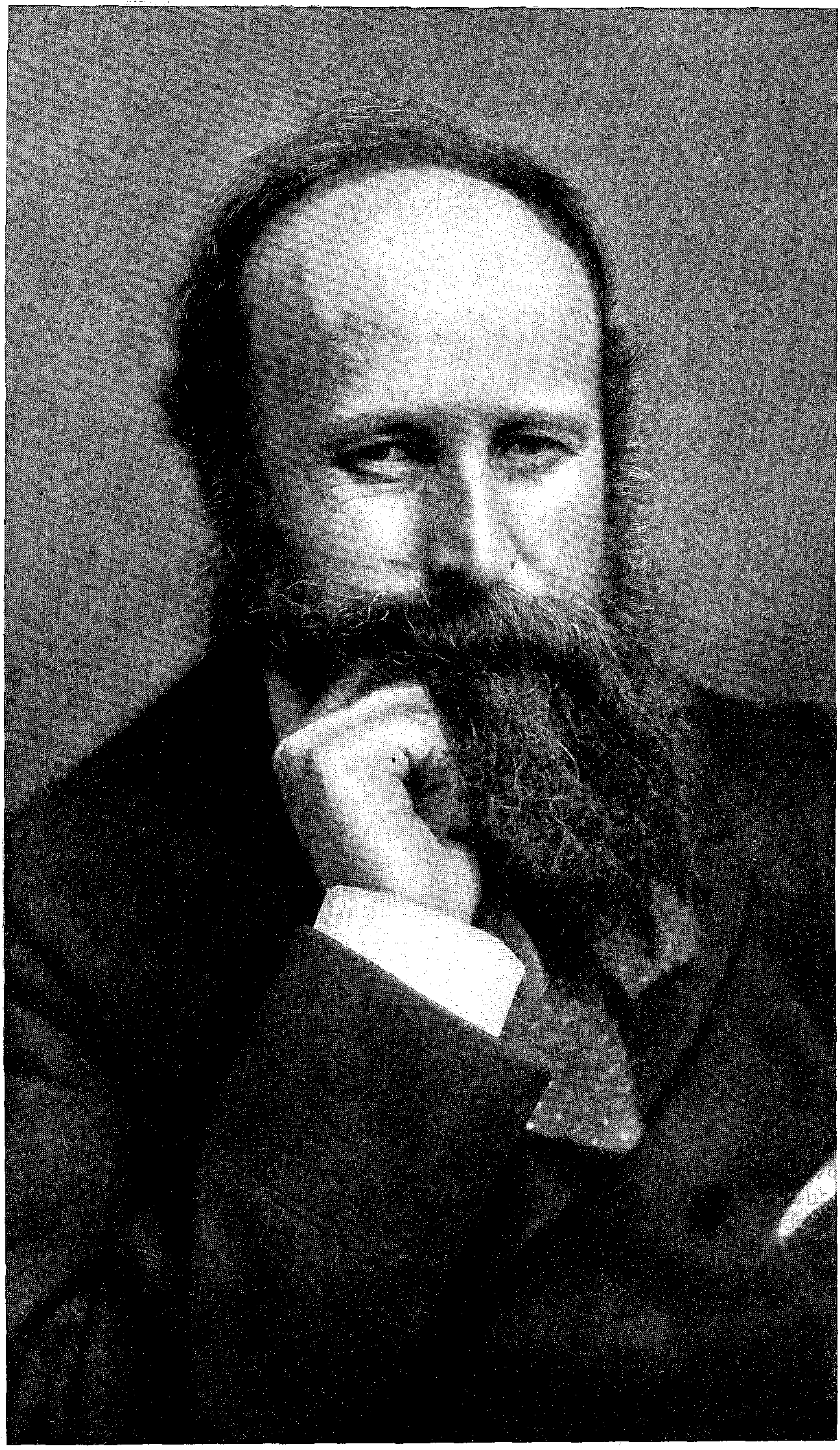
Elsewhere he says of the suburbs St. Cloud, Montretout, La Bergerie, and Malmaison, where the French made a sortie in January, 1871: "It was a real battle, or rather a massacre, through our well-placed artillery. Through the burning down of houses the ruin is really terrible, and I have no wish ever to see this spot again. What a sad and overwhelming sight for the poor ruined inhabitants when they return!"

There we have two pictures from the war between France and Germany—that war which the fomentors thereof were prone to call inevitable. Blumenthal quotes General von Moltke as telling him during the Austrian campaign in July, 1866: "The struggle with France must be undertaken some day; it is inevitable; but probably I shall not live to see it; you, however, will be able to put it through." They are pictures ready to the hand of the historical painter, or of him who prefers a side issue that does not directly depict a battle or a triumph, but some less eventful scene which illuminates the general subject of war with a lurid glare.

There are artists as well as writers who hope to diminish the horrors of war and lessen their number by placing before readers such scenes as these, which one of the highest officers in the army of the German allies jotted down in his notebook. There is no doubt concerning the interest taken by the public in such scenes, if we may judge from the popularity of books on various wars ancient and modern. Writers continue to bring out new volumes on the campaigns of Napoleon; the battle of Waterloo alone can boast of a small library of special treatises which is constantly increasing. The number of painters who follow war as a general theme is not so great; one thinks of the Vernets, Raffet, Detaille, and De Neuville, not to speak of Meissonier. Still fewer are they who use pictures as a warning and occupy the invidious position of moralizers in paint.

Special interest attaches to men who refuse to follow beaten paths and steer their own course without regard or deference to the prejudices of other men in their profession, or, from some reason which may be personal rather than related to their work, are persistently ignored by their fellows and kept out of the fold. In Africa, an elephant that lives apart from the herd by preference, or is driven off, is a "rogue" elephant. Now, Vassili Verestchagin is such a moralizer in pictures, and, with regard to his fellow-painters, he is such a separatist. He belongs to no Academy or School, and he has relied on his own unaided business sense to bring his works before the public, rather than on the joint efforts of a society of artists.

The works of this painter, who was born in the Novgorod province in 1842, do not greatly appeal to his fellow-craftsmen, because they have neither that exceptional composition, nor that precious brushwork, nor that virile drawing, nor those powerful color scenes which fascinate the brothers of the palette. His life has been too broken up by travel and war and by the tours he has undertaken about



VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN
Photograph by Kurtz, New York.

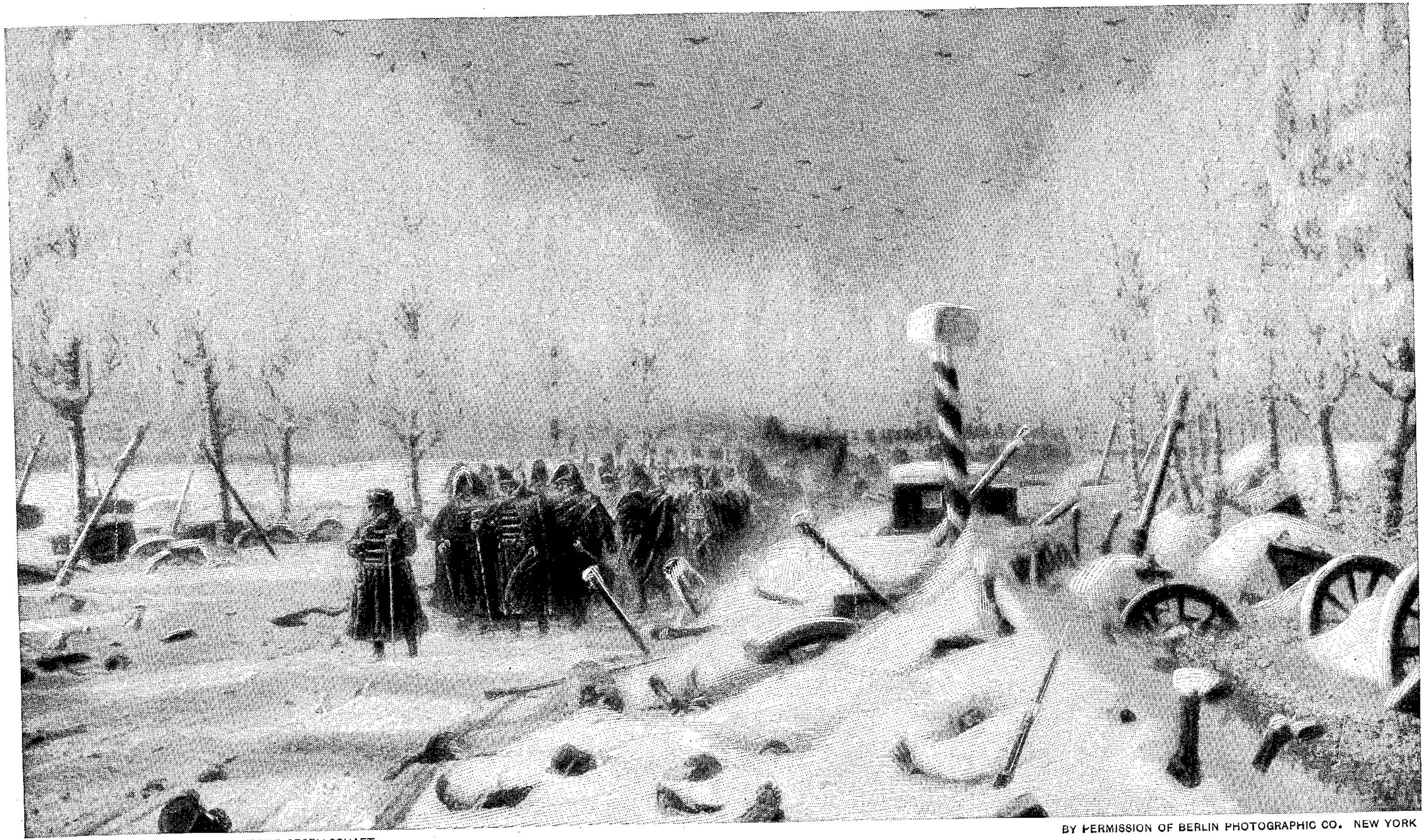
the world to preach the gospel of peace, to grant him that leisure for concentration which is necessary to the winning of the suffrages of other artists. Though he studied in Paris under Gérôme, he never attained the somewhat cold finish of his master; but he learned enough to compose and execute to the satisfaction of the masses a number of now famous paintings, each of which makes some political or sociological or humane appeal. Having finished a sufficient number to form an imposing collection, he began those wanderings about the world with his own caravan of Oriental and Occidental scenes which he still finds profitable. Just now he is in Chicago showing the old pictures of Russia with events of the Moscow campaign, the old pictures of British and Russian carnage in India and Central Asia, and various new pictures from our own war in the Philippines.

Painters may hold that, so far as they are concerned, there is no room for works like those of Verestchagin; but the public thinks otherwise. The public has a robust enjoyment of things in art which are analogous with the mystery plays of the Middle Ages and the pictures in stained glass and mosaic in the old churches, whose purpose was to instruct and better the observer by showing him the good works of saints and the evil works of pagan persecutors of the elect. The war correspondent is sometimes consciously, sometimes unwittingly, a man who draws a moral from scenes of slaughter or presents the shocking side of war so realistically that the reader is won, at least for a time, to the side of peace. A conspicuous example of this was the book published some years ago by M. de Bloch, lately deceased, which on good authority is said to have stimulated the young Czar to efforts that resulted in the Peace Conference at The Hague. So does the illustrator for the press who accompanies the war correspondent have it in his power to do what he can to disgust the public with war by showing its horrible side. Vassili Verestchagin is such a war reporter, only he uses big canvases and oil paints, and employs his talents in the path well beaten through literature by Count Tolstoï, and his predecessors and successors in Russia, Germany, and France.

A realist, Verestchagin is essentially a man of his time, seeking in his own century the documents to prove the folly of mankind in murdering his fellows for the sake of land grabs and the extension of commerce, or for the mere satisfaction of ambition. A purpose such as this is sufficient warrant for Verestchagin's life-work; and the favor or disfavor of painters and critics counts for little when weighed against the ideal which he has pursued.

On the other hand, it is perfectly natural that artists whom all the arts of the showman displease, who have set their standard for artist behavior on other ground and abhor what they call "the hippodrome" or "the brass band," should pay little regard to Vassili Verestchagin, and even go so far as to exclude his pictures from the category of art works entirely. To many artists he scarcely ranks with the painters of a panorama. His attempts to influence people one way or the other with regard to militarism, they think, do not fall within the province of art at all.

Verestchagin's development into a teacher came about in a normal fashion. Educated for the navy, he turned to art, studied at St. Petersburg under Markoff, and at nineteen made his bow in the old classical spirit with a "Massacre of Penelope's Lovers by Ulysses." After traveling in the Caucasus he went to Paris and studied with Gérôme, showing in the Salon of 1866 a Russian subject—members of the persecuted sect of the Doutchobortski singing psalms. From 1867 to 1870 he was with General Kauffman in Turkestan, and from 1874 to 1876 he was in India. During these travels he amassed a really wonderful series of types of Asian peoples, so that ethnologists were grateful to him for preserving examples of races whom the quickly changing events in Asia under Russian rule are leveling to one plane. The Moscow Museum gave up a special gallery to these pictures. Meantime the literature of Russia was making its impression on the young painter. In 1880, when he made his reappearance in Paris, he took the town by storm, not through the artistic quality of his work, but through its subject-matter. He had been through the Turkish war, was wounded, and later joined General Gourko in the Balkans.



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NAPOLEON'S RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

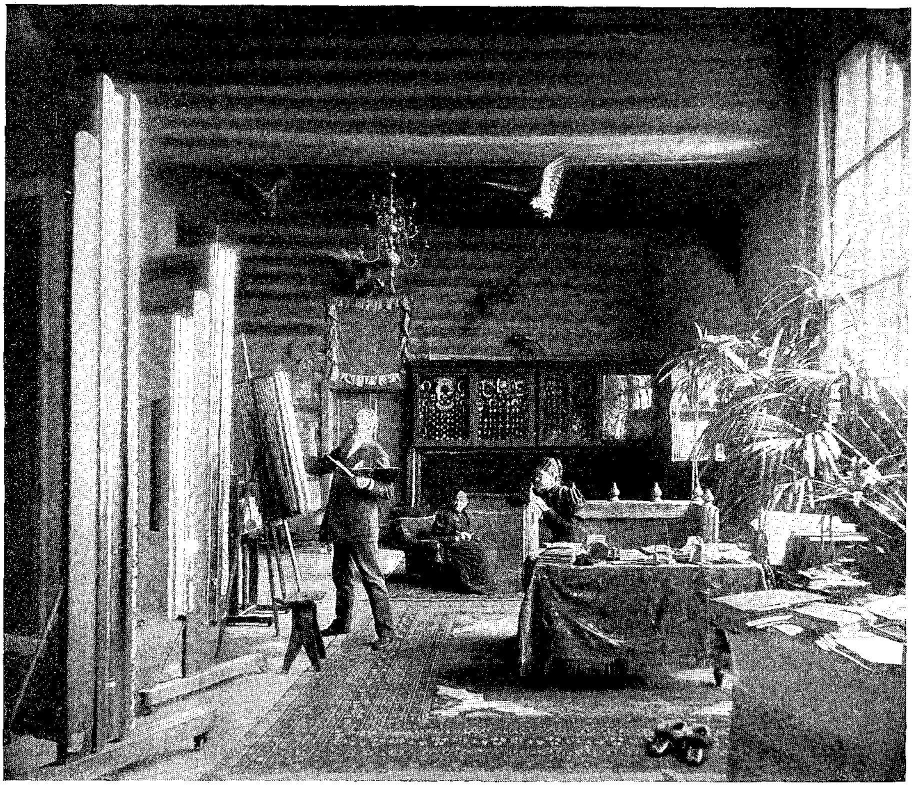
By Vassili Verestchagin.

His picture of the sentinel frozen at his post in the Schipka Pass stirred the public deeply, and so did his views of soldiers asleep on the steppe and pictures of battlefields with all the results of carnage. In 1882 he showed his gallery of nearly two hundred pictures in Berlin, and in 1885 he created a sensation in Vienna by exhibiting a picture of the youthful Jesus among his brothers and sisters in the house of Joseph and Mary. Cardinal Gangbaur protested against a scene which seemed to him and other Catholics, who deny that Jesus had brothers and sisters, an attack on the sacredness of the Holy Family; and the picture was withdrawn. Meantime Verestchagin had been painting a series of pictures showing various episodes in the campaign of Napoleon against Russia in 1812, which gave him scope for more scenes that enforce the savagery of war. His American trip took place in 1887, when he showed the famous historical picture of Hindu and Mohammedan rebels being blown from the mouths of guns by the British, his picture of a military execution in a snow-storm, and other immense canvases. The Asian pictures were accompanied by Oriental carpets, gowns, and weapons, landscapes from the Himalayas, portrait types of Turkish and Hindu tribes and nations. In 1896 we find him at Berlin exhibiting the series of historical reconstructions from the Moscow campaign, and in 1898 at London. This winter he has been showing his works in Chicago. It is therefore more than twenty years that he has been moving about, a peripatetic philosopher with a gallery of examples, teaching peace by lacerating the feelings, drawing on his knowledge of war in all its sternness in order to drive home the wickedness, the wastefulness, and the folly of war.

Ancient times knew pictures of battle, as early as the days of Pheidias, when his brother Panoios painted the battle of Marathon, and the days of Alexander, when Philoxenos painted for Cassander the overthrow of Dareios the Persian. We have still the battles painted by the artists of the Renaissance and those made later by Flemish and French painters. But all these were not done for a moral purpose in order to restrain people from war; quite the contrary. Under the pagans there was a religious art which inculcated religious ideas, sometimes also moral ideas, and so under Christianity also. But military pictures are still for the most part glorifications of war, calculated to keep alive the traditions that are so useful to rulers, who do not hesitate to precipitate a combat with foreign lands if the spirit of unrest seizes a people and they fear for their thrones. It is very doubtful if Verestchagin came early to the idea of painting lessons against warfare; he seems to have reached that stage slowly. Perhaps ripening years lessened the ardor of youth and brought wisdom and a broader outlook. It is one thing to preach; quite another matter to practice, as we in the United States have experienced during the last five years, as the British are experiencing too. When the passion for combat or the passion for territory seizes a people, they forget all their fine sentiments of justice, magnanimity, and good will to mankind, and lapse at once into that barbarism of which Carlyle was the exponent and the victim.

We present two specimens from the Napoleon series, one showing the army of the conqueror before Moscow, the other an imaginary scene from the terrible retreat from Moscow. "Before Moscow" is one of the best of that set of paintings in which Verestchagin has been filled at once with patriotic rage against the invader and felt that the ambition of Napoleon afforded him striking examples of the wickedness of war.

Verestchagin has painted his own portrait in his studio, giving the interior with likenesses of his wife and mother; this is here reproduced, as well as an excellent large portrait of him after a photograph by Kurtz. To give any idea of the work of this prolific painter many pages of illustration would be needed, and particularly the realistic scenes must be reproduced which are calculated as lessons for the public. His paintings vary greatly in force according as the scene he has chosen lends itself to the picturesque, but in general it may be said that they are the work on a Titanic scale of an illustrator for the press rather than the product of an artist who thoroughly understands the decorative treatment of large spaces. Perhaps this is necessary in view of Mr.



VERESTCHAGIN IN HIS STUDIO WITH HIS WIFE AND MOTHER

Verestchagin's nomadic life, for these great canvases have to be placed in all kinds of galleries, under all kinds of light. In order to obtain some uniformity in the latter, he is accustomed to supply artificial light for the more important canvases, draping them with curtains and otherwise arranging them for effect. Great care is usually taken by him in the setting of his painted sermons; he never shrinks from the labor of the *mise en scène;* he is a conscientious and indefatigable showman.

Mr. Verestchagin is not only a rapid and entertaining speaker, but he has committed some of his ideas in art to print, besides writing an autobiography which appeared about the date of his first trip to America, about 1887. He possesses a good share of that simplicity of mind and enthusiasm in the expounding of his ideas in art which are so often found among artists and give them so much charm. It would be difficult to say what niche he will occupy in Russian art. His studies of race types will naturally gravitate into Museums of Anthropology, as, during his earlier career, we saw the Moscow Museum eager to have his work; but the big peace-inculcators on canvas—where will they find a place? Perhaps there are military museums with walls large enough to welcome these transcripts, more or less exact, of combats during the nineteenth century. It would be a pity if some of them at least should not be preserved as records are kept in historical museums.

The Victor Hugo Centenary

By Kenyon West

ON February 26 will come the centenary of the birth of Victor Hugo. The French people intend to celebrate this interesting event by appropriate and enthusiastic ceremonies. The house, No. 6 Place Royale (now known as the Place des Voszes), in which the poet lived for nearly eighteen years, will be set apart as a Museum to hold portraits, autographs, first editions and their original illustrations, many valuable personal relics, and probably some of the luxurious furnishings in which the poet took such pleasure. Eugène de Mirecourt has left us a glowing description of this house in the Place Royale, for in his opinion Victor Hugo was the first to restore a taste for beautiful historic furniture. There were rich tapestries, one representing in crimson the Romance of the Rose; ancient drawings; the dining-room stove, concealed by a "splendid panoply to which twenty centuries seemed to have paid tribute." In the salon was a crimson-and-gold banner which had been captured at the siege of Algiers. The poet's study was a dream of beauty, peopled by his fancy with rare, curious, and artistic objects. Through stained-glass windows fell the light upon gems, lacquer-work, statuary, old Sèvres. Such a description as Mirecourt's helps us to understand the complex personality of the poet and to feel that the gorgeous, opulent, occasionally extravagant imaginings which found expression in some of his books were but another phase of his taste for the quaint, the curious, the barbaric, the antique, sometimes the grotesque.

At the time of the Revolution of 1848, the iron-barred gate of Louis XIII., which was in harmony with the seventeenth-century architecture of the Place Royale, was taken down. This annoyed the poet greatly, and he decided to change his residence. A sale followed, and many of his treasures were dispersed; but he straightway commenced to gather a new collection, and in the arrangement of his new abode he showed originality and taste. The house in Guernsey in which he lived during a part of his long exile from France was also noted for its treasures. Not the least interesting of these were drawings executed by the poet himself. "His talent," says Mirecourt, "is entirely original and without any known model." He drew an entire album of caricatures for the entertainment of his wife and children. A large drawing is remembered which represented an old, fantastic manor, its gables, turrets, and high ramparts unfolding one by one and losing themselves in the hazy distance. The drawing had "something gigantic, strange, and somber, which takes possession of you and transports you to the realm of dreams, being a powerful reflection of the character and genius of the poet." Another fine drawing is described as representing a ship tempest-tossed. Bent by the fury of the winds and waves, the masts unite and take the form of a cross.

M. Paul Meurice has evidently preserved relics of Victor Hugo, for it is said that many of the most valuable which are to be in the Museum in the Place des Voszes have been contributed by him, and he has also given to the city of Paris the sum of twenty thousand francs to aid in the establishment and maintenance of the Museum. An imposing monument in honor of Victor Hugo will also adorn Paris, and will prove to the world that France, so often ungrateful to her noblest sons and unmindful of their services, does indeed cherish the life and the work of this her greatest poet and is loyal to his memory.

When the centenary of Dante was celebrated, Victor Hugo wrote to the Gonfalonier of Florence:

"Let us not say that nations are ungrateful at a given moment. A man has been the conscience of a people. By glorifying that man, the people attests the existence of its own conscience."

There have been suggestions that there should be an international celebration of the centenary of Victor Hugo (Rudyard Kipling is proposed to represent England). But even if there should be no formal recognition of the event, the world will wait with interest the comments in France from French thinkers and critics.

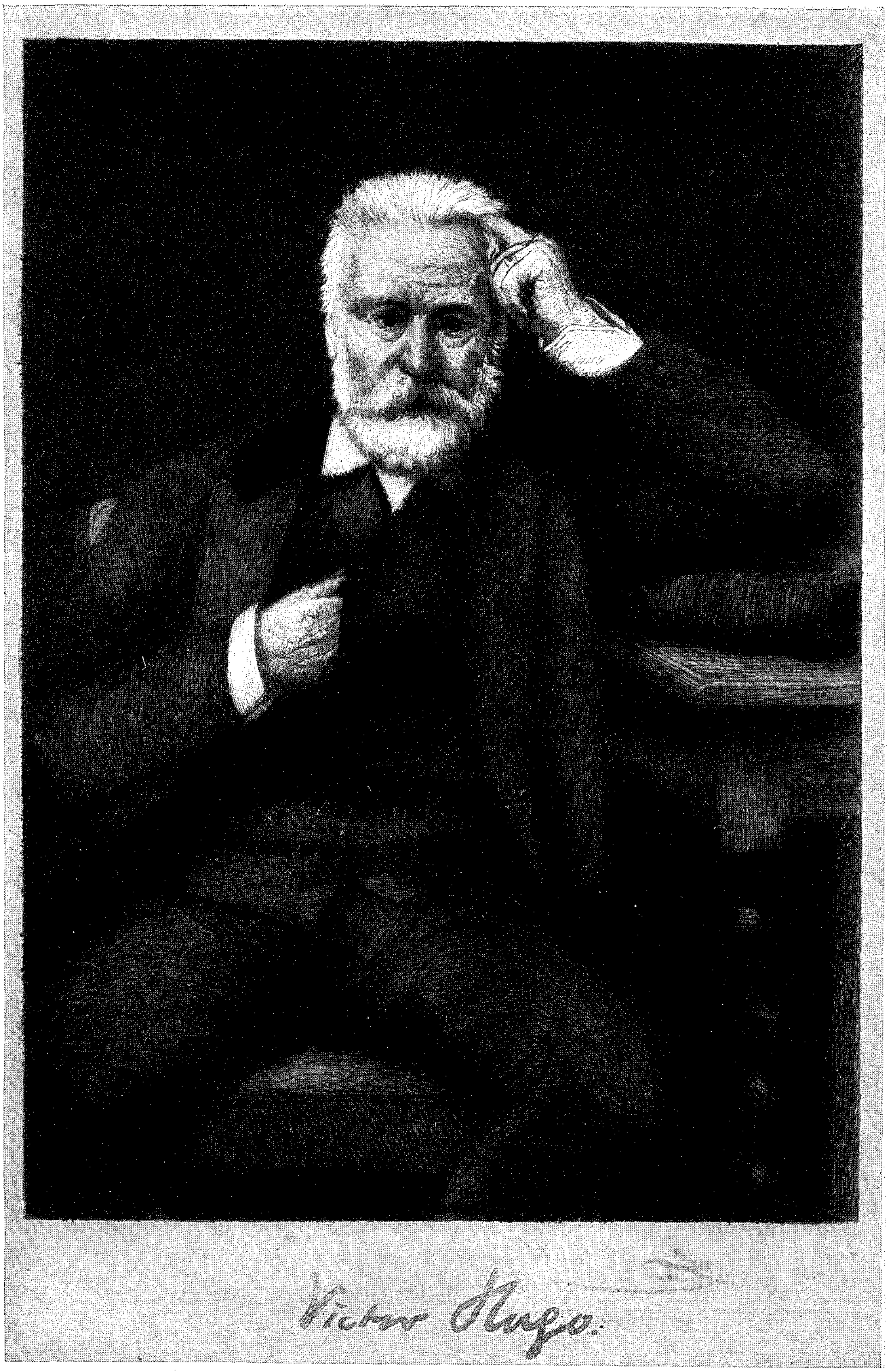
For Americans the centenary of Victor Hugo should have especial interest because many of his political ideas and ideals were in accord with those of America; and for her institutions, characteristics, and achievements he often expressed profound admiration. "I love America," he once wrote to General Cluseret. "I love America as a Fatherland, the great Republic of Washington, and John Brown is a glory to civilization. America has the double happiness of being free like England and logical like France. We shall applaud her patriotically in all her steps forward; we are fellow-citizens of every great nation."

In 1851 Mrs. Chapman, the cousin of Wendell Phillips, wrote to Victor Hugo for help in the cause of the Abolitionists, and this was a portion of his eloquent reply: "Dear Madam: You are good enough to believe that a word from me in this sacred cause of emancipation may have some influence on the great American people whom I love so deeply, and whose destinies are, in my opinion, linked to the mission of France. . . . I agree with you that it is impossible that the United States of America should not within a certain time before long give up slavery. Slavery in such a country! Was there ever such a monstrous contradiction? It is barbarism installed in the very heart of a society the whole of which is the affirmation of civilization. Liberty in chains, blasphemy proceeding from the altar, the negro's fetters riveted to the pedestal of Washington's statue. It is unheard of. I go further: it is impossible. It is a phenomenon which will disappear of itself. The light of the nineteenth century is sufficient to dissolve it. . . . Let all generous hearts take courage. . . . The United States must either give up slavery or give up liberty. They will not give up liberty! They must either give up slavery or the Gospel. They will not give up the Gospel!"

In 1859 he wrote to George Sand thanking her for speaking of his "Legende des Siècles" in terms of which Homer would be proud; then he gave expression to a burst of passionate sorrow. "I am overwhelmed with grief: they have killed John Brown. The murder took place on the 2d of December. The promised respite was an infamous device for lulling popular indignation. And it is a republic which has done this! . . . Here is a free nation putting to death a liberator! Alas! my heart is indeed very sad. The crimes of kings one can understand: a king's crime has nothing abnormal about it; but crimes committed by a people are intolerable to the thinker."

Were an attempt to be made to pass in brief critical review the character and the works of Victor Hugo, it would be, as Professor Dowden might say, like attempting to carve a colossus on a cherry-stone. His life was long, extending from 1802 to 1885, and, as it was intimately connected with a most stormy and important period in French history, his character and his work were strongly influenced by the dominant forces of his time. He not only ruled events, but he was himself ruled by them. He did not come to his extreme republican beliefs except by slow degrees. At first he was governed by the royalist ideas of his mother. In 1831, in a letter to Joseph Bonaparte, he called this the royalist alloy of his early days; but the passionate enthusiasm for Napoleon which had animated his youth, and to which he referred in that letter, was but a phase of his royalism, for he had been enthusiastic over Napoleon, not only as the soldier and the conqueror, but as the emperor. He had seen the Empire in all its brilliancy and glory, and he had seen the glory fade in the darkness and disaster of Waterloo. His views in regard to constitutional liberties broadened gradually. From the Citizen King he accepted a title and a seat in the House of Peers. The Revolution of 1848, which drove Louis Philippe from the throne, seemed to him at first to be a cause for grief; but he began to hope that from the Revolution a new and glorious France would arise. But the *coup d'état* of 1851 dashed his hopes, drove him into exile, and inspired him with a passionate hatred of "Napoleon the Little," which resulted in some of his most powerful satiric verse. The disaster of Sedan allowed him to return to France. Then came the siege, the Commune, and other thrilling events.

Even after minute scrutiny of his life and his time there would be found to be


Victor Hugo.

An etching from the portrait by Léon Bonnat, exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1879.

many baffling qualities which made up Victor Hugo's complex personality: there were contradictions, seeming inconsistencies. A man aggressive, impetuous, a born fighter, he was yet tender and affectionate as a child; with a marvelous power of invective, rejoicing when sharpening arrows and dipping them in fire that they might burn and sting enemies whom he hated, he had a heart full of charity for the oppressed, the sorrowful, for those to whom fate has denied chances. On his return from exile Hugo gave passionate expression to admiration for the great Revolution which had plunged France in blood and tears, and even eulogized in immoderate words the Assembly that had been responsible for the excesses of the Reign of Terror; yet all his life he held strongly to the opinion that society does not possess the right, even in self-defense, to cut short the existence of any criminal. Blinded by his hatred of one man, he could occasionally forget the obligations and courtesies to be expected from a guest of England, and after Victoria and the Emperor had exchanged visits he so insulted the Queen that he was expelled from the island of Jersey; yet in his home life he was always most courteous, gracious, just, and good, "kindly and indulgent to his own people, full of good will towards all." A man great enough to run the risk of being thought a time-server when his opinions changed in accordance with rapidly changing public events; a man strong enough to hold rigidly to his republican principles when once attained, and suffering exile and loneliness rather than give them up, he was yet capable of petty vanities, of posing as a prophet, a master and king over his fellows. Victor Hugo's soul was sensitive to the lovely simplicity of childhood, to the charm of flowers, of delicate fancies, of exquisite and tender feelings, sensitive to the beauty of high thoughts; yet was often artificial in sentimentality, lacking the grace of moderation in the expression of emotion. Sane, simple, with the calm poise of the serene thinker, he was yet often ruled by the vagaries of a peculiarly rich and excitable imagination, occasionally swept away by ideas whose logical outcome would be anarchy and the destruction of that which he himself held most dear. Rhetorical, theatrical, he was at the same time a sincere patriot, and also sincere in his devotion to the cause of romanticism, of which he was the acknowledged leader.

It is a pleasure to remember his love for his mother and his brothers, the happy days he spent with them in the old garden of the Feuillantines—the garden which he called one of the teachers of his youth.

It is a pleasure also to remember his love for Adèle Foucher, his tenderness for his children, and, when wife and children had left him desolate, his passionate devotion to the grandchildren who gladdened his later years. The sweetness of his home life, his genius for friendship, must not be forgotten. He preached a gospel of charity and good-fellowship, founded on the golden rule, and, by frequent kindly acts, he exemplified the value of his own teachings.

When he pleaded with Louis Philippe for the life of Barrès; when he sat day after day by the bedside of the little English girl ill with scarlet fever at Guernsey; when he nursed the suffering during the siege; when he sheltered fugitive Communists at Brussels; when, on his death-bed, his whole thought was to reassure his grieving Georges and Jeanne and save their mother trouble, we see an admirable side of his character.

When we think of Victor Hugo as the writer, then the colossus looms up before us as gigantic, not to be measured. He excelled in the three branches of literature, poetry, the drama and the romance, and had besides gifts as an orator and a writer of letters.

With all the manifestations of his genius as poet, dramatist, and novelist, his personality—what he himself was, what he felt, what opinions he held—was closely connected.

The French language can never be a perfect medium of poetic expression, like the German or the English. What is more beautiful than a love-song in German, a sonorous piece of blank verse in English? But Victor Hugo has revealed the rich resources of his native tongue. In his verse the French language seems transformed. There is something in it ampler, more opulent, of greater flexibility, than in the work of poets who preceded him. He gave a new spirit to

French poetry, breathed into it the breath of life. His large and generous sympathies are manifest in his lyrics. They have warmth of ideas as well as warmth of feeling. They have a delicate charm, a sweetness, a spirituality, which reveal the best side of Victor Hugo's complex nature. Who has sung more exquisitely of the enthralling beauty of childhood?

In his metrical tales and ballads are everywhere manifest his marvelous vividness, his dramatic skill, his power to tell a story even in one terse, luminous phrase. His range is well shown when we contrast these tender lyrics, these vivid ballads, with his scathing, pitiless satiric verse. His supreme gift of poetry is shown in his dramas and in his impassioned prose. He had a true inspiration for grandeur.

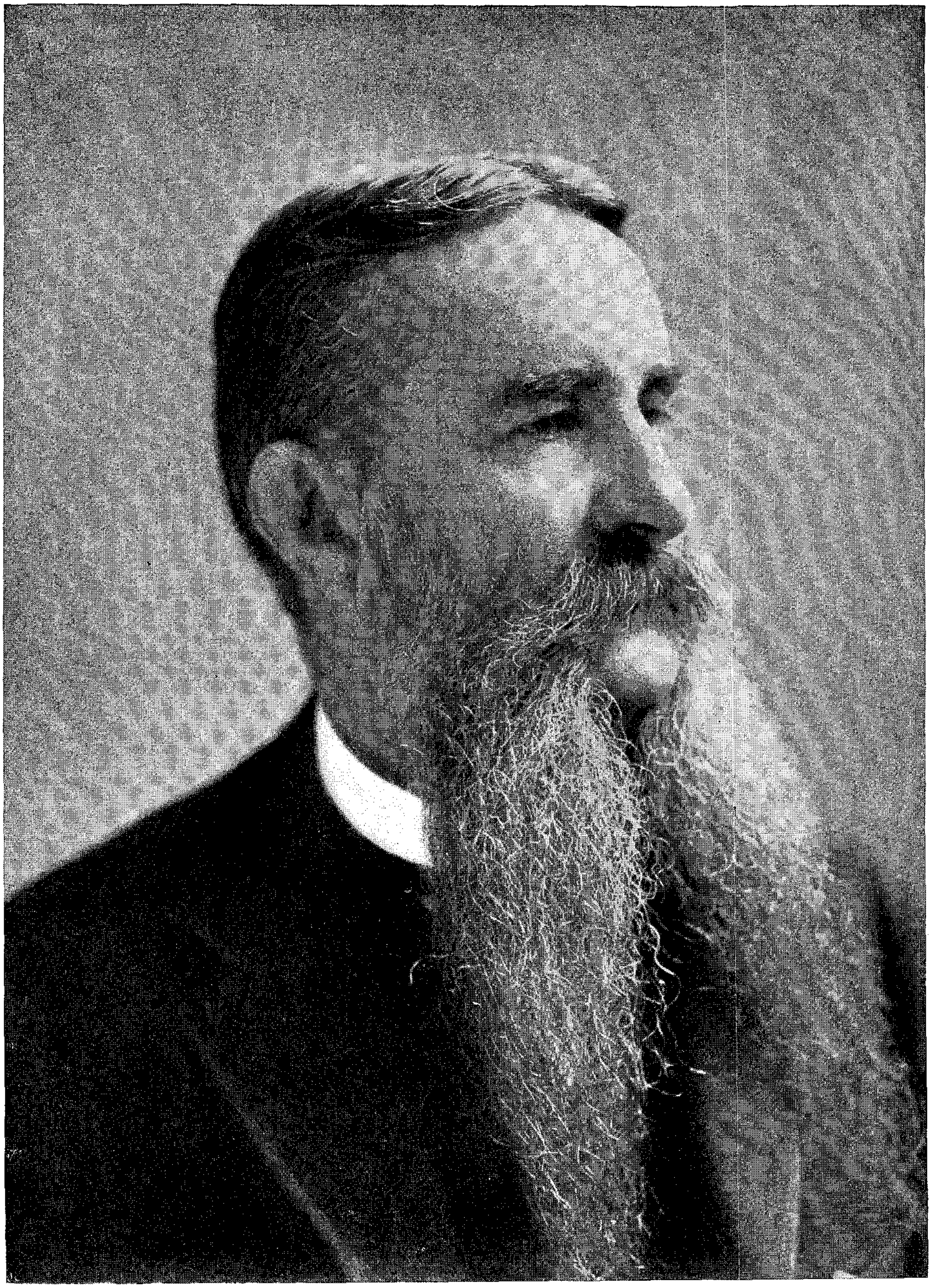
In his dramas he often distorts history, sometimes leads the unwary far astray. He chooses unnatural, extravagant situations, but is nevertheless extremely effective. He possesses creative fire and creative vitality which enthrall the imagination. Human voices speak from his pages, real men and women live before us.

Victor Hugo did work as a novelist which, had he never written drama or poem, would have made him a notable figure in modern literature. An enthusiastic admirer here in America has been disposed to speak of "Les Misérables" in the same breath as the masterpieces of Dante and Milton—Dante singing of the soul's injury by sin, its purification and its perfection, Milton looking out upon man's tragic career and following the Paradise Lost with a Paradise Found, while "Les Misérables" represents the "first attempt in fiction to show that, if sin dims the Divine Image, conscience disturbs the soul with sore discontent.

This great work is certainly of wonderful power. There is a richness of coloring in its word-painting, a blaze, a glory of language which almost dazzles. There is enchantment of poetic atmosphere, a skill of narrative which is probably unsurpassed. Best of all, while possessing this individuality of style, it appeals to the best instincts and emotions of humanity. Overwhelming as may be its tragic gloom, it is free from that cynicism which is such a blight in so much fiction written in France. "Notre Dame" and "Ninety-Three" are also notable works. In "Ninety-Three" the French method of using the paradox, the antithesis, the staccato sentence, grows sometimes wearisome, but the book has unrivaled descriptions.

In "Les Misérables" the grotesque finds place. In "Notre Dame" and in "Ninety-Three" it is still more prominent. But we must remember that the grotesque was admitted in strict accordance with Victor Hugo's avowed creed that the drama, the novel, must paint life, and in order to paint life they must often courageously set the beautiful aside—it being a law of the highest art that the beautiful will be enhanced by the close relation with it of the ugly, the repellent, even the horrible. Many of Victor Hugo's books show that he carried his creed too far. Many scenes and characters partake of the nightmare of which Charles Reade spoke when he called Victor Hugo the one great genius of the nineteenth century. That he could describe such scenes and create such characters is a proof of his intellectual range and versatility—one phase of his many-sided, complex personality.

It is not yet seventeen years since Victor Hugo passed out into the infinite sea of the immortal life. It is not yet possible to estimate with exactitude how much of his work is to endure. Many of the literary and political questions which influenced him so profoundly are still subjects for inquiry, for discussion, and for controversy. Principles for which he fought so bravely and won such masterly victories have still to be fought for. Even in this New World exist many of the sociological problems which confronted Victor Hugo, with which he wrestled and which inspired some of his most passionate bursts of eloquence. Only when these problems are solved will his winged words lose their power. Some of his books will indeed be forgotten with the local occasions which gave them birth, but all of his work will be of value to the student who studies French literature in a time of peculiar and absorbing interest, and who is concerned with the political agitations of a most vivid and intense period in French history. And this is certain: as long as the heart has passions, as long as life has woes, Victor Hugo's best work will last.



PHOTOGRAPH BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Rear-Admiral John G. Walker

Admiral Walker, the official head of the Nicaragua Canal Commission, the report of which has just been rendered and has resulted in the bill now before Congress, had an unusually brilliant and gallant career as a naval officer during the Civil War, in which he took part in the operations at New Orleans, Vicksburg, Wilmington, and elsewhere. In addition to his naval services he has acted as Chairman of the Lighthouse Board and other important Commissions, while the present Isthmian Canal Commission is the second over which he has presided.

Llewellyn's Offering

By John F. Farrell

LLEWELLYN lived in the country, and he had never been to church since he could remember. So he built one for himself; only he called it a temple. The different meanings of the word "church" were getting separated in his mind; but, as the architectural meaning got applied to a school-house where there was intermittent preaching, he promptly rejected it. Something in his brain, probably inherited from his Celtic grandfather, arose in might and shut a strong door almost audibly against such a use of the sacred term.

Llewellyn loved the shadowy and indefinite. Clear-cut outlines and bright, even illumination made him uncomfortable. There was the old sea-chest in the attic. He did not know whom it belonged to when it was afloat, nor any single thing about it. He made romances about everything in it, from the navigation books in the top locker to the soaked and discolored "Paradise Lost," full of dried leaves, in a tiny drawer only an inch deep which he discovered by accident, and the long soft lady's glove, wrapped in oilskin and tied with a blue string. The chest had been stove by shot. The ship that carried it must at some time have been in action. There were all the elements of a romance ready to his hand; and how he reveled in the yarn as he built it up, putting in pirates to stave the chest with grape-shot, a missionary on his way to the Cannibal Islands to read the "Paradise Lost," and marooning a young lady in a white ball-dress and pearl gloves on a coral reef, for the captain who studied the navigation books to rescue!

One day, when he was lying on a heap of quilts in the window-seat arranging the very last scene, Aunt Martha came up the stairs with company; and among other old furniture she showed them the tough-looking old chest. When she began to talk about that, Llewellyn startled the whole party by springing up with a sharp cry and rushing downstairs. He never stopped running till he approached a large, fern-shaded pool in the middle of the hemlock woods where there was perpetual twilight and seclusion.

Lying down on the bank, he unbuttoned his wristband and thrust his hand into the water, moving his fingers gently. Tiny fishes came glancing forward from every direction and dabbed their soft, cold noses against his hand. Then a big one came swimming slowly along, and the small fry made way for him. Llewellyn curved his fingers and ran them along the sides of the spotted beauty; then he began to talk in a voice that blended perfectly with the murmur of brooks and the sound of the wind in the trees.

"Think of it, Gramp Speckle!" he said. "She was going to tell about the sea-chest, just as I had got the captain to the island (most of the sailors were drowned in the tornado that wrecked the ship), and the lady—her name is Inez, you know—Lady Inez had just lost one of her gloves. She was going to tell the honest-truly-truth, do you understand, Grampus? Wouldn't that have been awful?"

The fish curved gracefully this way and that in lazy enjoyment, but made no other reply. Llewellyn knew he could talk if he wanted to.

"Go away now, Grampy. Here's Max and Jenny and all of their children."

The newcomers crowded about the boy's hand eagerly; and he took a biscuit from his pocket and crumbled it in the water, laughing softly to see the darting, struggling fishes devour their dole. When they grew quiet, he propped his chin in his palms and began to work on his cathedral.

He wove romances in the attic, and lying under the orchard trees; in the barn, on the fragrant hay and yellow heaps of straw; on the rug before the dining-room fire; and often with his book open before him on his desk at school; but he always labored at the building of his temple when he lay by the still pool in the woods.

He made the temple large and gray and solid as a mountain, with a vast roof, broken by a line of windows, sloping away under the branches of tall elm-trees, and a spire that reached up to the sky, and opened wide, cavernous doors in the front of it which led to a checkered expanse of stone floor. And he made the roof within full of hollows between great beams, springing like branches from stone pillars set in long rows; and away back at the end of the rows of pillars he set candles that burned with soft splendor before the Holy Place where none but the priest might go, and he only softly, after long prayer, with bare feet because the ground was holy. Somewhere in the dimness behind the high screen God sat in a great carved chair and looked down on the kneeling people, and bowed down his ear graciously to listen to their confessions.

The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him.

The words surged and thundered in a mighty volume of remembered sound, and died away among the arches of the roof; and silence that could be felt succeeded. Then it was a clear picture without any need of words; throngs of kneeling worshipers, very still, each telling God what was in his own heart. Only the priest stood up in the sacred place before the dimness out of which God looked and listened so benignantly. That was the Temple. God stayed there all the time.

"He makes that house His home." The verse swept through his mind in full-volumed harmony, the final word lengthening and diminishing to silent vibrations that thrilled him with sweet, glad awe.

It was a floating memory of St. Stephen's Church, where Llewellyn had been carried when almost a baby, detached from all connected events and surroundings, an outlying island on the shore of conscious life. The temple was in the city. It must be there, for where else could the worshiping throngs be gathered together? Some time, when he was twelve years old, perhaps, he would be taken up to the temple. All children were carried to the house of God and presented to him when the proper time came. Jesus was taken to the temple when he was twelve years old. That was a long time to wait; but he had to get ready. There was the Gift! What gift had he that he would dare lay in the priest's hand to be offered to the Most High God? It must be something of his very own. How his little possessions shrank and cheapened when he thought of carrying them to the temple and offering them to God! If the priest should refuse his gift and hand it back with a stern, reproachful look, it would break his heart; he would die of shame where he stood. Was there nothing he could give which would be rich and rare enough not to seem like roadside trash beside the least of the gifts which the people of the great city would heap in splendid, glittering masses on the altar of God? He thought over all his treasures, but there was nothing at all but the gold dollar that would bear thinking of for an instant. And that was so little; oh, he never could offer such an atom as that!

The dinner-horn sounded, faint and far, and the temple fell into airy nothingness around him. He looked a moment at the still pool and the feathery hemlock branches, got his bearings, and stood up among the ferns. Then he ran swiftly through the woods towards the house.

At the dinner-table Llewellyn heard much talk; and his eyes shone as he began to understand its drift. There was to be a reunion at the church in the city, to the membership of which Aunt Martha used to belong. The guests had come to see her about it. It was to be a great occasion; but, having absorbed the fact, Llewellyn escaped to fill in the details himself. The talk about turkeys and squash pies could not be endured for an unnecessary moment. His best way was to go back and tell the fishes; besides, he felt unhoused trying to think of it till he could build his temple again.

"I shall not have to wait till I am twelve years old. Do you hear, Grampus? They are going to take me to the temple this very week—in two or three days; and oh, dear, good Speckle! do help me to think of something besides my little atom of a dollar to take with me for a gift." Just then a darting fish led his eye to a white, egg-shaped pebble in the shallows at the edge of the pool. Llewellyn stared at that pebble for a full minute, thinking hard.

"Why, of course, I can put the dollar in the pink cotton in my little bird's-egg box. It won't look so small then; and perhaps the priest will understand that it is all I have got. If he talks with me, I will tell him that, if he will accept it, when I am a man I will bring, oh, the splendidest gifts! But God will know all about it, if I can't tell the priest."

Then Llewellyn lapsed into a day-dream in which solemn pictures formed and faded and were succeeded by other scenes in which he walked with hushed footsteps, or stood or knelt with a vast, adoring throng in the temple where God makes his home, and heard wonderful music throbbing and trembling and swelling and surging through the dim aisles and up to the shadowy roof. And, borne forward by the holy sounds, he went up to the altar and laid his poor little gift in the priest's hand, fearfully and in a terror of humility, because it was so very small. And the priest smiled, and called him by his name, and laid his hand on him softly as a leaf falls, and then he went back to his place among the people, oh, so glad that his gift had been accepted!

Llewellyn's heart beat so fast with the excitement of the thick-crowding fancies that he shook himself free from his revery and stood up and walked about among the brown columns of the hemlocks. From that time he felt no more anxiety about his gift.

It was dark when they reached the church on the evening of the reunion; and the people were rapidly assembling. Llewellyn kept close by Aunt Martha, with the little bird's-egg box clasped tightly in his hand.

The throng flowed steadily into the church; they would come to the place of kneeling pretty soon. It looked different—almost like a house, only the rooms were larger. After a while they came to a brightly lighted, carpeted room where a tall man in black and a lady with long black gloves stood side by side; and all the people went towards them in a row, shook hands, and passed on. Llewellyn presently saw that Aunt Martha and Uncle John were moving in the same direction. He watched the expression of their faces, and grew uncertain in his mind. There must be some other place where the people prayed and offered gifts.

"I don't want to stay here, Aunt Martha," he whispered, pulling her sleeve; and she bade him go and make friends with the other children.

He was free; and he started to find the priest at once. He might lose his gift, and then—but that was too dreadful to think about. He wandered through a series of side rooms, where young men were rearranging the seats and rolling open wide doors. Not there.

Then he came to a much larger room, and paused in astonishment. The room was full of long tables; and young ladies were fluttering about them, placing dishes of food, bread, cake, platters of meat, pickles, everything that could be thought of that was good to eat. They all wore white aprons, but were dressed very prettily. Llewellyn stood in a doorway and watched them for a few minutes with considerable interest. That was not the place.

He clasped his gift tightly in his hand and made his way around the side of the room towards the rear. He must leave no unexplored places behind him. But there he did not even pause. The cooking-range, with its steaming coffee-tanks and kettles of chowder, the carving and dishing of food, the hurry and clatter and confusion, all blended in one shock of repugnance that was a physical pain. He ran swiftly back and huddled against the wall of a dimly lighted passage.

Before him was the open door of a little room with only one light burning over a table in the center. By the table stood a girl, taking flowers out of white boxes, and a young man was putting water in vases and handing them to her. She arranged the flowers deftly, and the young man bore the filled vases away.

"Just one!" he pleaded, coming back to her side.

"No, no. I can't spare one. You don't know how hard I worked, begging money to get them. But I was determined to have my table decorated the best. Mamie Evans has got nothing but dahlias, and Sadie—"

"But you won't miss one."

"Well, take one; and do hurry with the vases."

Stooping to select a rose, the young man's lips just touched the tiny curls on the girl's forehead.

"He loves her," thought Llewellyn. "That is the way the Captain looked when the Lady Inez gave him the glove;" and he stole softly away, forgetting all about the kitchen in his pure delight at having seen so beautiful a thing.

Then Aunt Martha discovered him and took him into the great audience-room, which was packed full to the steps of the galleries. That might be the place, only it was so light and the people's faces had such a different expression. Small creatures having no adequate language have to judge by tones and expression.

Silence fell on the assembly, and then the tall man, who stood so long in the parlor shaking hands with people, stepped forward on a bare platform and said: "Let us pray."

Llewellyn knelt quite simply, not noticing that no one else did so, and clasped his hands reverently. For a few brief moments he was happy. The sympathetic baritone voice lifted in prayer thrilled him with a sweet joy, and started his visions, so that he did not know when the praying ceased.

Aunt Martha touched his shoulder presently and he resumed his seat, holding his gift ready. His heart beat fast, and his eyes shone with expectation.

Then the lady with the long black gloves swept an immense train across the platform, swirled it deftly about, and stepped back into the coil of it with a graceful bow. An original poem of welcome was read with much elocutionary skill, and temperately applauded. Two or three other numbers followed rapidly; and then everybody stood up and began to talk. Llewellyn put his gift in his pocket with a feeling almost of dismay. He had felt so sure for a little while; and now it was all so different.

Then a door opened on either side of the platform and he was swept with the throng into the supper-room, where he ate nothing and stared about him so curiously that Aunt Martha whispered a sharp reproof. After supper the crowd began to thin rapidly, but the babel of talk did not for a moment cease; and Llewellyn sat with listless hands and bowed head struggling mightily with his disappointment.

But hope returned to him suddenly when they were going out through the audience-room, where most of the lights had been turned out. He glanced back as he neared the door and saw a man all alone in a railed inclosure above and behind the platform. That must be the priest. He would not have to carry his gift away, and feel forever that he could not find God. He ran back to the dim passage leading to the chapel, found the stairs, slipped off his shoes, and softly went up. The stair was very narrow and steep; but strait is the gate and narrow the way that leadeth to—

The organist started so violently that he dropped the books he had been gathering up. Never had he seen anything like that child-face, rapt, seraphic, pale, almost luminous, with eyes like stars. He heard no footstep, saw no form. He only saw the face float out of the shadow behind the organ. Then, because he had been frightened, he spoke sharply.

"What are you doing here?"

The splendor died out, and only an ordinary boy stood before him, knitting his brows in perplexity and looking curiously about the organ loft.

"What do you want?"

"I—was looking for—something," said Llewellyn, turning blindly away and groping down the stairs. Near the bottom he fell; and the organist, springing lightly down, stood him on his feet.

"Not hurt, are you, sonny? Why, you are barefooted! Was it the shoes you wanted to find? Here they are."

"My shoes? Oh, yes. Thank you, sir; I must hurry."

Llewellyn went down the long aisle, with the shoes in his hand. Aunt Martha was looking for him.

"Here he is; and barefoot! Of all things, Llewellyn! what did you take your shoes off for? I know you said they hurt you; but new shoes always do hurt. You must wear them, and set them to your feet. Sit down right here, and put them on. We shall miss our car."

Llewellyn bent over the shoes, but he fumbled the lacings, and great tears dropped down on his hands.

Uncle John was almost stamping with impatience.

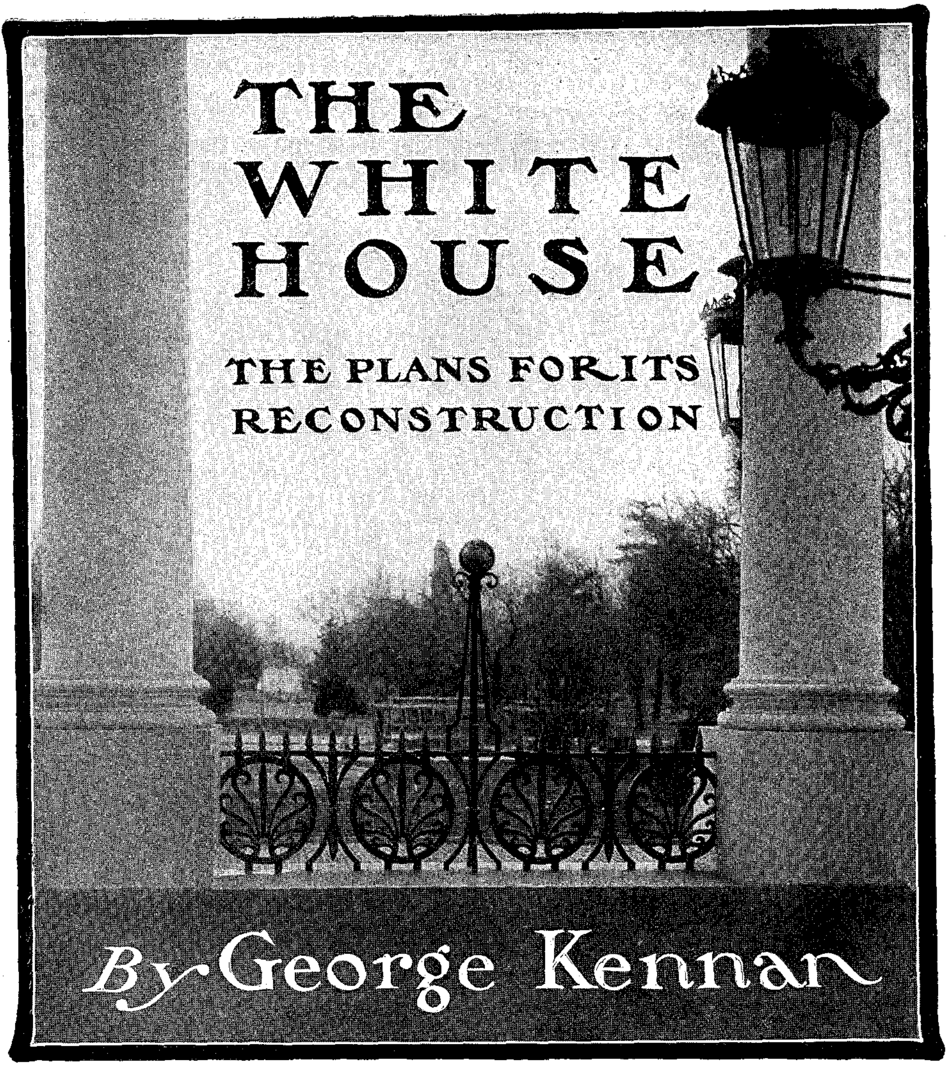
"Take the shoes, Marthy," he said at last. "I'll have to lug him," and, hoisting the boy in his arms, he strode out to the car-tracks.

Aunt Martha was stricken with remorse for having spoken sharply to the motherless child, when he buried his face in Uncle John's shoulder and cried as if his heart would break. In the cars she put on his shoes and spoke tenderly and soothingly to him; but Llewellyn still clung to the broad shoulder, and sobbed and sobbed.

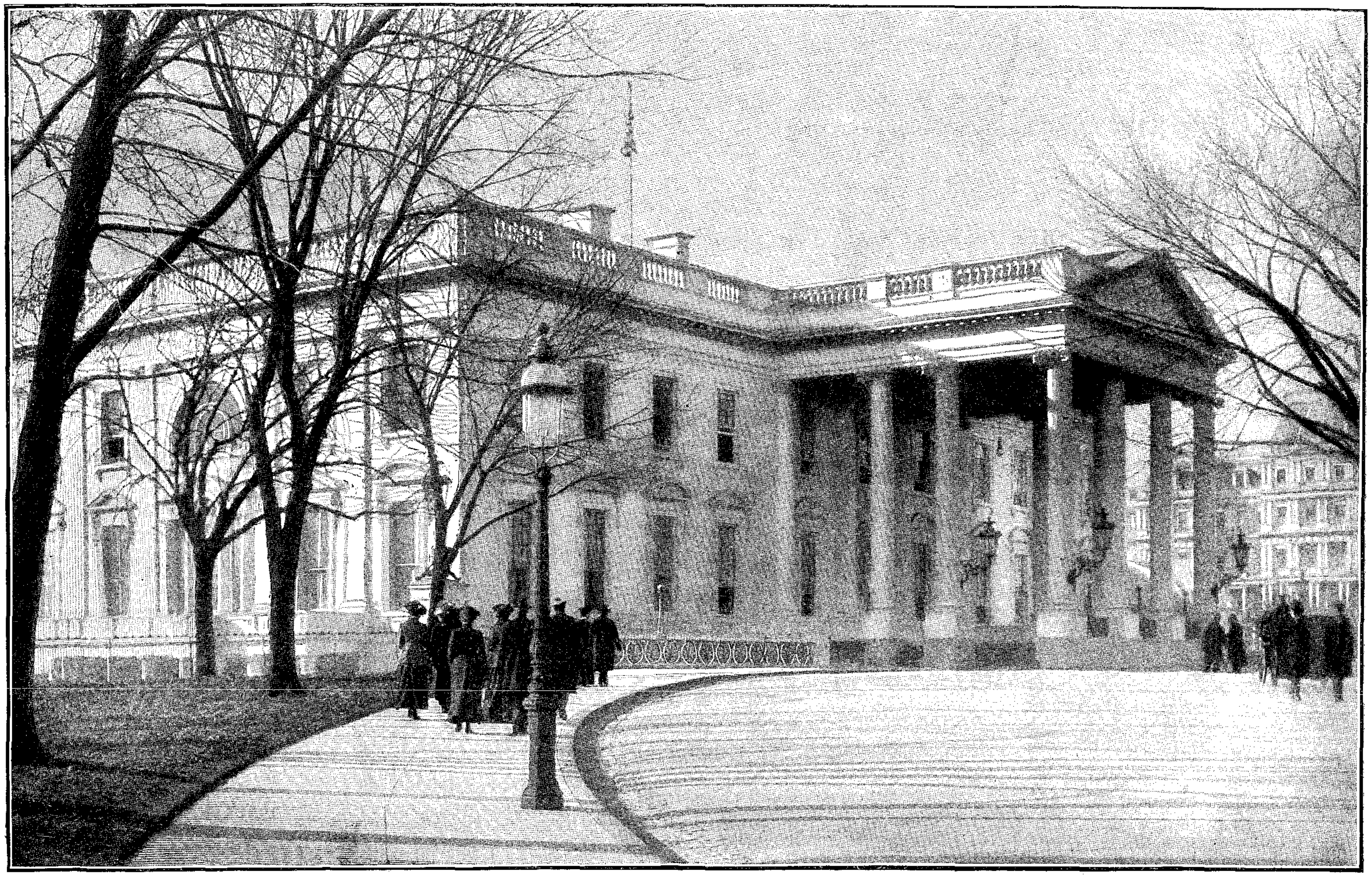
THE WHITE HOUSE

THE PLANS FOR ITS RECONSTRUCTION

By George Kennan



THERE is no single building, perhaps, in Washington which plays a more important part in the social and political life of the city, or which attracts more attention from the thousands of visitors who come annually to the Nation's capital, than the plain white edifice which stands on Pennsylvania Avenue just west of the Treasury Department, and which is familiarly known to the public as "The White House." It derives its predominant interest not only from its occupation as a private residence by the President of the United States, but also from the historical associations that it recalls and preserves, the uses to which it is put as a great executive office, and the service that it renders as an important center of National life and activity. It is the place where the President transacts his official business; where the diplomatic representatives of foreign powers are received; where the Nation welcomes and entertains its distinguished guests; where large delegations of citizens are constantly presenting themselves with greetings of courtesy or questions of business; where newspaper men from all parts of the country spend hours every day in the collection of news; and where the President, as the head of the Nation, and his wife as "the first lady of the land," must receive and entertain, every year, thousands of American citizens who



THE WHITE HOUSE, FROM THE NORTHEAST

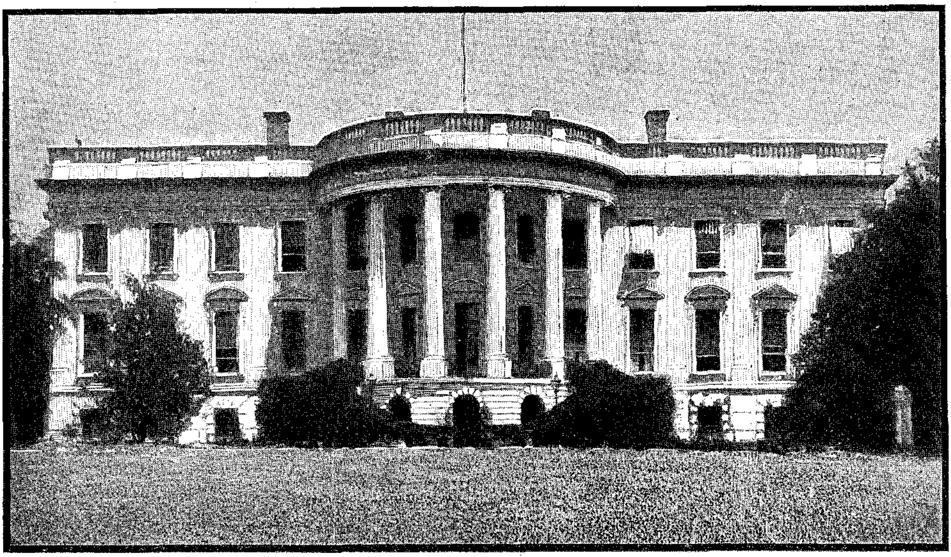
come to Washington as official or unofficial representatives of a great and rapidly growing people.

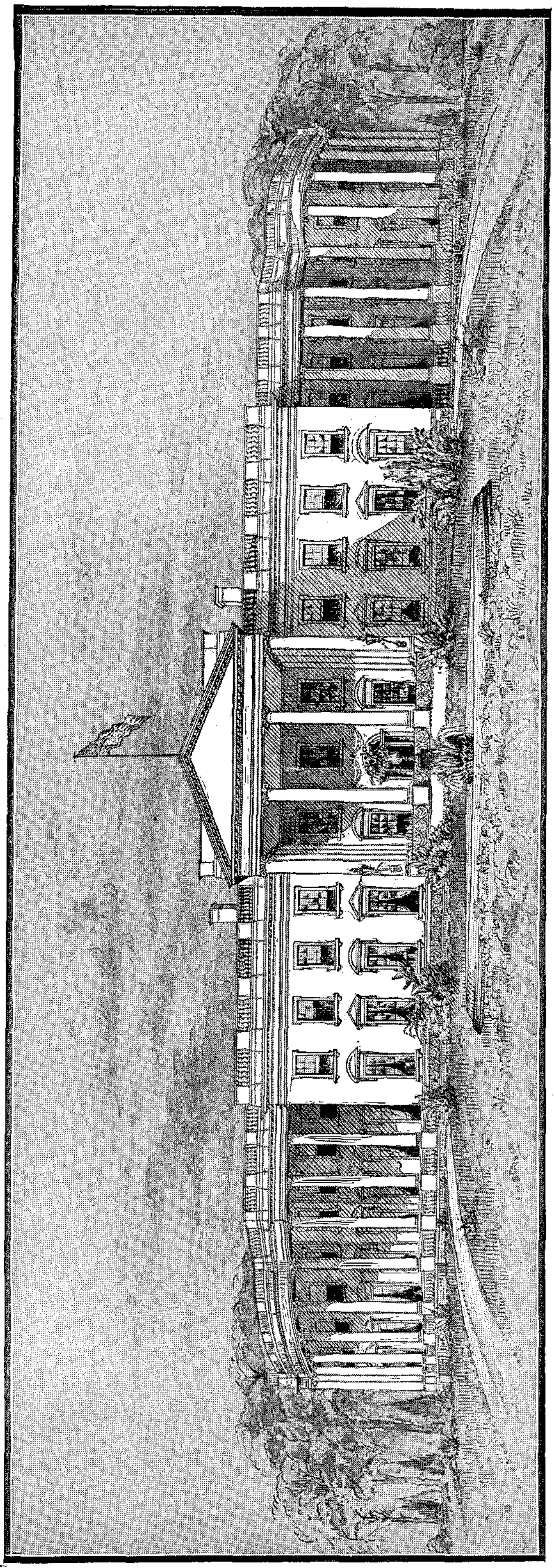
A building that serves so many purposes, and that is the center of so many social, political, and business interests, must necessarily be an object of National importance; and it ought, manifestly, to be a building adequate in size to meet all possible demands upon it; suitable in plan for the uses to which it is put, and beautiful enough, architecturally, to comport with the wealth, power, and dignity of a great State. That the present structure fails to satisfy most of these requirements is a fact that has long been apparent even to the casual observer. In the year 1800, when the White House was first occupied as a Presidential mansion, the United States had a population of only five and a quarter millions. In the century that has since elapsed we have grown into a Nation of nearly eighty millions, and the social, political, and business interests that center in the Executive Mansion have greatly increased both in complexity and in volume. It is not an exaggeration, perhaps, to say that hundreds of persons go to the White House, socially or on business, now, for every one that visited it a century ago; and yet there has been no enlargement whatever of its capacity or its facilities.

The urgent necessity for some change or extension that shall relieve the congestion and facilitate the transaction of public business in the White House may best be shown, perhaps, by concrete facts and figures.

The clerical work of the Executive office, at the present time, necessitates the employment of a regular force of about twenty men; and for their accommodation—with all their desks, typewriting machines, letter-files, etc.—there are only four rooms, of very moderate size, one of which is used, in part, as a reception and waiting room for persons who desire to see the President or his secretary. Occasionally, when there is a press of Executive business, clerks from the Departments are specially detailed for White House service; and these men have to be crowded into offices already fully occupied by the regular force. Recently Mr. Cortelyou, Secretary to the President, had to put seventeen stenographers, typewriters, and copyists into a room that ought not to have held more than three. As the work of the Executive office is constantly increasing, it will shortly become necessary to strengthen the regular force, either by appointing new clerks or by making permanent the temporary details from the Departments; and then the already congested state of the office rooms will be even more serious and embarrassing than it is now.

For the rapidly accumulating files, records, and valuable papers of the Exec-


THE WHITE HOUSE, FROM THE SOUTH


Proposed National Wing.
Executive Residence (Present White House).
Proposed Official Wing.

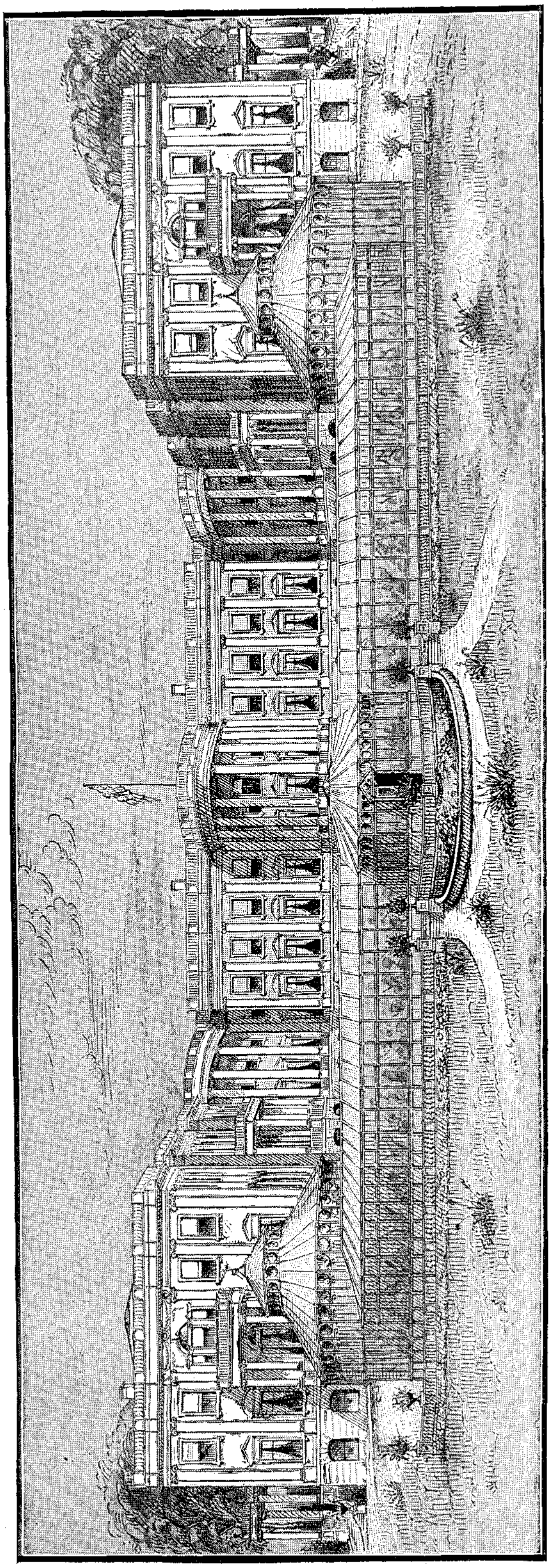
MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON'S PLAN FOR THE EXECUTIVE MANSION, NORTH VIEW

From the copyrighted plan of the architect, F. D. Owen.

utive Mansion no suitable provision can possibly be made within existing limits of space; and eight tons of such documents have recently been removed from the crowded office rooms and stored either in the basement or in the attic. These parts of the building are not readily accessible, and the sending of clerks up stairs or down stairs after letters and papers is a source of unnecessary inconvenience and delay. The building has no fire-proof vault, and for valuable documents there is no place of deposit other than an old iron safe.

The library accommodations of the White House are almost as unsatisfactory and inadequate as are the office facilities. Secretary Cortelyou, with the assistance of an expert, has recently made an attempt to classify, catalogue, and put in order the somewhat heterogeneous and fortuitously acquired collection of books now at the President's disposal; but the oval room over the south portico is hardly large enough to hold, in convenient arrangement, even the number of volumes that it already contains; and for the new books, charts, reports, and encyclopædias that should be added in order to make anything like a complete, up-to-date reference library, there is no available space.

The room just east of the library, where the President and the members of his Cabinet are accustomed to meet for consultation, is much too small. It ought to be large enough to hold a big globe, books, maps, charts, etc., which are often needed for reference during Cabinet meetings; but at present there is no room for them.

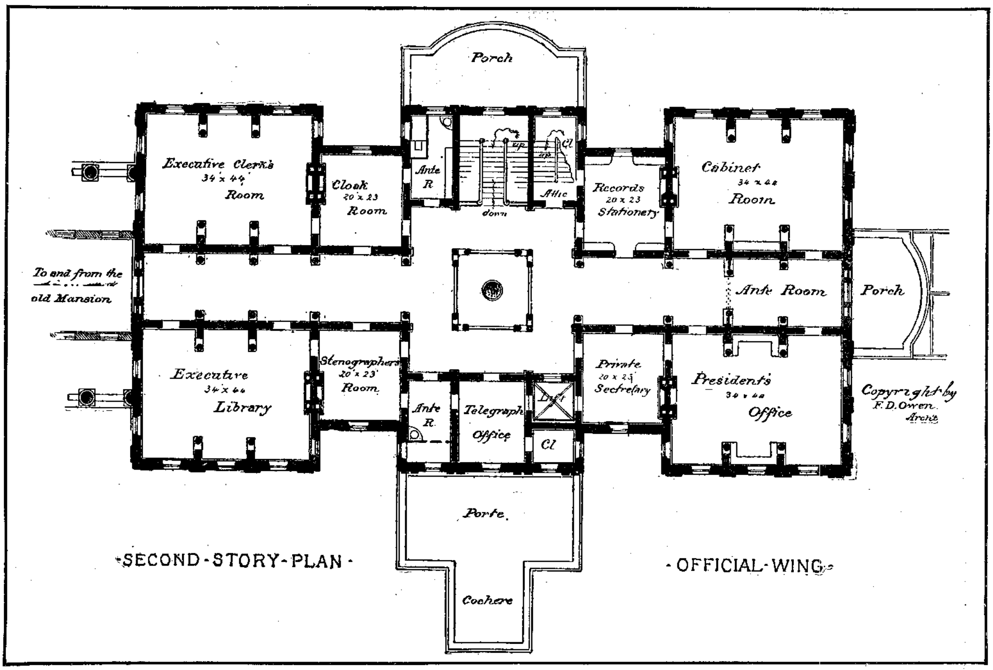

Proposed Official Wing.
Executive Residence (Present White House).
Proposed National Wing.

MRS. HARRISON'S PLAN FOR THE EXECUTIVE MANSION, SOUTH VIEW

From the copyrighted plan of the architect, F. D. Owen.

Better accommodations are urgently required for newspaper men. The White House has become one of the most important news-gathering centers in Washington; and the correspondents and reporters who daily assemble there should have a place of their own, with desks and proper working facilities. At present they are crowded into the eastern end of the upper corridor, which is used, at the same time, as a general waiting-room for persons who desire to see the President or his secretary on business.

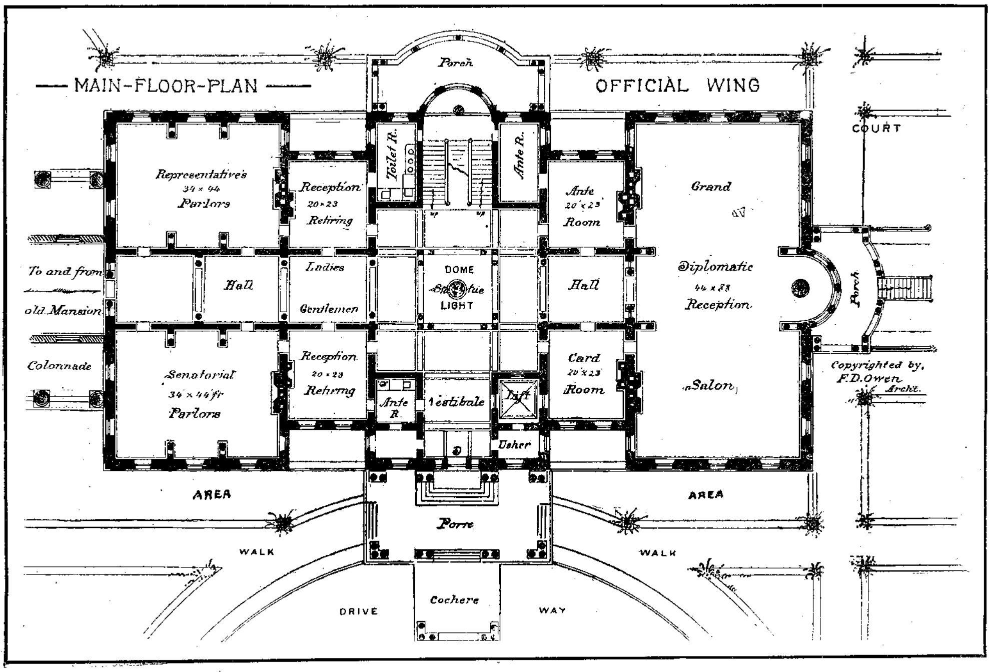
This overcrowding of the White House generally, and of the upper part of the official wing in particular, not only involves great inconvenience, but is attended with some risk. The building is now more than a century old; and although it is still strong enough, structurally, to answer all the purposes of a private residence, there is considerable doubt as to the question whether its floors can be trusted to bear the weight that is occasionally put upon them. It is not regarded as perfectly safe now for the President to receive large delegations in the upper part of the building; and Colonel Bingham, Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, told President McKinley that if more than two thousand persons were invited to a single White House reception, he — the President—must assume responsibility for any accident that might occur. Owing to the fact that the offices in the second story are mainly over the large East Room, they have no adequate partition support, and cannot be strengthened by the putting in of underpinning. They are regarded, therefore, as


Porch
Executive Clerk's
34 x 44
Room
Cloak
20 x 23
Room
Ante
R
up
up
Cl
Attic
down
Records
20 x 23
Stationery
Cabinet
34 x 44
Room
To and from the
old Mansion
Ante Room
Porch
Executive
34 x 44
Library
Stenographers
20 x 23
Room
Ante
R.
Telegraph
Office
Lift
Cl
Private
20 x 23
Secretary
President's
34 x 44
Office
Copyright by
F. D. Owen.
Archt.
Porte
Cochere
·SECOND-STORY-PLAN·
·OFFICIAL-WING·

THE SECOND-FLOOR PLAN OF THE PROPOSED OFFICIAL WING

From the copyrighted plan of the architect, F. D. Owen.

somewhat untrustworthy, and nothing but absolute necessity would have compelled the President's secretary to load the floor of one of them with the weight of seventeen men and their desks. The risk had to be taken because the work had to be done; and there was no other place to put the clerks who were doing it.

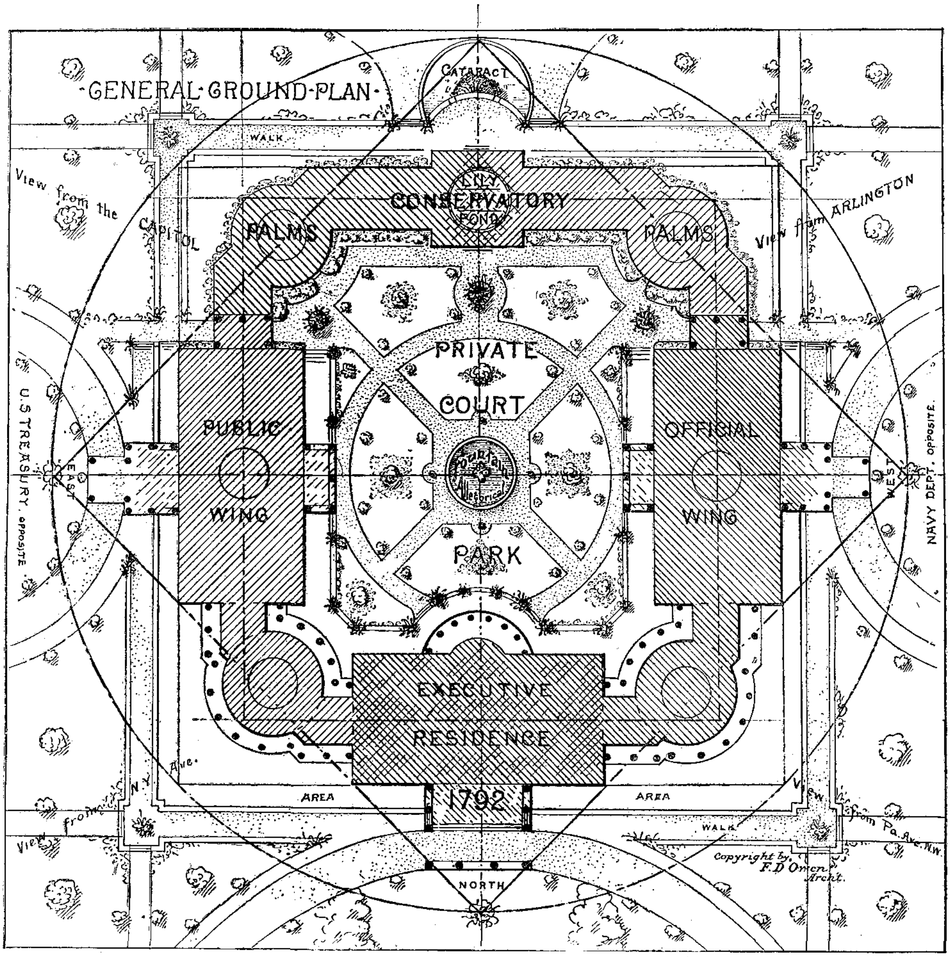

Porch
—— MAIN-FLOOR-PLAN ——
OFFICIAL WING
COURT
Toilet R.
Ante R.
Representative's
34 x 44
Parlors
Reception
20 x 23
Retiring
up
up
Ante
20 x 23
Room
Grand
Diplomatic
44 x 88
Reception
Salon
To and from
old Mansion
Hall
Ladies
Gentlemen
DOME
Skylight
LIGHT
Hall
Porch
Colonnade
Senatorial
34 x 44 ft
Parlors
Reception
20 x 23
Retiring
Ante
R.
Vestibule
Lift
Card
20 x 23
Room
Usher
Copyrighted by,
F.D.Owen
Archt.
AREA
AREA
Porte
WALK
WALK
Cochere
DRIVE
WAY

THE FIRST-FLOOR PLAN OF THE PROPOSED OFFICIAL WING

From the copyrighted plan of the architect, F. D. Owen.

It may perhaps be thought that although the official end of the White House is overcrowded, as a result of the great increase in the volume of Executive business, there is ample accommodation in the private part of the building for the President, his family, and their guests; but such is by no means the case. There is no suitable room, on the first floor, for the great state dinners which must be given at intervals during the winter, and it has been found necessary to use as a dining-room the long corridor that separates the vestibule from the so-called Blue Room. Even this is hardly large enough to accommodate the number of guests that the President would like occasionally to entertain; and the experiment will probably be tried this winter of giving important state dinners in the East Room, although the latter is very inconveniently situated with reference to the pantries and the kitchen.

In the second story of the private wing there are only five sleeping-apartments, and it is perfectly obvious that this is a wholly inadequate provision for the President's family and their guests. A few small bedrooms for servants have recently been made by putting up partitions in the attic; but these rooms can be reached only by means of an elevator which must be used also by the President and his family in going to and from the second floor. The dressing-rooms, bath-rooms, pantries, etc., are insufficient in number and inconveniently situated; there is not a single china-closet in the building; the



·GENERAL·GROUND·PLAN·
CATARACT
WALK
LILY POND
CONSERVATORY
PALMS
PALMS
View from the CAPITOL
View from ARLINGTON
PRIVATE
COURT
Fountain Allegorical
PARK
PUBLIC
WING
OFFICIAL
WING
U.S. TREASURY. OPPOSITE.
EAST
WEST
NAVY DEPT. OPPOSITE.
EXECUTIVE
RESIDENCE
1792
AREA
AREA
N.Y. Ave.
View from
View from Pa. Ave. N.W.
WALK
NORTH
Copyright by, F.D. Owen. Archt.

MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON'S PLAN FOR ENLARGING AND BEAUTIFYING THE WHITE HOUSE AND GROUNDS

From the copyrighted plan of the architect, F. D. Owen.

servants' quarters would be inaccessible if anything should happen to the elevator; and the only convenient entrance to the private apartments, from the front, is through a door that is used indiscriminately by Congressmen, ambassadors, newspaper men, tourists, sightseers, and the public generally.

Upon this statement of facts it is perfectly evident that the Executive Mansion, in its present condition, does not adequately meet the requirements either of public service or private use, and is not in any respect creditable to a wealthy and powerful nation like the United States. What, then, shall be done with it? Upon one point there is universal agreement; and that is that the old White House must be retained in its present form. As a monument of American history, an architectural ornament to the beautiful city that has grown up about it, and a building closely connected, by association and tradition, with some of the Nation's noblest dead, it is worthy of National care and preservation; and it should not be remodeled, reconstructed, or in any way marred, without the most urgent and imperative need. Something, however, must be done to facilitate the transaction of Executive business, and to make the Executive Mansion a suitable residence for the President and his family.

Several remedies for the existing state of things have been suggested, but only two, thus far, have taken form in definite plans. They are:

1. Senator Lodge's proposition to erect a new Executive building south of the Treasury Department; and

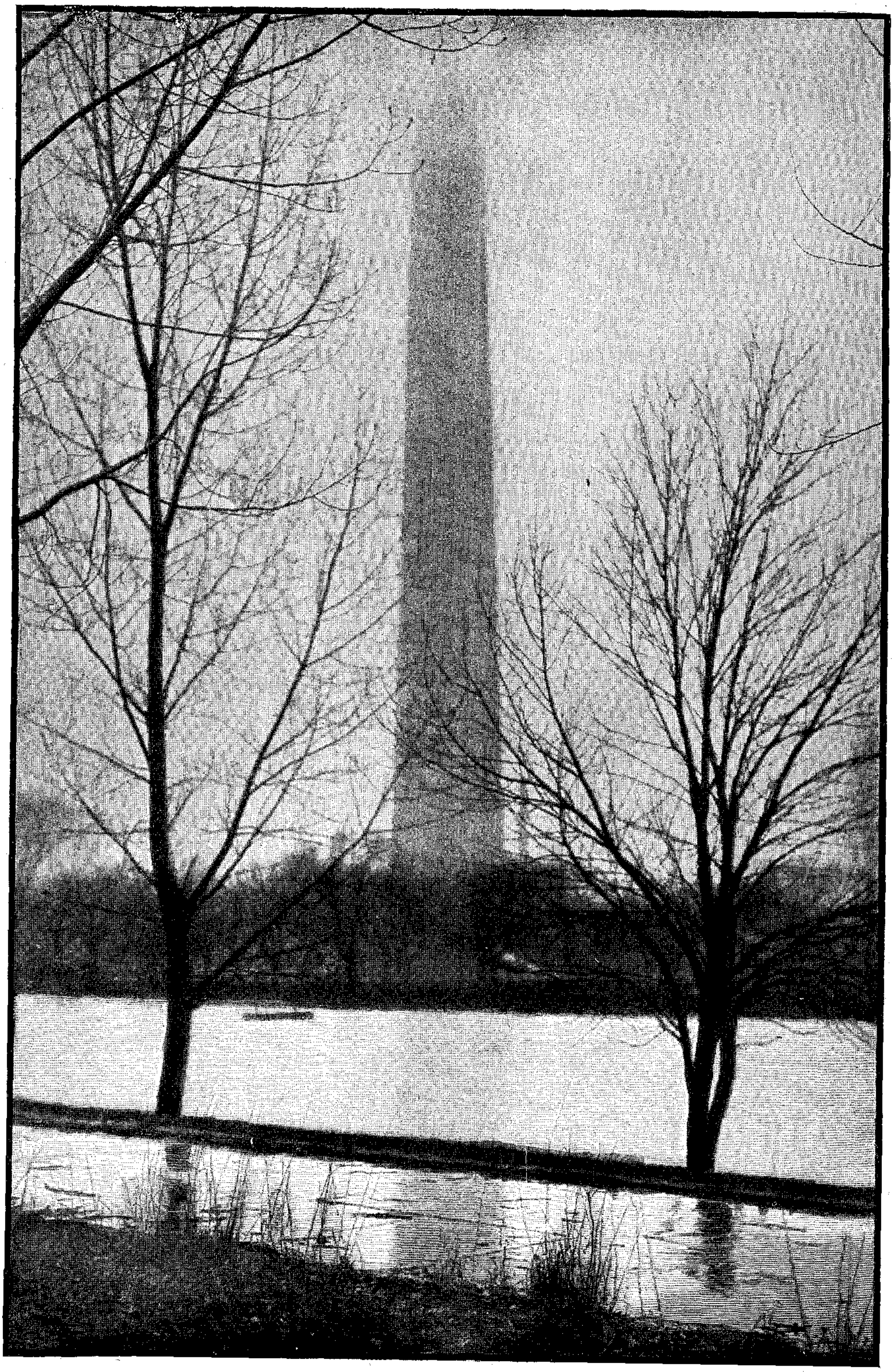
2. Mrs. Benjamin Harrison's plan for an extension of the present White House.

The bill introduced by Senator Lodge, on the 4th of December last, contemplates the erection, just south of the Treasury Department, of an entirely new building, to contain public dining and reception rooms, a Cabinet room, offices for the President and his secretaries, suitable accommodations for newspaper men and executive clerks, and ample storage for all the files, records, papers, and valuable documents that are needed for reference in the daily routine of official work. This plan would relieve the White House from the congestion due to pressure of Executive business, and make it merely a private residence for the President and his family.

At first glance, Senator Lodge's bill would seem to offer a very satisfactory solution of the whole difficulty; but the conditions of the problem are not so simple as they seem, and a plan that involves the separation of the President from his secretary and the records of his office, during any part of the working day, is open to serious objection. The average business man has regular business hours, and when he closes his office and goes to his home, at 4 P.M. or 6 P.M., he has no further use, that day, for his secretary, his stenographer, or his official papers. The President of the United States is not so situated. He works, or must hold himself in readiness for work, from nine o'clock in the morning until twelve o'clock at night. He discusses matters of urgent importance with Cabinet officers at dinner, or listens to the arguments and representations of Senators and high officials at late hours of the evening. Even when he is alone, he often works at his desk until midnight. To transact official business and decide important public questions without the assistance of his secretary, and without access to the papers and records of his office, would manifestly be extremely inconvenient, if not absolutely impossible.

It is doubtless true that a disproportionate amount of the President's time is given to persons who call upon him with reference to appointments; and that if all applications for minor places were sifted through the Departments, and presented to him only at stated hours by the heads of such Departments, he could get through the greater part of his work in seven or eight hours. But even then it would often be necessary to consider official matters and decide public questions in the evening at the White House. In the Garfield administration applications for appointment to office were referred, as far as possible, to the Departments; but the President was compelled, nevertheless, to do a large and important part of his work after 6 P.M.

But this is a statement of only one side of the case. The Executive work of the White House has increased to such an extent in volume and complexity that the President's secretary cannot possibly get



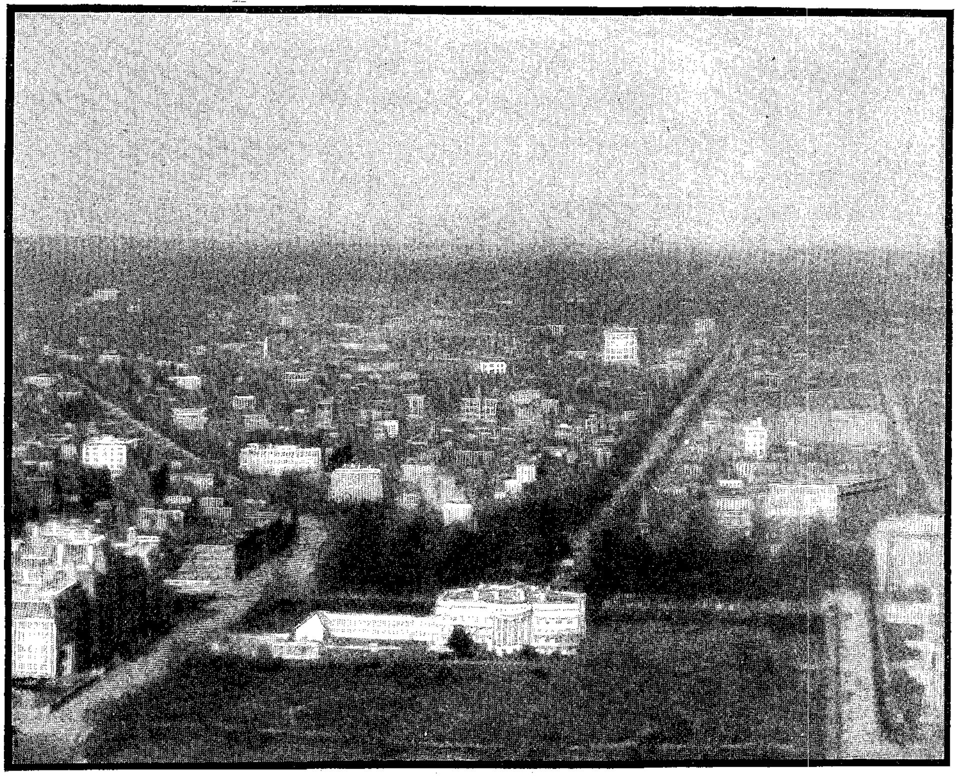
THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT IN MIDWINTER

Photograph by Henry Hoyt Moore. Taken from the southern boundary of the Executive Grounds, on a rainy day in late December.

through his share of it within the hours of a normal working day. Compelled, by virtue of his office, to see almost every one who calls, and to act as a sort of social buffer between the President and the public, he can find little time, during the day, for other work; and the result is that he, too, is often obliged to sit at his desk until midnight, clearing away the accumulation of letters and papers, and attending to matters with regard to which the President has given him verbal orders. In the execution of this work he has occasion almost hourly to go to the President, either with suggestions and reminders or with a request for further instruction.

If, in accordance with Senator Lodge's plan, the Executive offices should be separated from the Executive Mansion, the President could not conveniently get at his secretary when he wanted him in the evening, and would be obliged to send to the Executive building for every letter, paper, or record that he had occasion to examine after office hours. The secretary, on the other hand, while doing evening work in the Executive building, would have to go to the White House every time it became necessary to consult the President or get further instruction, and this would cause great inconvenience and delay. In any time of storm or stress, in case of war, or in the event of trouble in Cuba, Porto Rico, or the Philippines, the President would almost certainly need his secretary, a telegraph operator, and a stenographer at the White House every evening, and this would probably result, eventually, in the establishment of two sets of Executive offices—one at the White House and the other in the new Executive building.

On its domestic side this plan is also open to objection. If the public dining and reception rooms were in the proposed Executive building, the President's wife could not supervise the arrangement of the tables or the decoration of the state apartments without making repeated journeys back and forth between that building and the White House; and in bad weather this might be a hardship as well as an inconvenience. It has been sug-



THE WHITE HOUSE AND GROUNDS FROM THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

Photograph by Henry Hoyt Moore.

A CROWDED OFFICE IN THE EXECUTIVE MANSION

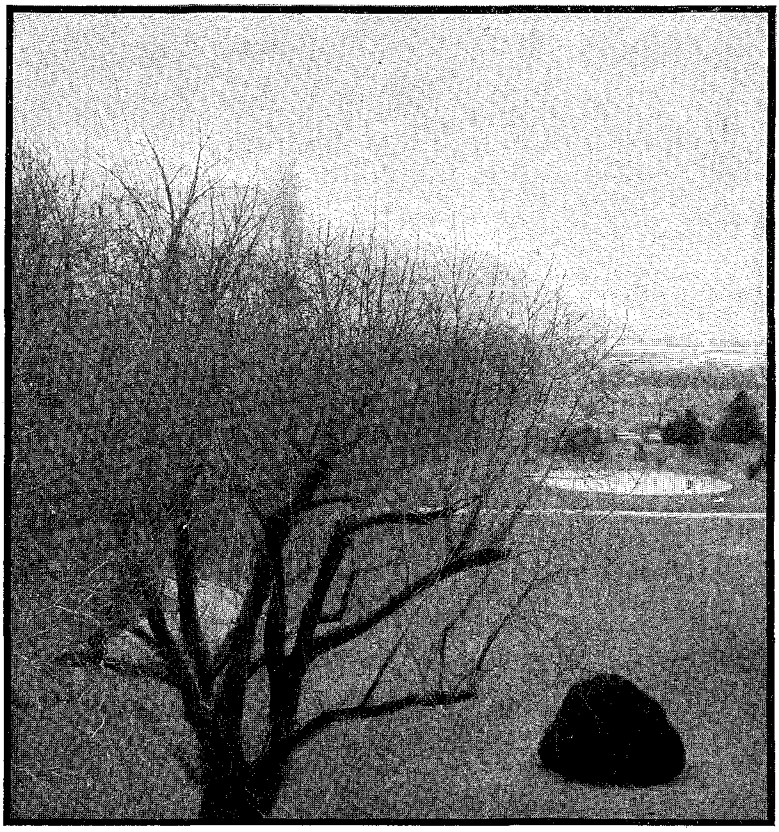
Photograph by Henry Hoyt Moore.

gested that a tunnel might be constructed between the two buildings, with electric means of intercommunication, so that the President or his wife might go back and forth without ordering a carriage or walking through the streets; but this proposition seems hardly worthy of serious consideration.

In view of the varied and manifold difficulties and inconveniences that would present themselves at the very threshold of a new Executive building, Colonel Bingham, Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, who had had professional training as an engineer officer as well as long experience in the capacity of military attaché at various foreign courts, began several years ago to study the problem with a view to finding some more satisfactory solution. His attention was soon attracted to a plan which was first suggested, in 1889, by Caroline Scott Harrison, wife of President Benjamin Harrison, and which was subsequently worked into shape, under her supervision, by the architect Frederick D. Owen. Careful consideration of this plan led Colonel Bingham to the belief that it was open to fewer objections and combined more advantages than any other that could be—or at least had been—devised. He therefore worked it out in detail and presented it, with a large illustrative model, on the occasion of the centennial celebration of the occupation of Washington as the National capital, about a year ago. In its present form this plan provides for an enlargement of the White House by means of two parallel wings, extending backward from the present building in such a manner as to make, with the latter, three sides of a large square. These wings are to be about equal in size to the structure of which they will form a part, are to correspond with it in style of architecture, and are to be united at the rear by a new conservatory to take the place of the one that now adjoins the White House on the west. The effect of this extension will be to create an imposing architectural quadrangle, with a spacious interior court, like a Spanish patio, where the President's family may take exercise, or enjoy the sunshine and open air, without subjection to public scrutiny, and without danger of being surreptitiously photographed by some enterprising sightseer with a detective camera.

As the proposed extensions are to be made on prolongations of the main corridors of the existing structure, it will not be necessary to touch the latter, even to the extent of closing up a door or a window; and as the wings are to be recessed or thrown back a little from the front line of the main façade, they will accentuate, rather than diminish, the architectural effect of the old historic building.

The conservatory, which is to form the southern side of the proposed quadrangle, will stand on ground that is thirty-two feet lower than the main floor of the old White House, and will therefore offer no obstruction to the view from the windows and present no obstacle to the free entrance of sunshine or air. As the Executive grounds comprise about fourteen acres, there will be plenty of room for the fine architectural quadrangle which the plan contemplates, and its windows will overlook, on the southern side, the eighty-two acres of foliage and lawn in the Presidential park. The lateral extensions will not interfere with the view of the Department Buildings adjacent to the White House, and will present beautiful and harmonious vistas as seen from New York and Pennsylvania Avenues.


FROM A SOUTH WINDOW OF THE WHITE HOUSE
Photograph by Henry Hoyt Moore.

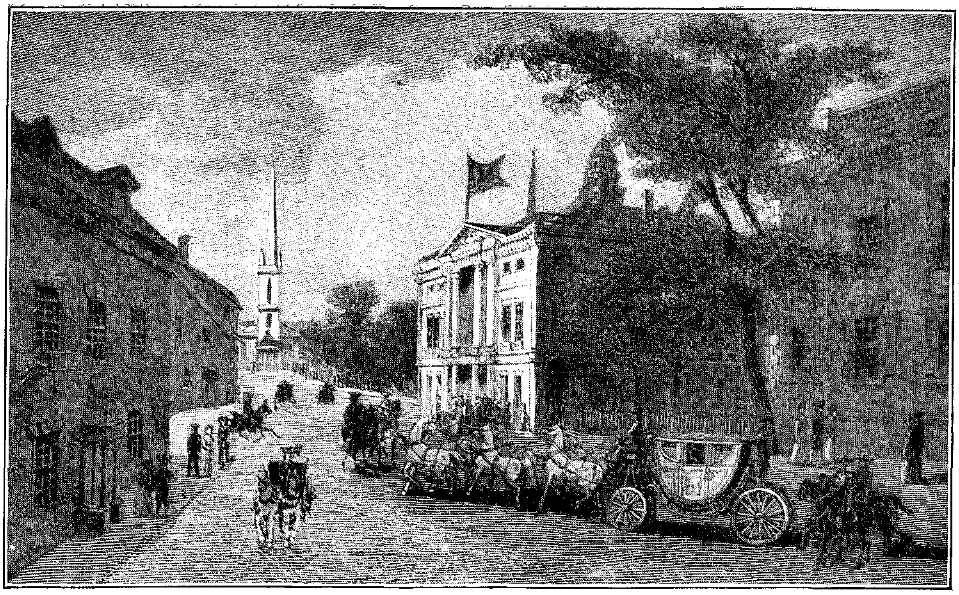
Objection to the extension plan may possibly be made on the ground that it is, after all, a makeshift, and that extensions and additions are apt to result in a composite patchwork that has neither dignity nor architectural harmony. As a general proposition this may be true; but it should not be forgotten that the same objection was raised in 1851, when the question under consideration was the proposed extension of the Capitol. The result of Mr. Walters's work in that case was eminently satisfactory; and although the Capitol, in its present form, is a composite structure, made by successive additions and extensions, it certainly is not lacking in beauty, dignity, or unity of design. It is a pertinent fact, moreover, that the additions which it is now proposed to make to the work of Mr. Hoban in the White House are, from a structural point of view, exactly like the additions which were actually made to the same architect's work, fifty years ago, in the Capitol; and that they are to be made in precisely the same way—by lateral extensions on the lines of the main corridors, without alteration or reconstruction of the original building.

If the Harrison plan, as worked out in detail by Colonel Bingham and Mr. Owen, were adopted and carried into execution, there would be ample space in the lateral extensions for public dining-rooms and reception-rooms, as well as for a Presidential library, a suitable Cabinet room, Executive offices, accommodations for newspaper men, and plenty of storage for files, records, and valuable documents now exposed to the danger of accidental fire in the White House. Several independent entrances and exits, with cloak-rooms, dressing-rooms, and ample carriage facilities, would obviate all of the difficulties now experienced at large evening receptions.

In view of the fact that it may be thought inexpedient to make, at once, the whole of the extension for which the Harrison plan provides, Colonel Bingham has worked out in detail a scheme which will meet the present exigencies of the case, and at the same time admit of future additions in accordance with the original design. This scheme contemplates the erection, at once, of the two curved wings that are to adjoin the old mansion on the east and west, and that are ultimately to serve as great corridors leading from the present building to the two rectangular lateral extensions. These wings, when completed, will afford space for public dining and reception rooms, guest chambers, offices, storerooms, etc., and at the same time will have, architecturally, a finished appearance, and will form, eventually, an integral and essential part of the whole Harrison quadrangle. It is proposed to build these wings on a granite foundation, with walls of concrete and marble inclosing a steel framework. In the western wing there will be, on the first floor, a large state dining-room capable of seating two hundred guests, with suitable provision for kitchen, pantries, serving-rooms, etc., in the basement. Over this room, in the second story, will be six bedrooms, en suite, with four bath-rooms, and also a bright, south-facing apartment that may be used as a boudoir. On the first floor of the eastern wing there will be a large reception-room, intended to supplement the present East Room, and over it, in the second story, the clerical force of the White House will find ample accommodation in six executive offices, with storerooms and closets, while the newspaper men will have a place of their own, properly furnished and fitted up.

The cost of these wings will be, approximately, $1,100,000, and the detailed working plans are so nearly ready that ground might be broken, if necessary, within thirty days. If the execution of the Harrison scheme were intrusted to the officers of the United States Engineer Corps, who have superintended the erection of nearly all the important public buildings in Washington, including the Monument and the Congressional Library, the work might be done economically as well as thoroughly.

With regard to the questions whether or not Mrs. Harrison's plan is preferable to the plan of Senator Lodge, and whether, if the former be adopted, it will not be best to appropriate $5,000,000 and finish it at once, there is room for difference of opinion; but there can be no doubt whatever that some means of relieving the congestion at the White House should be devised at once. The initiative must necessarily be taken by Congress, because the President, although more directly interested than any other single person, cannot insist very strenuously upon an enlargement of the building in which he lives, when that same building, presumably, has answered the needs and served the purposes of all his distinguished predecessors. He should be consulted, of course, and his wishes and preferences should have due weight; but upon Congress, primarily, lies the responsibility of providing for an Executive Mansion that shall meet all social and official requirements, and that shall also be in keeping with the wealth, power, and dignity of a great nation.



FEDERAL HALL AND THE VERPLANCK MANSION IN WALL STREET

George Washington's coach in the foreground.

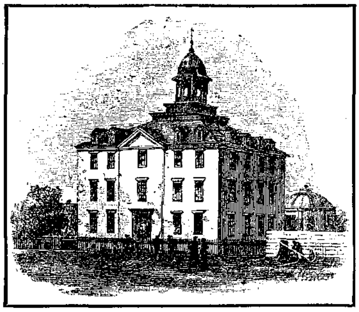
IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF WASHINGTON

BY CHARLES M. HEMSTREET

Author of "The Story of Manhattan," "Nooks and Corners of Old New York," etc.

TO follow in the footsteps of Washington through the city of New York, it is necessary to sweep away the vast metropolis of to-day, spreading over 327 square miles in its five boroughs, and in its place imagine New York as it was one hundred and twenty-five years ago. A little settlement on the triangular tip of the Island of Manhattan—a triangle whose sides measured each but little more than a mile (the base where the City Hall now is, the apex at the Battery), and with its four thousand houses huddled along narrow, crooked, and tangled streets. This was the city of Washington's time, which is now the far down-town part of Manhattan Borough of the present.

Beyond the town limits were the farms stretching widely over hills and descending into charming little valleys. Winding streams flowed from the marshes into the rivers. There was a wide road that led through the island, from tip to top, from which little roads branched off on each side. One to the east made straight for a score of houses which formed the Bouwerie Village that Peter Stuyvesant had founded. One to the west led to the village of Greenwich, and then, in an uncertain, winding way, made for the house of Captain Thomas Clarke, which is called Chelsea, and around which grew up the Chelsea Village. Now the main road, too, went on, changing its name from Bowery Lane to Bloomingdale Road as it got further out, stretching through the quiet village of Bloomingdale, on again to join with another road, winding past far-away Harlem, then straight on until it ran off the Island and over the King's Bridge.

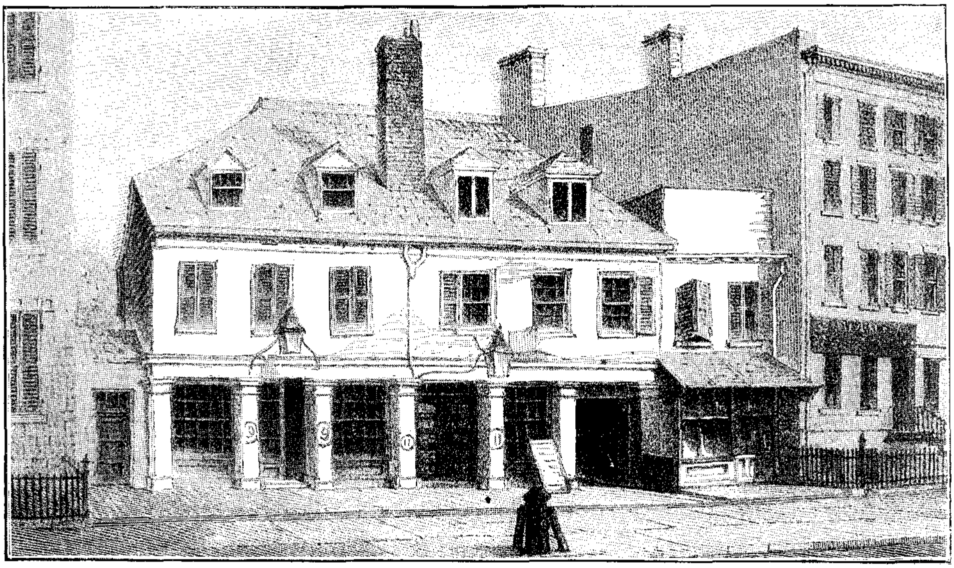


THE HALL OF RECORDS

The main road and its branches, the hills, the streams, the little villages, all are gone now, engulfed beyond all finding beneath the asphalted streets and close-packed tiers of buildings of to-day.

In the year 1776, in the month of July, the small town of New York was in a state of commotion. For the British troops were quartered on near-by Staten Island, and British ships floated at anchor in the bay. There was no telling at what hour they would attack, and everything must be in readiness to oppose them. The street pavements were torn up to make barricades, and the citizens worked busily upon the fortifications. Day by day, night by night, the soldiers of the Continental Army were gathering from all sides, their heavy tread echoing in all directions. William Tryon, the Royal Governor, had fled to one of the British ships, and quite a third of the citizens had also gone, for they, too, were Royalists, and the city was under the control of those who favored the patriotic cause. The sixteen lamp-lighters neglected their work, so that the streets at night were lighted only by the moon. The score of watchmen forgot all other duties save keeping strict eye out for Royalists who might attempt to convey boat-loads of provisions to the British ships.

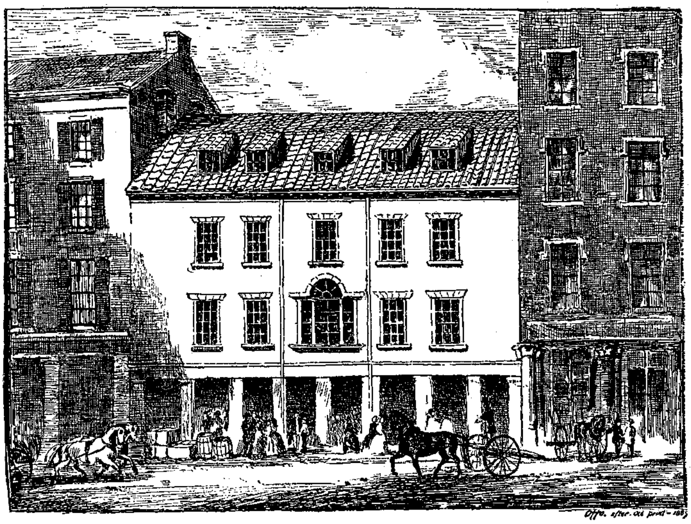
The first trace of the footsteps of Washington is found down where the city began, close by the water front. On one side of the Bowling Green, where the new Custom-House is now being erected, was a fort with a battery of guns. On another side, Beaver's Path and Petticoat Lane led away to the east. On the west was an old tavern that had stood there time out of mind, and near it was the Kennedy House, the home of Archibald Kennedy, Captain of the Royal Navy. This was the most substantial and the most noticeable building in that part of the town. In this Kennedy House, in the month of July, 1776, was George Washington, whither he had come to confer with his officers. After driving the British out of Boston, he had sent General Israel Putnam forward to take command in New York, and Putnam, learning that Captain Kennedy was not in the city and that his house was locked up, promptly took possession and made it his headquarters. And although Washington, coming soon after, had his headquarters at Richmond Hill, some miles above, he went every day to the Kennedy House to meet with his officers. More than once he remarked upon the beauties of the house; its broad front, with a carved doorway in the center; its peaked roof; its elaborate cupola, with a fenced-in lookout. The halls were wide, the main one ending in a porch quite large enough, as had often been tested, for a cotillion party.



BURNS'S COFFEE-HOUSE IN 1765

Opposite Bowling Green.

It was in one of the spacious rooms that Washington received daily reports, and it is recorded that many times he went on foot to overlook the work being done on the fortifications and barricades. Very often he would walk to the house of the good patriot who was afterwards made Governor of the State, George Clinton; and you will walk in Washington's footsteps if you follow through Beaver and Broad and Pearl Streets, and so along the last-named thoroughfare until you come to Cedar Street. For Pearl then was Queen Street, and Clinton's house stood just opposite where Cedar Street now ends.



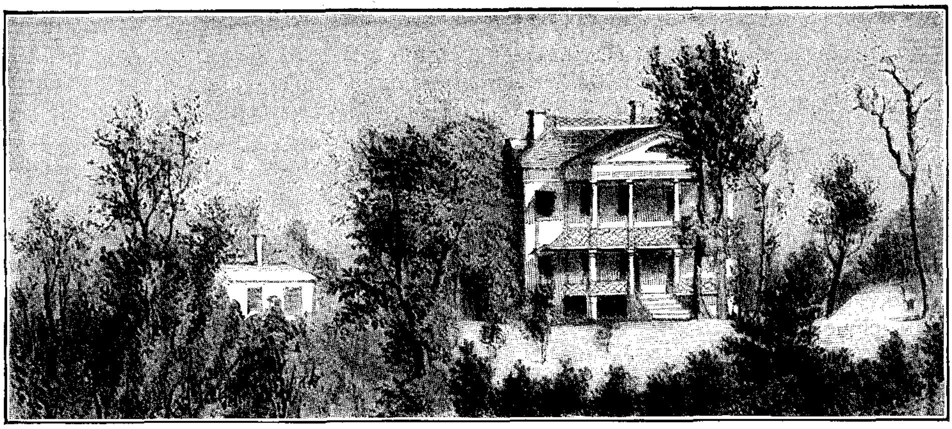
RESIDENCE OF GEORGE CLINTON

Washington's headquarters on assuming command of the army in New York.

In the troublous times when Washington occupied the Kennedy House, if he could have lifted the veil that hid the future he would have seen it occupied by General Howe as a British headquarters, after the withdrawal of the Continental Army; he would have seen it, after seven years' occupation by the British, again tenanted by the family from whom it took its name; he would have seen that family passing away and the house, grown old, become a stopping-place for travelers, having taken the name of Washington Hotel; and would have heard it pointed out as one of the oldest landmarks in the city; finally, he would have seen it torn down, in 1882, to give place to a modern office building having nothing about it to remind the passer-by of what it had been, except a little brazen tablet on its front telling of the scenes once enacted on near-by Bowling Green.

In this same year and in this same month when Washington walked so often to the house in Queen Street, his footsteps led one night to the Common that was in after years to become the City Hall Park. The Common was a general meeting-place, a wide-open space as far down as to where St. Paul's Chapel is; on the northern side making a broad sweep towards the Collect Pond, over which the gloomy Tombs Prison was later to stand. To the west there was another grassy sweep ending at the walls of King's College, that was later to become Columbia University. To the east, close by the road, was a miniature model of the Temple of Diana of Ephesus, then the thirteen-year-old Debtor's Prison, now the aged Hall of Records. Close by was the new Bridewell, now gone to make room for the City Hall.

On this night a great gathering was there. Washington, with a company of his soldiers, and all about the townspeople with uncovered heads, listened to the reading of the words that a horseman had brought that afternoon from the Congress at Philadelphia—listened to the first reading in New York of the Declaration of Independence. When the reading was over, the people broke into shouts of joy, and these not being sufficient to relieve

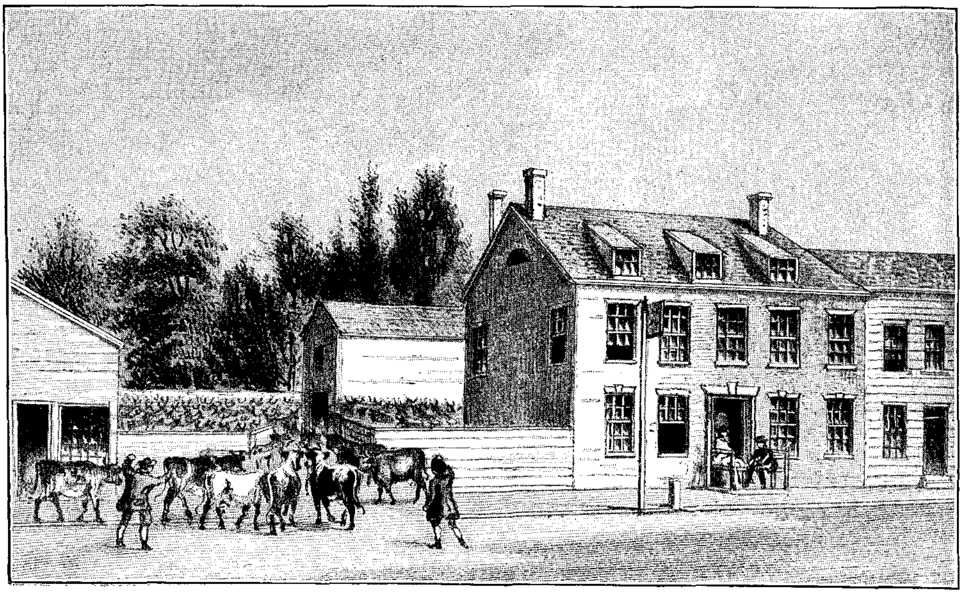


RICHMOND HILL MANSION

Headquarters of Washington and Residence of John Adams and Aaron Burr.

their feelings, the same night they went to the City Hall in Wall Street, tore down the painting of George III.—their king no more—and at the Bowling Green dragged down the royal equestrian statue that stood there. They might have done other damage to show their hatred of the old state of things and their satisfaction at the new, but that Washington dispersed them and bid them to their homes, considering that such doings too closely bordered on a riot. Then, too, the British watching from Staten Island, seeing such lack of discipline and order, might take advantage and attack in an unguarded moment.

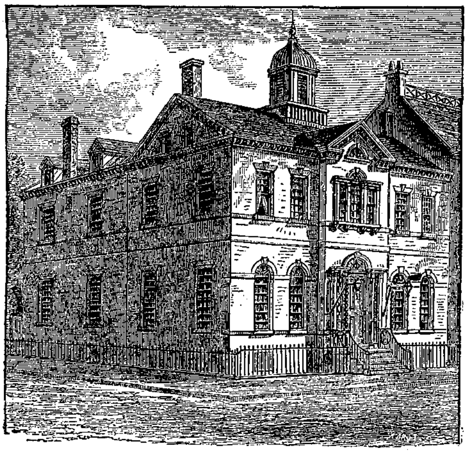
In the month after the reading on the Common there *was* a battle; not fought in the city as had been expected, but fought on the ground across the river, on Long Island. For General Howe and his brother, Admiral Howe, had decided that New York could best be taken by first overcoming the troops on Long Island. They did overcome them, the British being as two to one; but after the battle, when night came on and the defeated men were hemmed in on a bit of ground near where the pier of the East River Bridge now rests on the Brooklyn shore, Washington commanded a retreat across the river, and this was so cleverly accomplished and was in itself so much of



BULL'S HEAD TAVERN IN THE BOWERY, 1783

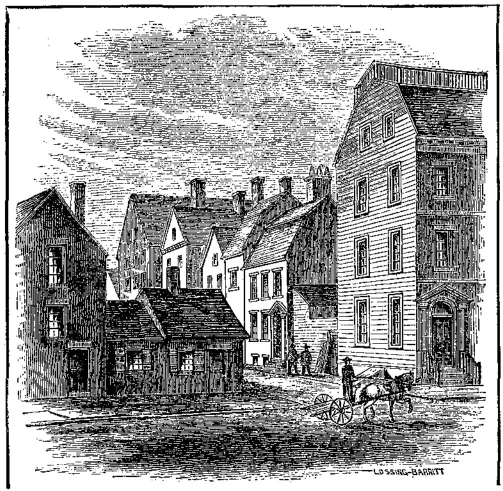
a victory that it went far towards making him famous as a general. Having seen his men safe, he rode with his escort along the dark highway two miles to his headquarters at Richmond Hill.

In Washington's time a line of sandhills stretched halfway across the island, ending in the Richmond Hill, where Abraham Mortier, Commissary of the forces of George III., had built a house on a waste of ground, part wood, part hill, part marsh, part sandy tract. It was a house that recalled the architecture of Greece, its Ionic-columned front giving an appearance of massiveness that it did not possess, and it, as well as the ground about it, was known as Richmond Hill. If you would walk in the footsteps of Washington about Richmond Hill, go to the west side of the city to the block inclosed by Charlton and Vandam, Varick and Macdougal Streets. Even yet, walking through these streets and the near-by ones, you will find a suggestion of the past. The houses are modest in appearance, and here and there before them are great gnarled trees with branches that flatten against the brick walls in an effort to reach out, and whose girth witnesses to their great age. They are the last survivors of the woods that surrounded the house at Richmond Hill.


THE KENNEDY HOUSE

While the battle of Long Island was taking place Mrs. Washington was on her way to Virginia, and the friends who had been her companions at Richmond Hill were gone from harm's way. But Washington remained, directing the removal of the wounded and ailing soldiers to Kingsbridge. After a council with his chief officers, he decided that New York must be evacuated by the American troops, and no sooner was this decision made known than the roads leading up the island were thronged with every sort of vehicle filled with household belongings, and very soon not one-twentieth part of the population was left. Those who did stay were the few who chose to join forces with the British rather than adhere to what they took to be a lost cause.

There was no telling when the British might cross the river. Their coming might be sudden and unexpected. It was. Before the hour struck, however, Washington had moved his headquarters further up the island to the Apthorpe Mansion, leaving Richmond Hill to the enemy. In the years which followed the Revolution, and when Washington was President, the house on Richmond Hill was occupied by Vice-President Adams, and in days still later, when the century was near its close, became the home of Aaron Burr, who laid out grounds with gravel walks and artificial ponds. Through its door he passed that fateful morning when he fired the shot that ended the life of Alexander Hamilton. After that the house was turned into a theater, and lingered even after the hill on which it stood was leveled,



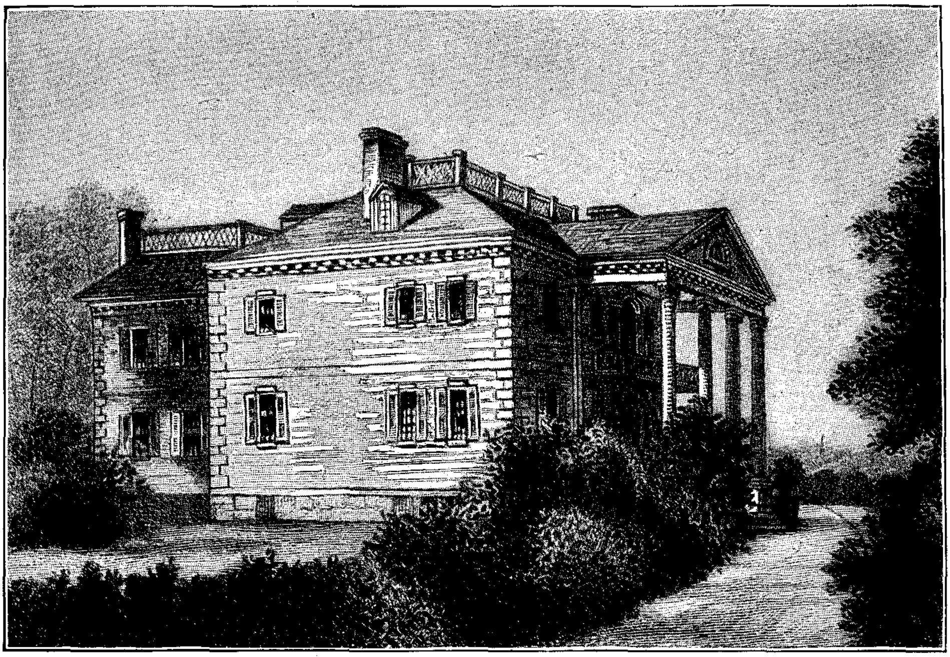
PETTICOAT LANE

until the year 1849, when it was destroyed, and there was left as a monument to the district only the old oaks that now beat their branches against the modern house walls.

It was the 14th of September, sixteen days after the Battle of Long Island, when Washington rode to the Apthorpe Mansion, a good six miles beyond the city. The Bloomingdale Road over which he spurred his horse has become Broadway, and the Apthorpe house stood somewhere between the present Columbus and Amsterdam Avenues, half a hundred feet beyond Ninety-first Street. It was a square, substantial, stately mansion, with recessed portico, high-arched door supported by Corinthian columns; a beautiful home, and, indeed, considered the finest in the Colonies. Surrounding it was a park of more than a hundred acres. The owner, Charles Ward Apthorpe, was a gentleman of English birth, but, although a member of the Governor's Council, had no inclination to fight in the British cause. Indeed, he had been summoned to the city when Washington was at the Kennedy house, and had there given his sworn word that he would have nothing to do with measures opposing the union of the Colonies.

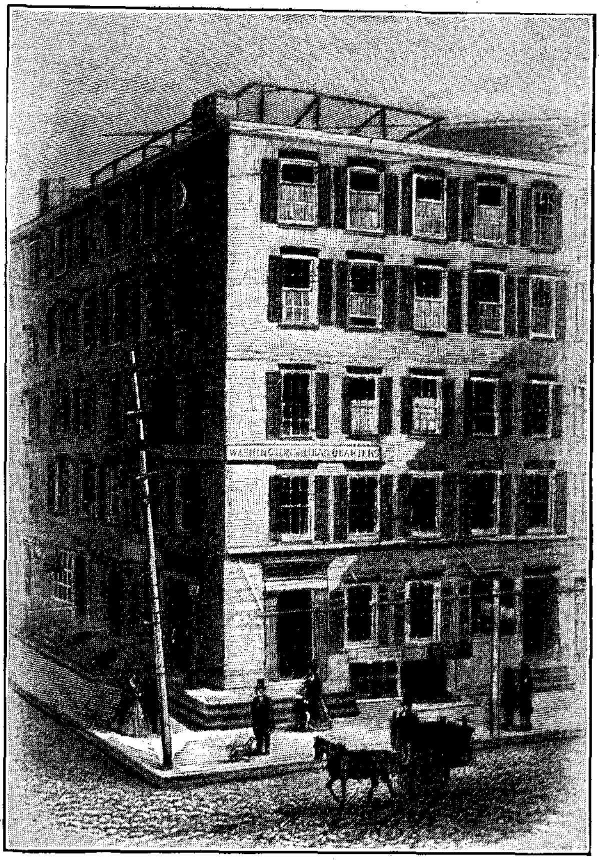
On this 14th of September, when Washington stayed at the Apthorpe house, in one of the broad reception-rooms furnished with great splendor, quite late at night, Nathan Hale sat with him, and, still later in the same night, the young officer started from there on his mission to the enemy's lines, which was to lead him straight to his grave. Next morning a messenger came dashing up the Bloomingdale Road, bringing the word to Washington that the British had crossed the river!

Three miles above the city the British landed at a little inlet called Kip's Bay, just where the ferry-house at Thirty-fourth Street on the east side of Manhattan is now. When they came scrambling up the steep banks—a whole army of them—the few Continentals assembled there gave way and went scurrying up the island, just as Washington drew near. He did what he could to get them in better array for retreat (since it must be a retreat), then he sped away, planning as he went for the relief of the four thousand troops still in the town. For he did not know that General Putnam, who was in command there, had already started his men on the march, and was himself going at full gallop along the Bloomingdale Road.



THE MORRIS HOUSE

From a copyrighted etching by H. B. Hall.



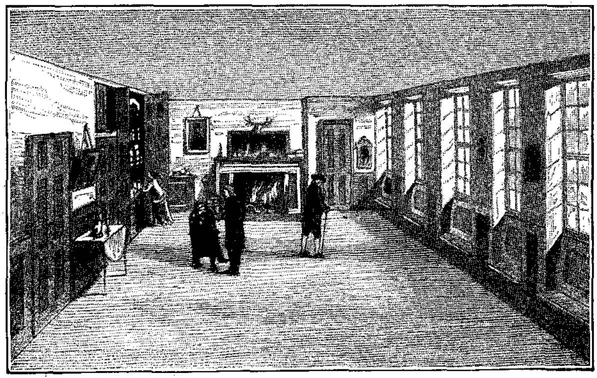
FRAUNCES'S TAVERN IN LATER YEARS

Putnam pushing on towards the north and Washington pushing on from Kip's Bay, the two met in a quiet country spot at the crossing of two roads (the open space which in these days is Long Acre Square, and where on a house-front there is a tablet of bronze to guide all those who would trace the steps of Washington). In a few hours Putnam's four thousand tramped over the crossing of ways to safety, while the British were unwisely tarrying at dinner at Mrs. Murray's house on Murray Hill. Washington followed his men until he came again to the Apthorpe Mansion. There he remained until the pursuing soldiers came within sight, then on again, as the British with clanking swords went trooping into the Apthorpe Mansion, which in that five minutes was changed from an American to a British headquarters.

Within the hour, three miles further on, Washington stopped at the house of Roger Morris on the heights overlooking the Harlem River. You will find this old house still standing on the bluff at One Hundred and Sixtieth Street, overlooking the speedway and the river.

Washington may have had more sentimental thoughts on passing the threshold of the Morris Mansion that day than those called forth by grim alarms of war; for Colonel Roger Morris had not only been his companion-in-arms at Braddock's defeat in 1755, but also his successful rival for the heart and the hand of Mary Philipse, and it was for his young wife, the heiress of Philipse Manor, that Colonel Morris built this house. But the love of Washington's youth was an ardent Royalist, and, with her husband, had fled from her home and from the country which had revolted against her king.

You who have followed Washington's footsteps thus far, walk through the hall of the Morris Mansion and see another of those tablets that mark in bronze the passing of Washington. You may remember that after the war, and when the house had belonged to several owners, it came to be the home of Madame Eliza Jumel, and that it was here that she was married



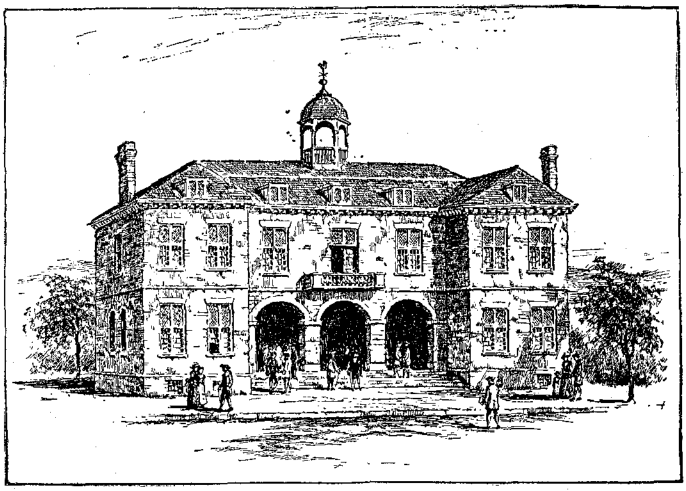
THE LONG ROOM AT FRAUNCES'S TAVERN

to Aaron Burr when he was a very old man.

On the day after Washington's arrival at the Morris Mansion a battle was fought on Harlem Heights. All countryside then, the section is now called Columbia Heights, and the streets about Columbia University cross the old battle-ground, where the grass and the flowers were dyed red with patriot blood that day. The Americans were the victors, but it was almost their last stand on the Island of Manhattan. Very soon the British captured Fort Washington, that bit of land jutting out into the Hudson River at One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Street—a region so beautiful with tall trees and winding paths that it still suggests primeval wildness. Then Washington took his army into New Jersey, and the battles for independence were fought on other ground.

For seven years from the time of their landing at Kip's Bay the British held New York. Then, one morning in November, Washington and his soldiers marched into the town by the Bowery Road—marched on and on until they came to the Bull's Head Tavern standing close by where the Bowery touches Chatham Square—a solid little tavern, with its windows systematically arranged across the front, a fluted door, and a quaint stoop; its cattle-yard at one side, and its swinging sign at the other. Washington stopped there a day and slept there a night.

The night over, Washington left the Bull's Head Tavern, and, marching into the city, took up his quarters in Fraunces's Tavern, which still stands, sadly altered, at Broad and Pearl Streets. This tavern was in Washington's time remembered as the old homestead of the De Lanceys, built by Étienne De Lancey, the head of the family, in 1700. Before the Revolution it had been the Queen's Head Tavern, taking its name from the young queen of George II., as was plainly to be read in its signpost bearing the picture of a lady whose auburn hair and very small nose made her easy to be recognized as Queen Charlotte. While Washington was there, a swarthy Portuguese, "Black Sam" Fraunces, owned the place and called it Fraunces's Tavern. In a long room on the second floor, a room still preserved and to be seen to-day, Washington parted from the officers who had fought so bravely by his side. There he left them, and, escorted by a corps of light infantry, went on to the Whitehall ferry, and to the barge that was to carry him on the first stage of his home-going to Mount Vernon.



OLD CITY HALL IN 1776

Pass from this parting at the Whitehall landing to the foot of Wall Street six years later—the year is now 1789—and behold Washington come again to the city, in a barge richly decorated, having an awning of satin, manned by twelve oarsmen dressed in white, and cheered on with heart and voice by every citizen, all anxious to welcome the first President of the new nation. Walk in the way Washington walked that April morning in his triumphal progress up Wall Street into Queen Street (now become Pearl Street) and on to St. George's Square (now Franklin Square), and so to the home that had been prepared for his coming, then on the outskirts of the city. This house was on a hill overlooking the river to the east and the city to the south. It was one of the substantial Colonial type, three stories and attic, with fourteen windows planned to let in the light from the Square, and as many on the other sides as could well be there. It was built by Walter Franklin, a merchant, in 1770, and although he was dead and his widow had married again and had continued to live there, it was still called the Franklin House, and so was always called. For Washington it had been entirely refitted with the best of furniture, with quantities of china and plate in the closets, with new paper on its walls and new carpets on the floors.

Before Washington had lived in his new house a week, there came a morning when St. George's Square was thronged with representatives of the city, with representatives of the State, with representatives of the Nation; with a great concourse of people. And at their head went Washington along Queen Street and along Wall Street, until he came to Broad Street, where stood the Federal Hall, and where now stands the Sub-Treasury. Almost upon the very spot where is now, upon the stone steps, a heroic statue of Washington, he stood that day when he took the oath of office.

On the Sunday following the ceremony at Federal Hall, and on many a Sunday thereafter, Washington and his family might be seen attending divine service in St. Paul's Chapel. Trinity Church had burned while the British were in the city, and was still a heap of ruins. So a pew was set apart in St. Paul's Chapel for the President. And, following very closely in his footsteps, you can go into the old Chapel, which is now much the same as it was then, save that a square steeple has been added. You will notice, in entering the churchyard from Broadway, that there is no door in what seems to be the church front, and that you must walk all around it to find the entrance. This is because in Washington's time there was no thought that the church would ever face Broadway; it fronted towards the river then, and a sandy beach stretched down to the water. You can to-day sit in Washington's pew, which has during all these years been carefully preserved.

Having followed Washington to St. Paul's, go on to John Street, and there, half a hundred steps from Broadway, you will come to a narrow alleyway, and so on to the heart of a block crowded with business buildings well hidden from the main thoroughfare. When Washington walked along John Street, a covered way led where the alley is now, into this block, to where there was a square wooden building painted red. This was the John Street Theater, built ten years before the Revolution, deserted by the actors when the British came, but in which the British officers themselves gave performances. President Washington went often to the little theater with Mrs. Washington and sometimes with friends, and in the newspapers of those days there is many a mention of how the President enjoyed the plays. There is a story of how the grave gentleman was actually seen to "laugh heartily" at a player named Wignell, who was a great favorite, and that this unusual happening "caused great surprise."

The President lived not quite a year in the pretty Franklin House on the hill, and then decided that it was quite too far out of town, so he fixed upon the house built by Alexander Macomb as his residence. This was just below Trinity Church in Broadway, a large building, sixty feet front and four stories high, and was surrounded with grounds which extended to the river. Washington made of it a luxurious abode. He brought pictures and vases and ornaments from his Mount Vernon home, bought new china and glass, and had some family plate melted and reproduced in elegant design. In that year of 1790 the President's birthday was celebrated for the first time in nearly every city of the Nation; and while the celebrations were being held, Washington wrote in the diary he kept so methodically, "Set seriously about removing my furniture to my new house." The next day he settled in the Macomb House, and there he lived six months, until the seat of the National Government was transferred to Philadelphia, and Washington, going there, left no more footsteps to be followed in New York.

A STORY OF HOME GARDENS

BY

STARR CADWALLADER

"THE BED WAS HOED AND WATCHED WITH UNABATED ZEST"

RUSKIN taught me to see,—when Henry Drummond said this, he explained that the phrase meant a recognition of the beauties of nature, an understanding of nature's message. Among all the forms in which nature's message is presented, none is more attractive, more winsome in its appeal, than that of flowers. They speak indeed a "various language," in which beauty conspires with fragrance to produce gladness of heart. Their bloom and perfume, delightful everywhere, are particularly pleasing in the barren wastes of a great city. And so it is a triumph of no mean proportions when the possibility of their appeal from a small back yard, or even from a window-box, is recognized.

Experience has often emphasized the soundness of the advice not to despise the day of small things. Another illustration of the truth of this fact is to be found in a movement now in progress in the city of Cleveland. Three years ago, when Mr. E. W. Haines gathered a small group of people in one of the settlement houses and organized them into a club to beautify their home surroundings, he little thought that within a short time the idea then advanced would influence the whole city and that interest in it would extend to widely separated parts of the country. Like most other projects which become popular, this one was simple; so simple that it seemed strange no one had thought of it before. Almost without exception people love flowers. Even when space is limited and other conditions seemingly unfavorable, flowers may be grown, if care is exercised in the selection of seeds and in the manner of planting. Recognizing these things, the only problem was to make the attainment of the beautiful so inexpensive as to be within the reach of every one. The little club organized by Mr. Haines succeeded so well in the solution of this problem that it seemed desirable to extend the benefits to a much larger circle. As children were the most enthusiastic workers in the original club, it was decided that the extension of effort should be made through them. The school officials, having been consulted, were found to favor the proposed plan. The result was that during the second season one hundred and twenty thousand packages of seeds were distributed, reaching some twenty thousand homes. The city has not become a place of uninterrupted beauty in these two years; but in many quarters are gardens to which the makers may point with pride, while possibilities of improvement never dreamed of before have been presented to more than one thoughtful mind.

The way in which the results mentioned were brought about, together with a few comments upon the advantages of the plan, is the subject of this story. The undertaking, like every other which aims at things of importance, needed a responsible directing head. A committee of management, known as The Home Gardening Association, was accordingly formed. The effectiveness of this body was assured by the selection of some members who had authority in the schools. Their first work was the choice of a number of flowering plants sufficiently hardy to grow under the unusually trying local conditions. Fifteen varieties[1] were finally decided upon and offered to prospective gardeners in the following manner: Cards[2] were printed on which appeared the name of the plant and directions for ordering, thus:

SEEDS FOR 1901

Price, one cent a packet.

Make a cross opposite the varieties you want.

Balsam (mixed colors, two and one-half feet high).

Morning Glory (climber, mixed colors, twelve feet high), etc.

Then followed blank spaces for the name, school, address, and amount of money sent with the order. These cards were sent for distribution among the children to every grammar-school in the city. At the same time a letter of explanation was sent to the principal. After the children had been given an opportunity to decide whether or not they wanted

PIAZZA BOX THAT RECEIVED THE SECOND PRIZE OF THE HOME GARDENING ASSOCIATION

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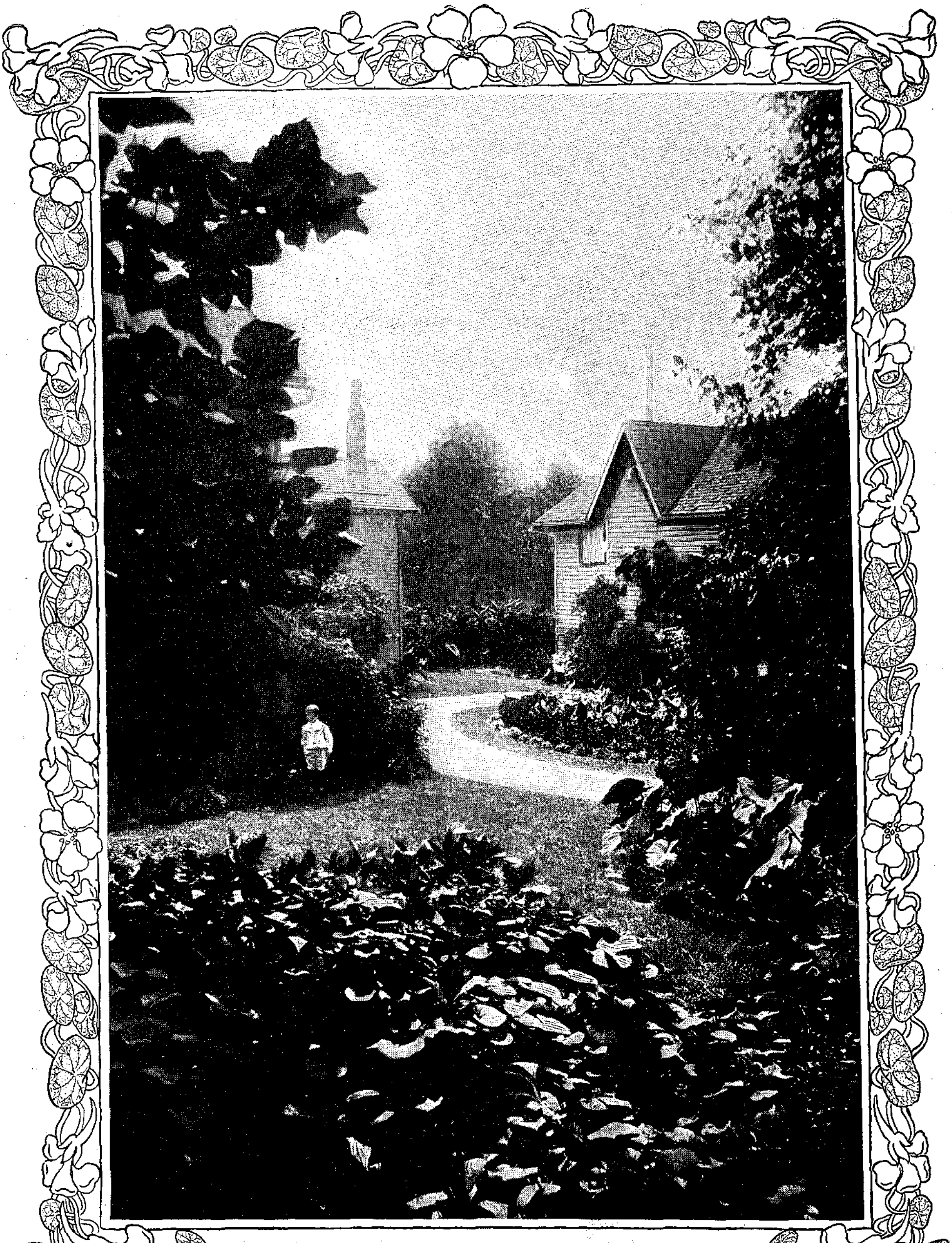
[1] Balsam, Bachelor's Buttons, Calendula, Calliopsis, California Poppies, Candytuft, Four-o'clock, Zinnia, Marigold, Morning-Glories, Nasturtium, Bush Nasturtium, Petunia, Phlox, Verbena. All of these have grown successfully except the Candytuft and California Poppies.

[2] This year, to facilitate distribution and lessen the work of the teachers, a manila envelope will be used instead of the card.



"IN MANY QUARTERS ARE GARDENS TO WHICH THE MAKERS MAY POINT WITH PRIDE"

seeds, the cards were gathered up, the orders tabulated, and a report sent to the Association. From these reports the necessary quantity of each kind of seed was easily determined. After the seeds had been purchased, six or seven women were employed to prepare them for distribution.

The seeds were carefully measured[1] and one cent's worth put in envelopes bearing the name of the seed, a description of the plant and flower, and directions for

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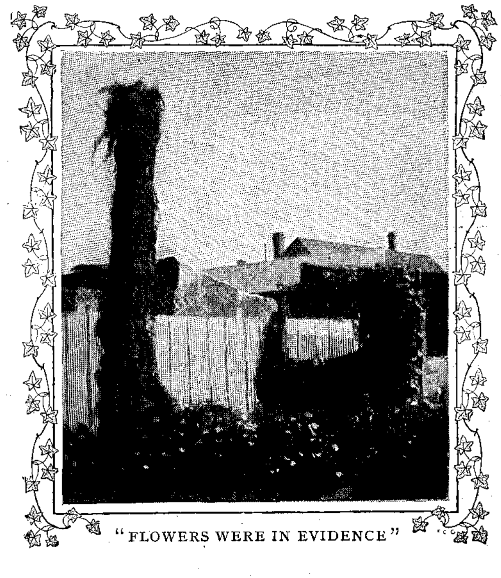
[1] The number of packages per pound of seed was as follows: California Poppy, 666; Marigold, 736; Phlox, 648; Zinnia, 448; Verbena, 800; Petunia, 864; Calliopsis, 846; Candytuft, 512; Calendula, 416; Bachelor's Buttons, 288; Balsam, 496; Morning-Glory, 144; Four-o'clock, 160; Nasturtium, 128; Bush Nasturtium, 128.

ONE OF THE BACK YARDS BEAUTIFIED THROUGH THE EFFORTS OF THE HOME GARDENING ASSOCIATION

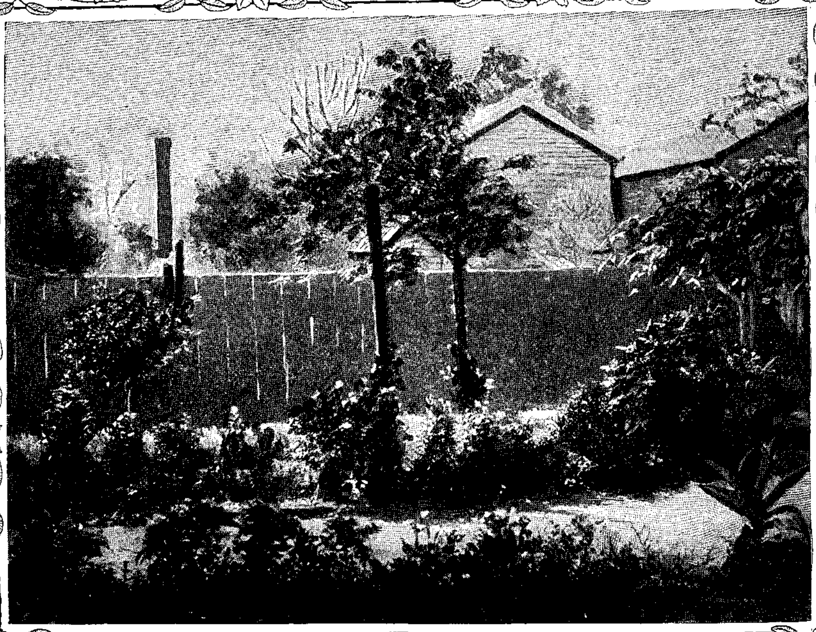
planting and care. The proper number of these small packages were counted, put in large paper bags, and delivered at the various school buildings. A letter was now sent out from school headquarters suggesting ways in which this distribution of seeds could be made effective in the teaching of nature-study. Under such circumstances the instruction of the class-room took on a significance new and altogether attractive for those who were watching gardens at home. In a few school yards, where space permitted, some of the seeds were planted, to the great delight of the small children. One kindergartner had a bed along an old fence, which was hoed and watched with unabating zest.

Before the schools closed for the long vacation it was announced that flower shows would be held on the opening of the fall term, at which any pupil who had successfully cultivated flowers during the summer could make an exhibit. This helped to keep the children mindful of their gardens during July and August, when inclination might tempt them to neglect. The flower exhibits made in several of the school buildings in accordance with this announcement would have done credit to more experienced heads and hands.

The summer past and the flower shows over, it became a matter of prime importance to keep alive the spark of interest during the winter, so that it could be easily kindled into enthusiasm for renewed



"FLOWERS WERE IN EVIDENCE"



THE BACK YARD SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE AS IT APPEARED AFTER ONE SEASON'S CULTIVATION

effort at the return of spring. This was done in two ways: by the distribution of bulbs, and by a series of illustrated lectures. About three thousand bulbs[1] were imported, and, after being properly potted, were sent out to be grown in the schoolrooms. A little card accompanied them explaining their nature and the precautions which must be taken to make them flower. The development of these bulbs was watched with interest by the children, and so well did they perform their part as caretakers that ninety-five per cent. flowered.

The illustrated lectures given by Mr. W. H. Moulton, Secretary of the Industrial Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, proved so attractive that another series has been arranged for this year. From first to last there was never any lack of an audience. Parents as well as children were anxious to see and hear. Wherever possible the lectures were given in school buildings, and an effort was made to reach every part of the city. In each instance the lecture was an explanation of pictures. These pictures included views of famous gardens in Italy, Germany, France, England, and America. There were also views showing the ingenious methods devised by people who could command little space, but who were determined to have the flowers they loved about them. There were views, too, of yards

A DOOR-STEP ADORNMENT

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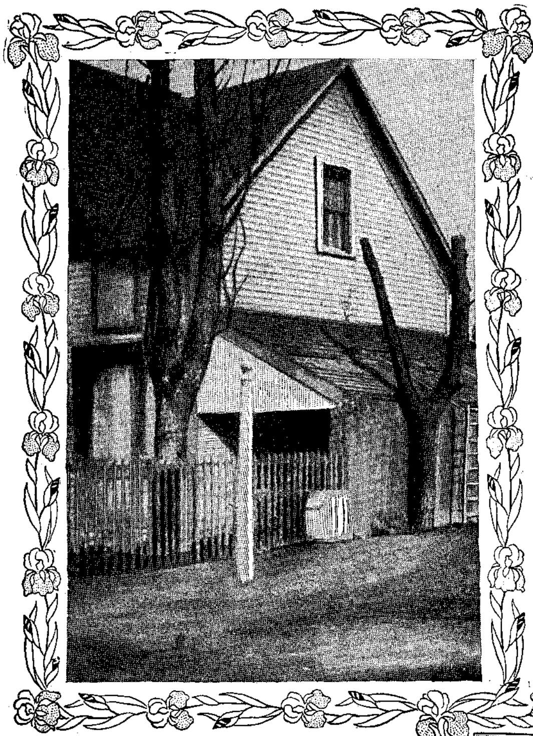
[1] The cost of these bulbs was paid out of a surplus left from the sale of seeds. They included several varieties of tulip, hyacinth, and narcissus.

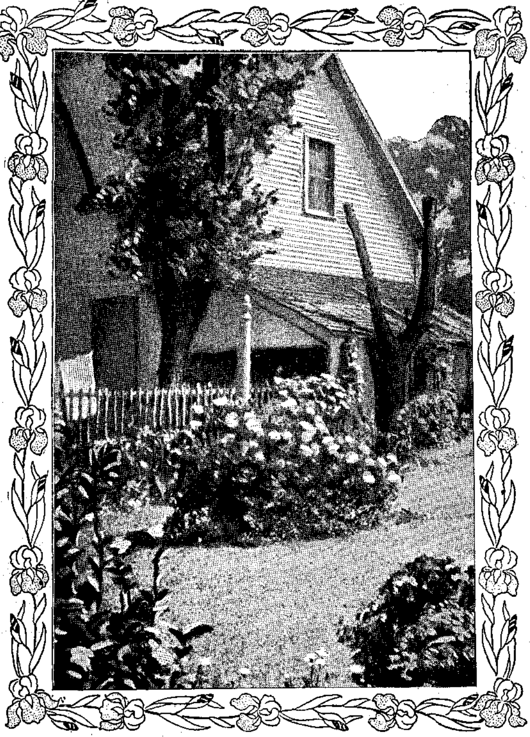


A YARD BEFORE PLANTING

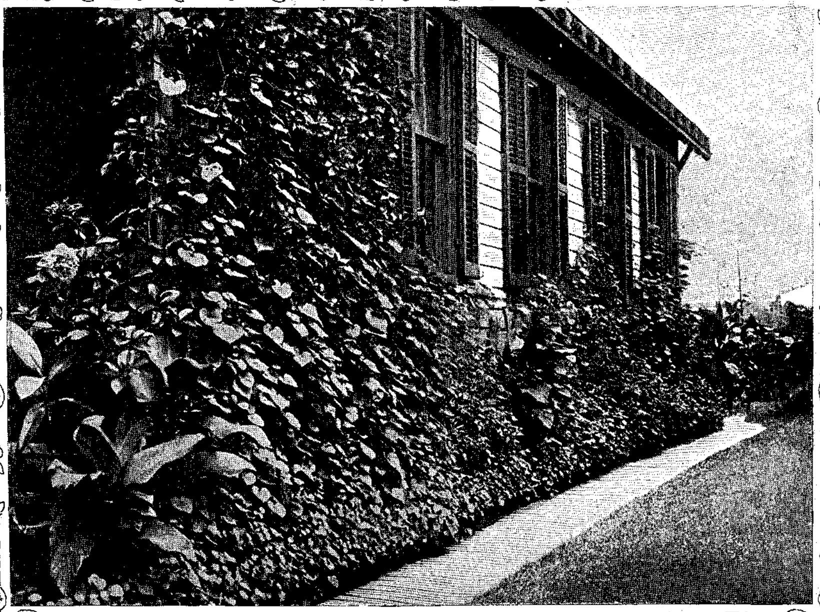
and window-boxes in Cleveland, contrasting space unadorned with the same space adorned. Then there were pictures of all the varieties of flowers which could be grown from the seeds distributed in the schools. Last of all were slides of a practical character: one illustrating ways of planting, and others giving in brief, simple sentences the information which every one should have about the preparation of soil, time for planting, weeding, and watering. Thus interest was maintained, and the foundation for more intelligent future work was laid.

The influence of the distribution of seeds was widespread, and the desire to see improvements made had begun to find expression in other ways. A school-yard in the downtown district, as unsightly as any in the city, was selected for improvement by the Association. The earth, which consisted, in large part, of cinders and crushed brick, was removed from a plot in front of the building, and loam substituted. The center of this plot was then sodded, while the edges and corners, along the fence and about the building, were banked with flowering shrubs and plants. A piece of ground adjoining was rented that the play room of the children might not be curtailed. A vacant lot near by was also converted into a school garden. This was made an exhibition place where grew the different varieties of flowers which the children were cultivating at their own homes. It furnished flowers for the pupils of a vacation school, and was still in bloom when the public schools opened in September. The expense of this undertaking for the first year was borne by a few friends of the Association; but it so commended itself to the school authorities that the second year they agreed to pay the rent of the land added to the playground.

The Association also suggested to the Park Commission the desirability of planting bulbs for early spring bloom in the public square—an open space in the center



THE SAME YARD AFTER PLANTING



THE YARD THAT RECEIVED THE FIRST PRIZE OF THE HOME GARDENING ASSOCIATION

of the city surrounded by big office buildings. The suggestion was acted upon, and the large beds, which had been attractive only in summer, were transformed last spring from mud heaps to masses of brilliantly colored tulips.

One of the daily papers, appreciating this movement for civic beauty, offered prizes aggregating $125 for the best gardens and window-boxes cultivated by amateurs. Nearly two hundred people entered this contest. The committee which awarded the prizes found that many small yards had been made surprisingly beautiful on account of this unusual incentive. On some streets flowers were in evidence about almost every house where nothing of the kind had been visible the preceding year. Although other contestants had larger opportunities and more leisure, it was a source of considerable satisfaction that the second prize went to a workingman who had found time after his long day's labor to care for a garden successfully.

Such a development from work begun in one small club is as gratifying as it was unexpected. The Home Gardening Association has received many expressions of appreciation for the things it has attempted—none more valuable than the commendations of teachers who have helped to further the movement. Communications from the children, inclosed in letters from their teachers, deal with their experiences most naïvely. One, for example, says: "I bought five cents' worth of seeds when I was in your room last year. I planted my seeds and they grew very nice indeed. I watered them every day. The four-o'clocks seed that I did not pick off the ground are beginning to grow already. What do you think of that?" Another expresses the abiding faith of childhood in this fashion: "I will tell you how I succeeded with the seeds that I got in June. They did not grow at all. I was waiting for them to grow, but they did not. They were larkspurs, and I think they would have been very pretty if they had grown."

Out of a number of instances which throw light upon the meaning of this work, only a few can be cited. A boy of twelve,[1] so crippled that he is obliged to drag himself about on hands and knees,

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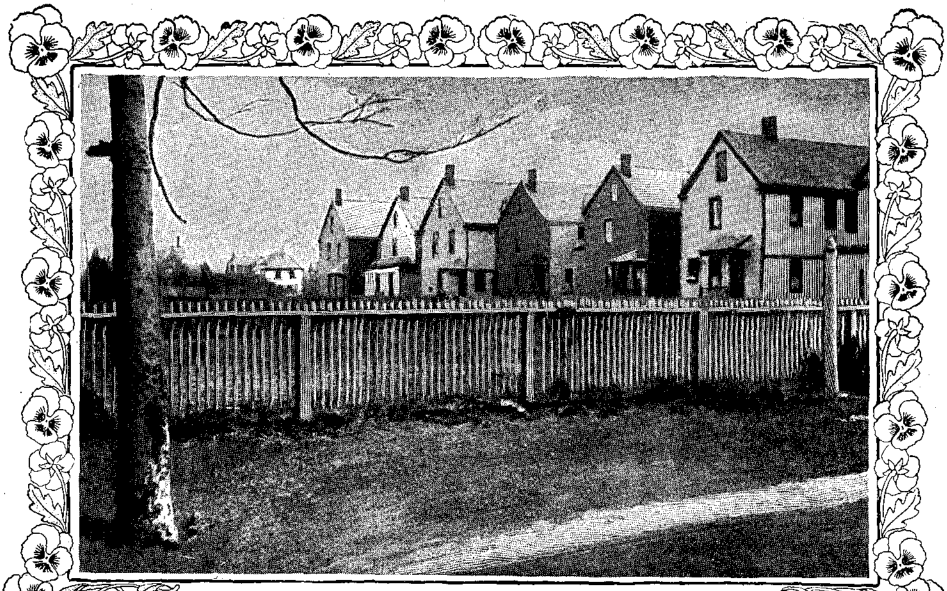
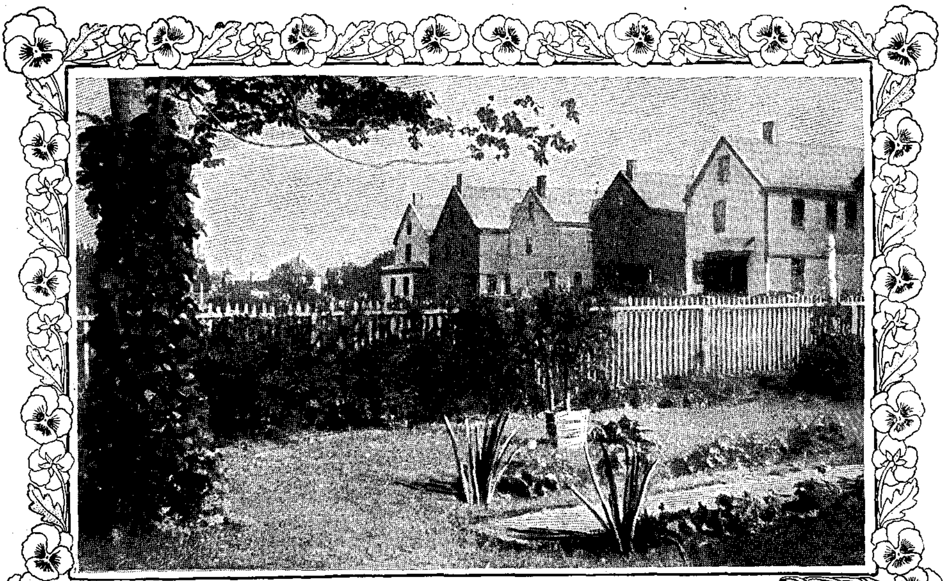
[1] This boy purchased about ten cents' worth of seeds at his school.



THE TREE AND FENCE IN THIS YARD FURNISHED A GOOD FOUNDATION FOR VINES AND SHRUBS

prepared the ground in his yard, planted his seeds, tended them so carefully and loved them so well that the little spot became a veritable bower of beauty. During the long summer days, while he watched his flowers, he forgot the burden of the deformed body which makes the ordinary sports of boyhood impossible for him. At such times, if a visitor happened to interrupt him, he would point with pride to the work of his hands, and his face would light with a smile which seemed to say, "I have found a new joy in life."

A mistake which left a number of packages of seeds uncalled for gave the Association an opportunity to send some of them to one of the State institutions for children. The matron, acknowledging the receipt of the seeds, took occasion



THE SAME YARD, SHOWING HOW BEAUTIFULLY IT WAS TRANSFORMED BY CULTIVATION to say that they were a real boon, because the children could consider them "their very own," and not a part of the provision made by the State.

Pilgrimages to Goodrich House Farm were eagerly anticipated by some of the children who had little gardens, not alone on account of the freedom inseparable from a country visit, but also because the visitors were allowed to take away all the flowers they could carry. The pleasure in the flowers, however, was not confined to that which comes from getting something for one's self. It included as well that which comes from giving. The children eagerly carried their flowers to those who had none, and most of the school exhibits went to brighten hospital wards and sick-rooms.

It would be possible to give many other illustrations of difficulties overcome, but one must suffice. A woman who went to live in a new place found the ground about the house very poor and overrun with successive growths of weeds. The outlook was discouraging, but she determined to make an experiment. She turned the soil, making it fine and soft, put in the seeds, and patiently awaited the result. And so it came to pass that ere long she found, as all who care to may, that the earth is almost as willing to grow flowers as it is to grow weeds.

A few of the advantages of this method of home improvement can be easily summarized. They are almost self-evident. In the first place, the educational value is considerable. The connection between the school-room instruction and actual experience makes the task of the teacher easier, and impresses upon the mind of the child in a manner not to be forgotten, because acquired with pleasure, information about natural objects which is sadly needed in city communities. The importance, too, of an additional means of relating the home to the school, through a common interest, is not to be despised when the prevailing tendency is toward a separation which often causes misunderstandings fatal to youthful development. If an increasing proportion of our population is destined to live in cities which destroy the ordinary æsthetic influences of nature, then any effort to conserve in the mind of the child a love for beauty, and to teach simple ways in which that love may be gratified, cannot fail in time to make an impression upon the poorest and most confined areas of the twentieth-century city. Above all, the plan here outlined carries for the practical-minded who desire to do something for the betterment of the communities in which they live a recommendation not often attached to plans of this kind—it pays for itself.[1]

Goodrich House, Cleveland.

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[1] The Home Gardening Association will publish about February 1 a report giving full details of their work. This report can be had for twenty-five cents a copy by addressing the Association, care Goodrich House, Cleveland, Ohio.

Twilight in the Tenement

By Charles W. Stevenson

Dusk soft and slow creeps upward from the street
Where day at last is dying. Blank and tall
Before the one high window glooms a wall
That shuts the world away. Faint sounds of feet
Echo along the stairs, come home to greet
A crust, a dream, the endless early call.
The step goes by—lost down a winding hall
Which leads, to what despair let death repeat!
The room grows dark; and yet the mother waits;
When, at a cheery voice, a candle gleams,
And light and love come in to bless the pure!
Dear God, is not this girl who works, and rates
It pleasure to support old age, and deems
Life good, Thy child and of Thy favor sure?

At The FARRAGUT STATUE

By ROBERT BRIDGES

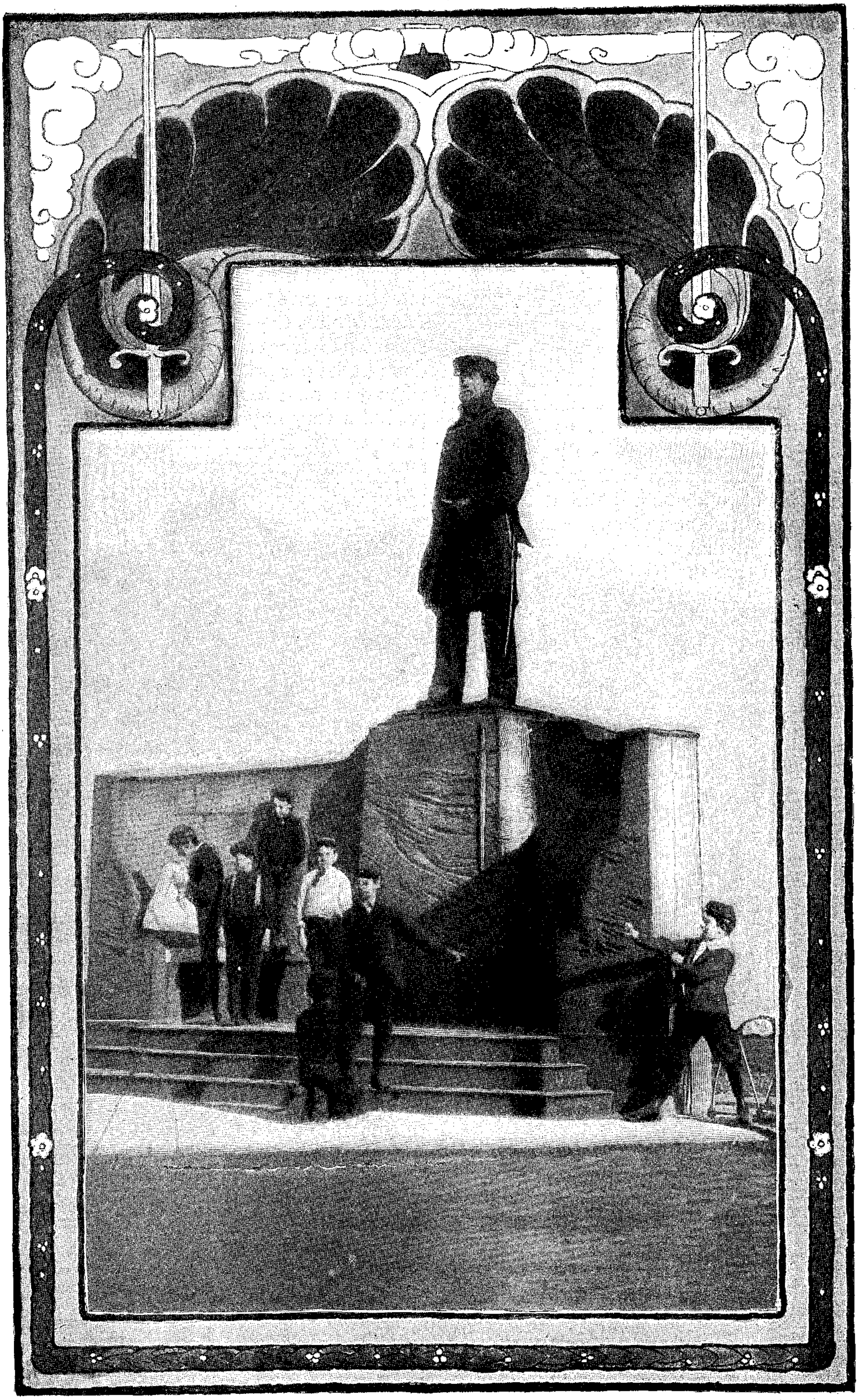
To live a hero, then to stand
In bronze serene above the city's throng;
Hero at sea! and now on land
Revered by thousands as they rush along.

If these were all the gifts of fame—
To be a shade amid alert reality,
And win a statue and a name—
How cold and cheerless immortality!

But when the sun shines in the Square,
And multitudes are swarming in the street,
Children are always gathered there
Laughing and playing 'round the hero's feet.

And in the crisis of the game—
With boyish grit and ardor it is played—
You'll hear some youngster call his name:
"The Admiral—he never was afraid!"

And so the hero daily lives,
And boys grow braver as the Man they see!
The inspiration that he gives
Still helps to make them loyal, strong, and free!



Memories of a Hundred Years[1]

By Edward Everett Hale

IV.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

I HAVE already quoted from my grandfather's diary the words which seemed to him big with fate, "T. Jefferson, chosen President U. S.," and big with fate they were. My grandfather, a fine leader of the people in the fashion of his time, thought that dangers untold began for the United States in that moment. He was right enough in thinking so. But he did not understand, and it seems to me that for five and twenty years nobody understood, that this country governs itself, and that the backward and forward moves of Cabinets and Congresses have not, in general, a critical importance in the history of the country, or by no means that critical importance which the liveried servants of the country think they have.

The men who made the Constitution builded better than they knew, perhaps. Whether they knew it or not, they made such arrangements that the American People governs America. True, the people of America are constantly harking back to the supposed analogy between their President and the sovereign King, between their Cabinet and an English Cabinet. Now, it is hopeless to undeceive Europe on this subject. Every writer on the Continent of Europe supposes that Mr. McKinley was a king, or that Martin Van Buren was a king. But on this side of the ocean we ought to know that every one of the Presidents has been the servant of the American people.

Undoubtedly Thomas Jefferson, without meaning to inflict a serious injury on the fortunes of the young Nation, really thought he was to be a sort of king. But the young Nation was so much stronger than he was that, after he became President, he really fills the place in history which a fussy and foolish nurse fills in the biography of a man like Franklin, or Washington, or Goethe, or Julius Cæsar, of whom the nurse had the charge. It is interesting in a fashion to know whether Master Julius Cæsar wore his baby clothes six months longer than he should have done under our practice, but, as it appears when you read his own life, this has not proved a very important matter. In the same way it is interesting to know how much fuss and how much folly there was in Jefferson's pretended oversight of the infant Nation, but when you see that apparently without his knowledge Fulton and Livingston were revolutionizing the world, that Eli Whitney was revolutionizing the world, that the pioneers in the valley of the Mississippi were creating the history of to-day, that in spite of Jefferson and his policy the infant navy of the United States was forming itself and that her immense maritime commerce was coming into being, it is impossible to think that Jefferson's administration had that crowning importance in history which his older admirers claimed for him.

To tell the whole truth, the history of what I like to call the Virginia Dynasty, their failures and follies, their fuss and feathers and fol-de-rol, for the first quarter of a century, never got itself written down until twelve years ago. Mr. Henry Adams then published his very entertaining history of the years between 1801 and 1817. The more prominent actors in that period were skillful in covering their tracks, and have done so curiously well. Such books as Hildreth's book on the outside history of America—let me say modestly, such chapters as my own in the "People's History"—were therefore made up only from public documents and from the superficial contemporary view in the wretched newspapers of twenty-five years. This is the reason why our printed histories of the generation before our own are neither correct nor interesting, nor in any sort important until we come down to 1861. Into this circle of chattering

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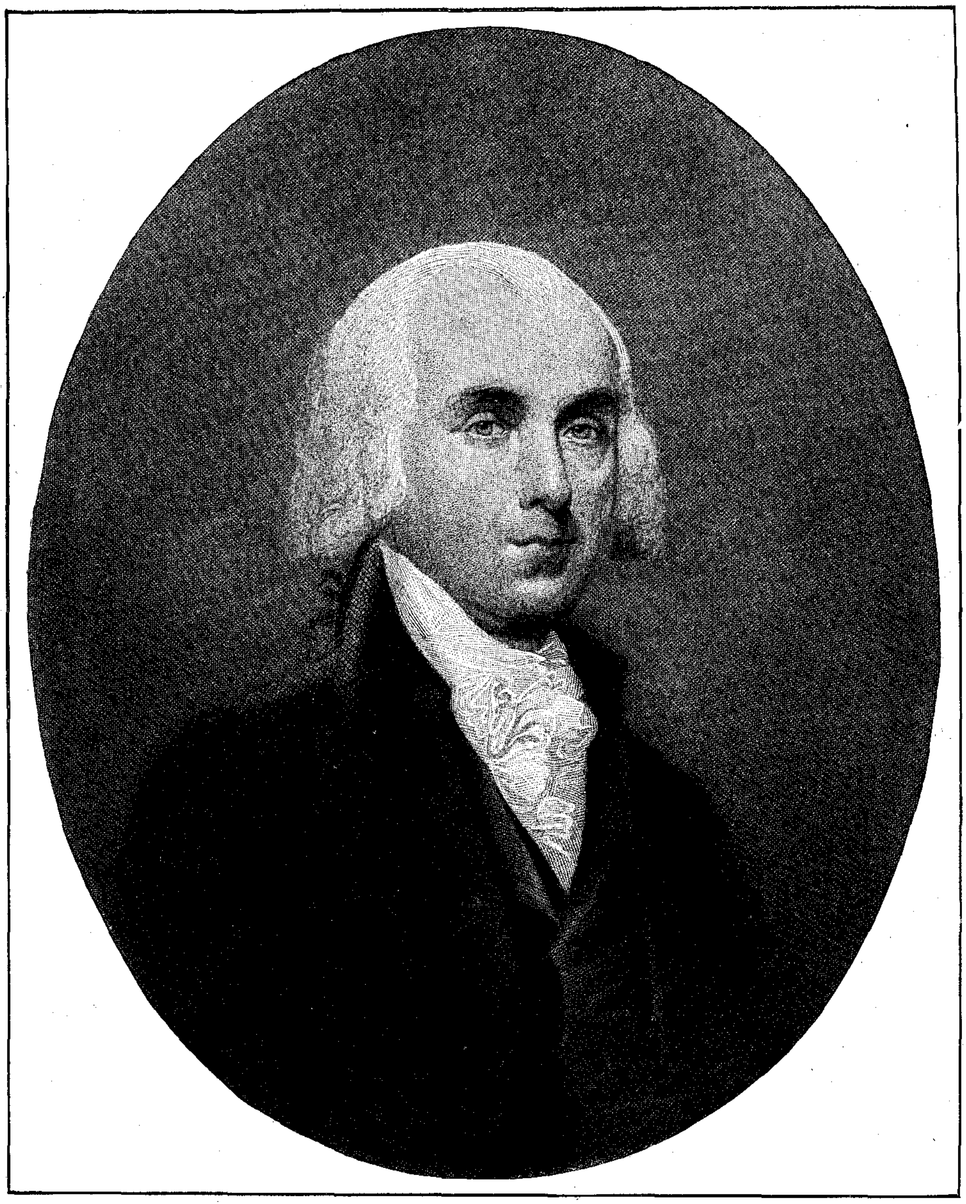
[1] Copyright, 1901, the Outlook Company.



JAMES MADISON

After the portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

crickets, all singing Katy-did because they had nothing else to sing, there steps Mr. Henry Adams. He is the son of a great statesman, who is the son of another great statesman, who is the son of another great statesman, and all of his ancestors have left behind them full materials for history. Mr. Adams has lived, perhaps in an official capacity, certainly with the respect deserved by such men, in the principal capitals of western Europe. He has had ready access to the confidential correspondence of English, French, and Spanish diplomatic agents for the time of which he writes. In our own Department of State he was, of course, a welcome guest, and now, with a charming and pitiless impartiality, he draws all curtains back and reveals to us the frenzies, the follies, the achievements and the failures of what people call the "government" between 1800 and 1817.

I have read many novels as the last ten years have gone by, but not one of them is so amusing as is this record of people who were trying to persuade themselves that they were great men, and even thought they were. In Mr. Adams's nine volumes, if my young friends the historical novelists of to-day only knew it, there is material for endless comedies which are not yet written.

But the United States is absolutely convinced that the Nation is always right in what it undertakes. It must be confessed, also, that our habit of looking forward is so certainly fixed that our people care very little for their history. They hardly care for it at all. And so it happens that Mr. Adams's History is passed by as you might pass by annals of the court intrigues of Hugh Capet. This is partly because it is new, partly because it is true, but mostly because it is all so far back in time as to come under the head of a "back number," to borrow one of the expressions of modern slang. His revelations make it clear that the work of Jefferson's régime and of Madison's and of the Congresses which met in their time was almost always foolish or frivolous. But who cares? It is all eighty or ninety years ago. This revelation has been printed, published, and passed by with only the very slightest attention on the part of the general reader.

One does notice, with a certain interest, that since Mr. Adams's volumes were published, the old-fashioned indiscriminate praise of Jefferson has almost ended. In truth, there is hardly a recommendation of his from 1801 to 1826 which anybody likes to quote. The annexation of Louisiana is the one great triumph of his administration; and he himself would not have pretended that he had sought for this. It was greatness thrust upon him.

But I suppose we ought to insert here a few dates and forgotten names, if it is only to propitiate Miss Jerusha Dryasdust, the accomplished principal of the high school in New North Nolandville, when the first class takes "History in thirteen lessons." All she wants is dates and names.

This calendar may briefly run thus:

1803. The Texan, Phil. Nolan, killed by the Spaniards, and nobody at Washington cares.

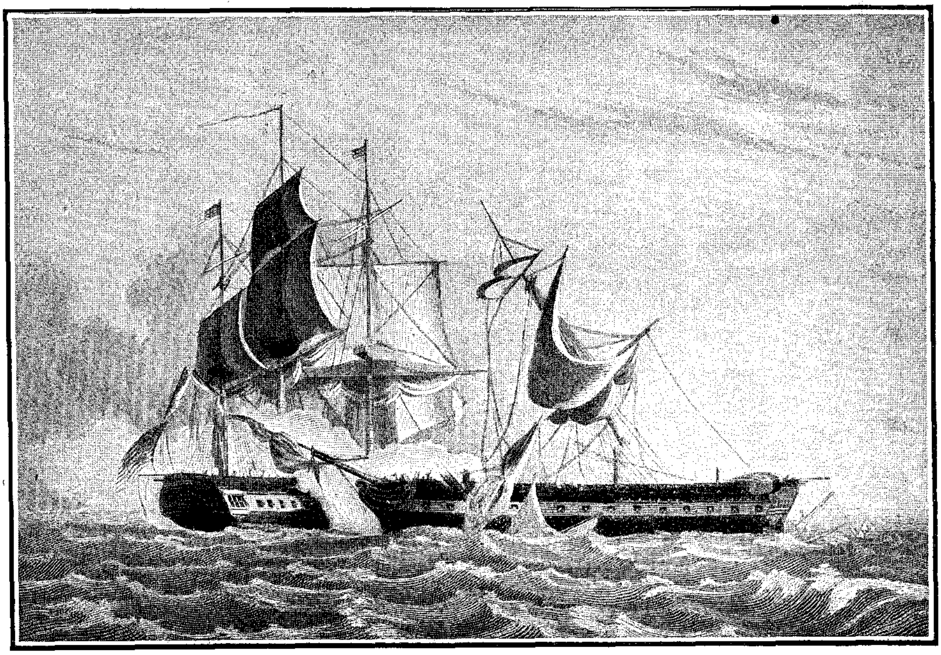
1805. Jefferson's second Presidency. Electoral vote, 162 to 14.

1805. Burr sails down the Mississippi for the first time.

1806, 1807. Berlin and Milan Decrees.

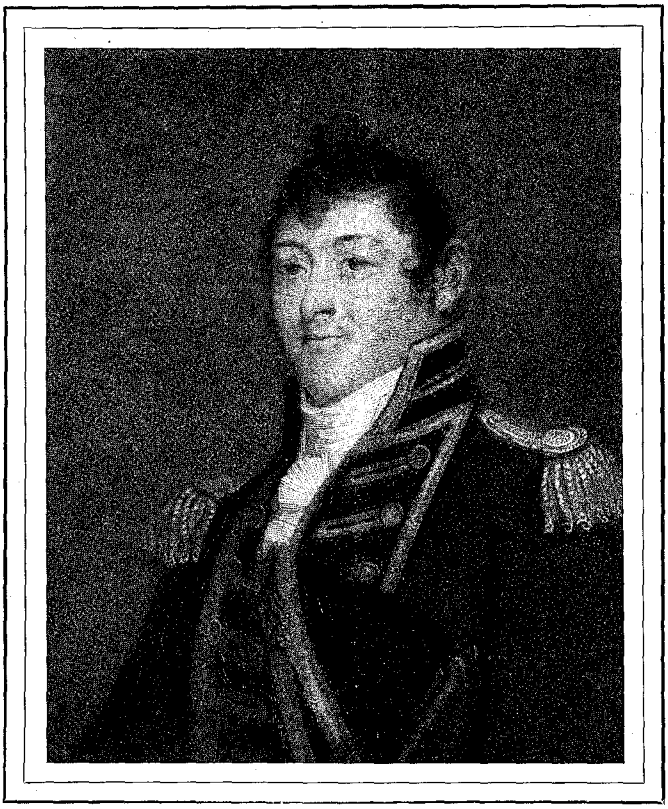
1807, 1808. English Orders in Council.

June, 1807. The English frigate Leopard



THE CAPTURE OF THE GUERRIERE BY THE CONSTITUTION

From an engraving by Samuel Walker after the drawing by T. Birch.



ISAAC HULL

From an engraving after the original portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

fires on the American ship Chesapeake, and takes four seamen from her.

December, 1807. Jefferson's Embargo, which paralyzes the commerce and agriculture of the country for a year. It lasted for the first nine months of 1808.

With such abject disgraces Jefferson's second reign ends and Madison's begins. Jefferson retires to his home at Monticello, and thinks he is going to run the country from behind a screen, as an Italian runs Punch.

But no!

JAMES MADISON: AN UNWRITTEN TRAGEDY

Poor James Madison! The best fitted of any of the Virginian Presidents between 1801 and 1825! A man of genius, learning, wisdom, integrity! A man to whom the country was immensely indebted for what he did in making the Constitution and in securing its adoption. He becomes President; and an ambitious man of his ability might well be proud of this. And now his administration stands in history as all mixed up with futile politics, with a useless war, which includes his own flight from his own capital; a war only not disgraceful to the country. Poor Mr. Madison!

As for "poor Mr. Madison," I have been for twenty years trying to find some young dramatist who would make for us a historical tragedy out of the details of the crisis of his life. Even Mr. Stephen Phillips might be willing to handle such a theme. Here is a wise man, a patriot, well equipped, well surrounded, ambitious, old enough, young enough. He has all the external conditions which a man need have, in the shape of houses, bread and butter, and a sky over his head, and money in the bank; and, in general, good surroundings. And he is born in Virginia, which has taken upon herself, what nobody else cared for much, the administration of the new Nation.

All this seems very fine. It is very fine for the moment. The only bitter drop in the cup is a drop which all men have always found bitter. For James Madison is eight years younger than Thomas Jefferson. (Note eight years, all astrologers and wiseacres and Girondists of whatever type.) And Thomas Jefferson is in the saddle; and James Madison is the Fitz Eustace to his Marmion. Poor James! He can write as well as his chief, or better; his armor is as good, or better. There are who say his horse is as good as the chief's, or better. He knows more than the chief, and he thinks he can do as well as the chief, or better. But that cursed misfortune of the eight years compels him for a certain eight years, between 1801 and 1809, to run on that chief's errands and to do what the chief says; to pull the chief out of countless scrapes, and to take the responsibility for the chief's dreams or fancies or blunders. History is full of such miseries. It is like poor Lord North having to conceal the craziness of his young King, before 1770; and that is one of the most tragical things in history.

Now, here is the point which the dramatist is to see: in 1809 Thomas Jefferson retires and James Madison becomes President. Dear good soul, he thinks that at last he is going to have his own way. He is fifty-eight years old, five years more before the grand climacteric, which is very near the prime of a man's life. The Constitution which he has interpreted on paper is to be interpreted in fact, as he reigns. He moves into the White House, and so Fitz-Eustace mounts Marmion's horse. He proposes to forget this wretched vassalage of the past and to step forth a freeman on the enterprises before him.

But just at that moment a set of young bloods from the West and South surround him. They have no care for history. The young American never cares for history, as I have said already. They tell him that this and this is to be done thus and so. They tell him that they mean to fight England, and that, as God lives, he must fight England. They tell him that he shall be President of the United States for another term only if they and theirs choose that he shall be President of the United States. So this poor Secretary of State for Thomas Jefferson, when he flatters himself that for once he is going to give his own dinner-party and ask his own guests, finds that Henry Clay and John Caldwell Calhoun and a group of other young gentlemen of thirty years of age, more or less, who have the country behind them, are to dictate to him the policy of his administration; and that he is to obey them for the last half of his life as he obeyed Mr. Thomas Jefferson for the eight years before.

This reminds one of the amusing story which the banker, Abraham Mendelssohn, the father of Felix Mendelssohn, used to tell of himself. He said that while he was a young man, indeed while he was well forward in middle life, people introduced him as the son of Dr. Moses Mendelssohn—"You will like to know the son of the great Dr. Mendelssohn." The great Dr. Mendelssohn, forgotten, I am sorry to say, by this reader, was the great metaphysician of those days. All of a sudden, however, as this good Mr. Abraham Mendelssohn walked the same streets, people began to introduce him as the father of Mendelssohn—"You will be glad to know the father of our great musician." So my poor James Madison, after having been Fitz-Eustace of Marmion, just as he approaches his grand climacteric, finds that he is to run the errands of Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Clay.

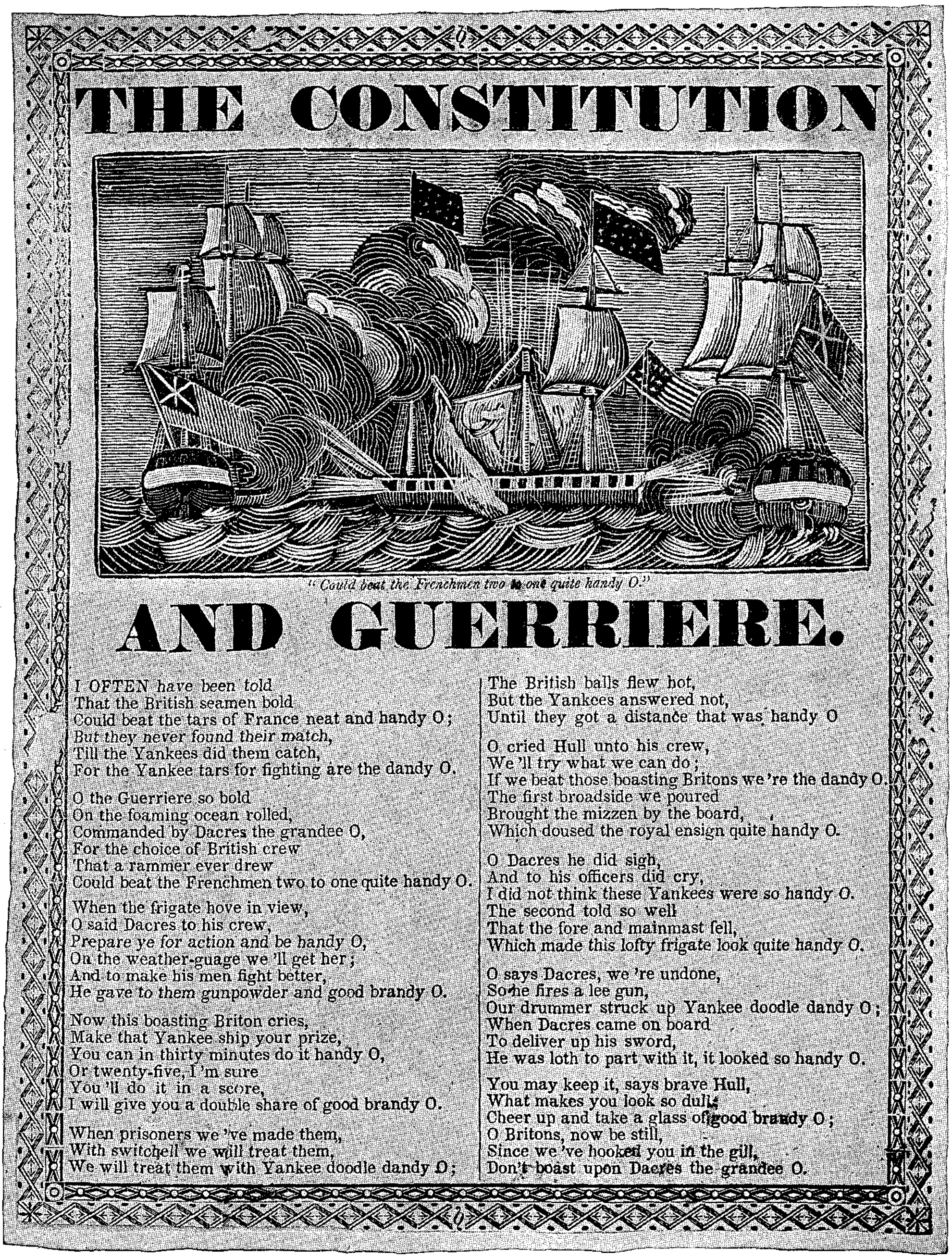
Is not this tragic? And in your drama here is the climax, such as hardly any student of history could have suggested—that at the crisis moment of poor Madison's life the great Napoleon himself fell mortally wounded from his eagle flight. Madison had hoped that at least he was making himself an ally of the greatest conqueror of the world. But before his war was well begun, this great conqueror had lost the greatest army which modern times had known, and was himself in flight from Moscow to his own capital.

Leaving the tragedy—and coming back to "History in thirteen lessons"—Madison's war did not begin until 1812.

The situation was complicated, of course, and very badly complicated, by the length of time required to receive news from Europe and to send instructions to Europe. One and another excitement harassed the thinking men until, on the 18th of June, 1812, Congress declared war.

JAMES MADISON'S PEPPER AND GINGER.—WAR!

A bright Portuguese minister, whose name I have forgotten, in the year 1812,



THE CONSTITUTION

"Could beat the Frenchmen two to one quite handy O."

AND GUERRIERE.

I OFTEN *have been told*
That the British seamen bold
Could beat the tars of France neat and handy O;
But they never found their match,
Till the Yankees did them catch,
For the Yankee tars for fighting are the dandy O.

O the Guerriere so bold
On the foaming ocean rolled,
Commanded by Dacres the grandee O,
For the choice of British crew
That a rammer ever drew
Could beat the Frenchmen two to one quite handy O.

When the frigate hove in view,
O said Dacres to his crew,
Prepare ye for action and be handy O,
On the weather-guage we 'll get her;
And to make his men fight better,
He *gave to them* gunpowder and good brandy O.

Now this boasting Briton cries,
Make that Yankee ship your prize,
You can in thirty minutes do it handy O,
Or twenty-five, I 'm sure
You 'll do it in a score,
I will give you a double share of good brandy O.

When prisoners we 've made them,
With switchell we will treat them,
We will treat them with Yankee doodle dandy O;

The British balls flew hot,
But the Yankees answered not,
Until they got a distance that was handy O

O cried Hull unto his crew,
We 'll try what we can do;
If we beat those boasting Britons we 're the dandy O.
The first broadside we poured
Brought the mizzen by the board,
Which doused the royal ensign quite handy O.

O Dacres he did sigh,
And to his officers did cry,
I did not think these Yankees were so handy O.
The second told so well
That the fore and mainmast fell,
Which made this lofty frigate look quite handy O.

O says Dacres, we 're undone,
So he fires a lee gun,
Our drummer struck up Yankee doodle dandy O;
When Dacres came on board
To deliver up his sword,
He was loth to part with it, it looked so handy O.

You may keep it, says brave Hull,
What makes you look so dull?
Cheer up and take a glass of good brandy O;
O Britons, now be still,
Since we 've hooked you in the gill,
Don't boast upon Dacres the grandee O.

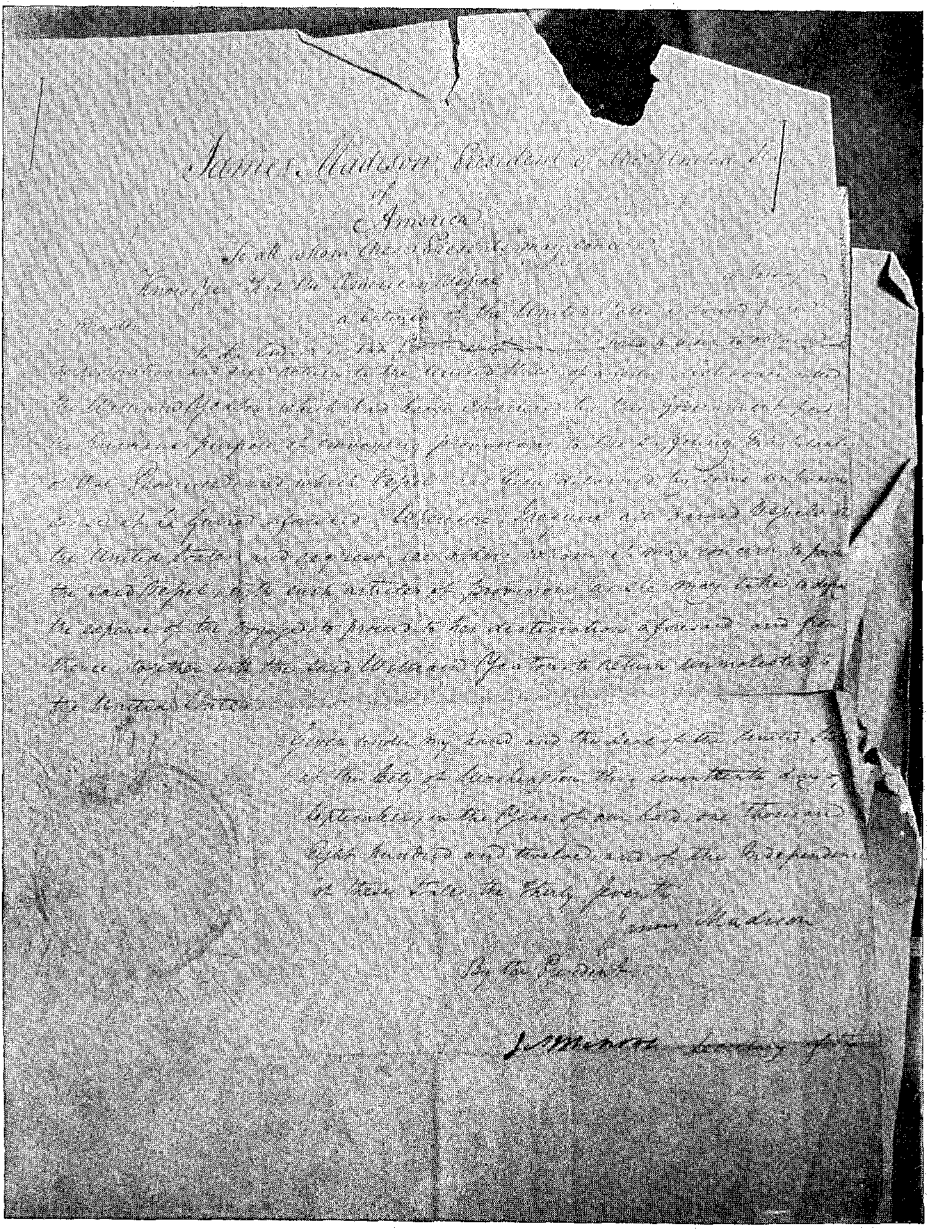
A BROADSIDE OF 1812

From the original in the possession of the author.

or thereabouts, said that the same Providence which takes care of idiots and drunkards takes care of the United States. I do not suppose that he thought that this dictum would be remembered after ninety years, nor do I think that he supposed it was a reverent statement of an infinite truth. All the same, it does state such an infinite truth. And it is one worth remembering, especially by people whose business it is to write "leading articles" between one and two o'clock in the morning.

What happened in 1810 has happened

many, many times since; and let us hope reverently that it will happen many, many times more. That is to say, the "Power that makes for righteousness," whose name among most English-speaking people is God, helps forward by his immanent presence, and by what we call laws resulting from his immanent presence, all those people who are trying to do his will. And so it happened then—"happened," as we say irreverently—that the people of the United States, so far as they were trying to do right, were helped forward. It "happened" that there were a few ignorant and foolish persons at Washington and in Congress who thought they knew better than the people, by and large, of the United States. These few undertook to lead those many by the nose. Here is the Secretary of State, Mr. Monroe, for instance, sneering at commerce in an



James Madison President of the United States
of
America

To all whom these Presents may come

Know Ye that the American Vessel [illegible]

[illegible] the United States [illegible]

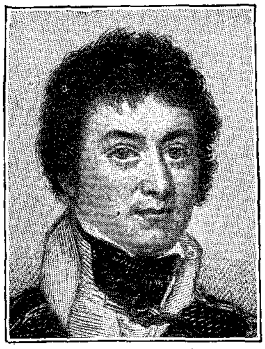
Given under my hand and the Seal of the United States at the City of Washington this seventeenth day of September in the Year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twelve and of the Independence of these States the thirty [illegible]

James Madison

By the President

Jas Monroe Secretary of State

AUTOGRAPHS OF JAMES MADISON AND JAMES MONROE



CAPTAIN SIR P. V. BROKE
From an engraving by W. Greatbatch.

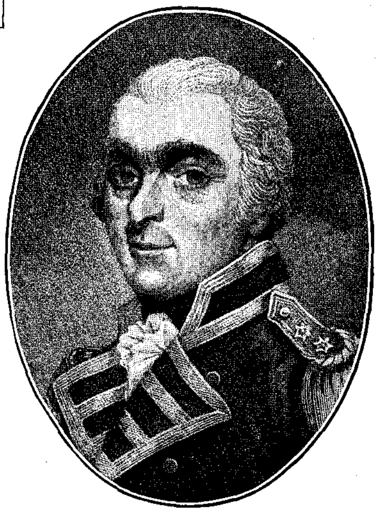
official conversation of 1811. He says to the French Minister:

"People in Europe suppose us to be merchants occupied exclusively with pepper and ginger. They are much deceived, and I hope we shall prove it. The immense majority of our citizens do not belong to this class, and are, as much as your Europeans, controlled by principles of honor and dignity. I never knew what trade was; the President is as much of a stranger to it as I."

One cannot help asking himself, as he reads such words now, what the New York merchants of to-day would say if they found in an English Blue Book that Mr. Hay was talking in this fashion to Lord Pauncefote. All the same, it was a fashion in which the Virginian Secretary of State spoke for the Virginian President. It expressed what he thought of the commerce by which the United States "whitened every sea," and which gave the United States all the power which she had in the world. It was honest commerce, too. It was the commerce of men who had what other people wanted and were willing to receive what America produces in return. It was such commerce as fulfills the requisition of the Christian law that men must bear each other's burdens.

One may say the same thing of the progress of the young Nation in emigration, in agriculture, and in manufacture. We know now that it was an advantage untold that men could go into the valley of the Mississippi and take from the virgin soil what the good God had been laying up there for hundreds or thousands of centuries. They were like Aladdin breaking into the cave-house full of jewels. But this incursion into the West was made by families of poor men and women who were seeking better homes for their households. It was not ordered by what began to call itself the Government. The Government did everything it could to check it.

Under our Constitution, Congress, and Congress only, can declare war against a foreign power. In this case, declaration of war had lagged in Congress under the certainty, only too evident, that there was no disposition on the part of the people to enter the new army. In the hope, which proved vain, that a declaration of war would excite the laggard volunteers, war was declared on the 18th of June, 1812. This was twenty-four hours after Castlereagh, in London, had announced that the English Government had determined to suspend the Orders in Council. It was about these very orders that all the declamation which led to the war had gathered. With a telegraph there would



COMMODORE JAMES RICHARD DACRES
Engraved from the portrait by Bowyer.

have been no war. "Within forty-eight hours Napoleon, about to enter Russia, issued the first bulletin of the Grand Army;" these are the words of Mr. Adams.

New England had looked with great disgust—alas! I cannot say contempt—on the whole war enterprise. After Jefferson and the Democratic party had established themselves as the ruling party of Massachusetts, all this war business had again revolutionized that State, and Caleb Strong, the Federalist Governor, was well in the saddle. The Commander-in-Chief of the United States army was Dearborn, a Massachusetts man; the Secretary of War was Eustis, who was another. But there was no local pride or interest in the new undertaking, and the whole tone of talk held it in ridicule, not to say scorn. So it was to the great astonishment, and I may well say satisfaction, of the Federal leaders that they found themselves making capital for the opposition to Madison from our successes of the sea, as, indeed, Madison and his friends lost favor by their successive failures on the land.

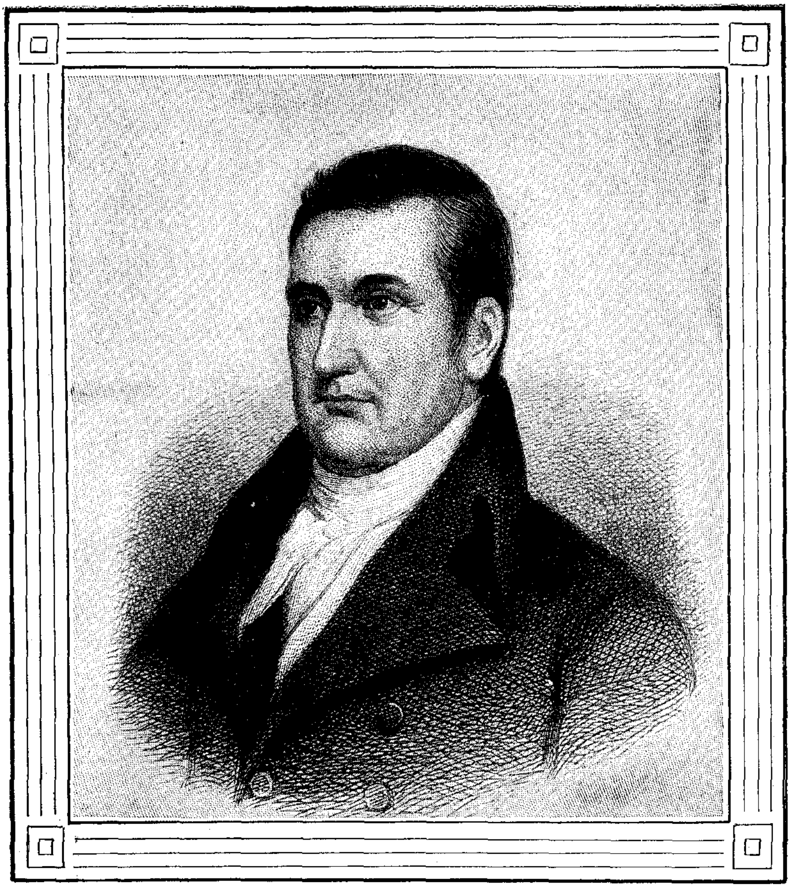
The policy of Jefferson and Madison had been to reduce the navy and to keep it at the lowest point possible. It was said on sufficiently good authority that the commanders of our four frigates took them to sea, on the outbreak of the war, as soon as they could, because they were afraid of orders from Washington which should keep them at home. But Isaac Hull, who was in command of the Constitution, was at Annapolis, trying to ship a new crew. He had orders to go to New York in the Constitution, and he sailed in this duty on the 5th of July, 1812. It was in this voyage that he fell in with the English fleet of five cruisers, and that the celebrated chase took place, of which men still tell in the forecastle. Hull came into Boston Harbor on the 26th of July, after his escape. He was afraid to come up to the navy-yard, because Bainbridge was there, who was his senior, and he had orders to take command of the Constitution on her arrival. Hull, therefore, stayed in the outer harbor, supplied himself with what he needed, and in less than a week sailed again towards Newfoundland. It was on the 19th of August that he met the English frigate Guerriere.

The Guerriere, under Dacres, had been well known on the American coast for many years in the offensive blockade which the arrogance of the English Government maintained. Now and then Dacres would stop an American merchantman, summon her crew on the deck, and pick out such English sailors as his officers found on board. There are legends which I think must have been well founded, of her coming into port sometimes. But one can hardly believe that Boston, New York, or Norfolk would welcome any such visitors. I think there is no doubt, however, that her officers knew personally the officers of the Constitution.

It is a New England tradition, which probably has some foundation, that the Constitution on this cruise was manned with what might be called a picked crew. You will hear it said by old men that she had not a man on board who could not "sail the vessel." This is undoubtedly an exaggeration, but I have no doubt that a large number of ship captains from the merchant marine, who could not go to sea because of the declaration of war, had shipped at Annapolis, or before, on board the frigate. She was of larger force than the Guerriere, and in less than thirty minutes of the battle that ship was left without a spar standing. What colors she had she struck, and her officers thought she was sinking. Hull took his prisoners on board and blew up the wreck. With his prisoners he arrived in Boston Sunday morning, the 30th of August.

The whole thing was dramatic in every detail. Rodgers and Decatur, with their squadron, entered Boston within forty-eight hours empty-handed, "after more than two months of futile cruising." The newspaper which announced their arrival announced also the melancholy intelligence of the surrender of General Hull at Detroit. General Hull was a veteran of the Revolution, and was an uncle of the Isaac Hull who was the hero of the day. There was as yet no daily paper in Boston. The news was made known by real "Extras."

My father used to tell with gusto of the triumphant discussions as to their announcement of the victory and the defeat. In the seaboard, which was crazy with excitement because of the sinking of the English frigate, it was easy to remind men that the Constitution had been built



MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY DEARBORN

From an original etching by H. B. Hall.

at their wharves, that she was manned by their seamen, that it was John Adams's foresight that had built her, and that the true policy of the Nation would have been the maintenance of a large fleet of such vessels. At the same moment it was easy to point out the folly of the administration which had pretended to invade Canada in the face of an active enemy, who had taken advantage of our want of preparation to take the aggressive with success. Here are some of the stories of the time which came to me, after a generation, with excellent authority. I print them for what they are worth, because they are *ben trovato*. These anecdotes of Hull and Dacres I copy from a note-book of my own of 1894:

At the Authors' Guild dinner at Salem to-day the President told three stories of Hull and Dacres.

1. He says that before the war the Guerriere was on our coast and that Hull entertained her officers at dinner on his ship (probably at the Charlestown navy-yard). They fell to talk of what they would do if there were war, and Hull said that he would bring them all into some American port. Dacres offered to bet one hundred guineas. Hull said no, but he would bet a hat.

When the Guerriere was taken, and Dacres gave up his sword on the quarter-deck, Hull returned it to him, but said, "But I will thank you for the hat."

2. After the war Hull and his wife were at Gibraltar, and Admiral Dacres received them with great courtesy. On his own ship he showed Mrs. Hull his own Bible which his mother had given him. He said that when the Guerriere was burned, Hull asked him what he wanted him to send for specially, and Dacres asked that the Bible in his cabin might be saved. It was sent for, and this was the book.

3. Hull and Dacres were in Rome together, and the boys in the street used to call them light and shadow, Hull being short and stocky and Dacres tall and thin.

Mr. James Hale, writing in 1880, says: "I remember seeing Commodore Hull march up State Street with Captain Dacres having his arm, after the capture of the Guerriere by the Constitution. And, in company with many others, saw, from one of the islands in the harbor, the fight between the Chesapeake and Shannon. Two days before saw poor Lawrence in State Street.

Some of such anecdotes, perhaps all, must be true. There was more than one ballad printed and sung. One which is said to have been written by James Campbell, a sailor on the Constitution, begins with the words:

Come all ye Yankee heroes, come listen to my song,
I'll tell you of a bloody fight before that it be long,
It was of the Constitution, from Boston she set sail,
To cruise along the coast, my boys, our rights for to maintain.

So come rouze ye, Yankee tars, let it never be said,
That the sons of America should ever be afraid.

But the song which has lingered in memory, and is to this hour sung among seamen, is the ballad which we show in facsimile on another page.

A great public dinner was given to Isaac Hull by the town of Boston, and he was asked to sit for his picture to Gilbert Stuart, the celebrated artist. The picture is in Faneuil Hall to this day.[1] Everybody is dead now, so that I will make bold to tell one of the anecdotes of the picture. Stuart was himself a great braggart, and he was entertaining Hull with anecdotes of his English success, stories of the Marquis of this and the Baroness of that, which showed how elegant was the society to which he had been accustomed. Unfortunately, in the midst of this grandeur, Mrs. Stuart, who did not know that there was a sitter, came in with her apron on and her head tied up with some handkerchief, from the kitchen, and cried out, "Did you mean to have that leg of mutton boiled or roasted?" To which Stuart replied, with presence of mind to be recommended to all husbands, "Ask your mistress."

It was at the beginning of June, in 1813, the next year, that the exultation which had welcomed Hull and the Constitution received a heavy check in the battle fought off Boston Harbor, in which the ill-fated and unlucky Chesapeake surrendered to the English ship Shannon. Old people still tell you how on that Tuesday, the first day of June, men and women went to the high lookouts and hill-tops of Boston that they might see the Chesapeake bring in the Shannon for a prize. Our ship had been lying in "President Roads," in plain sight of the wharves of Boston. According to Mr. Adams's interesting and intelligible account, the Chesapeake could have fired only fifty-two shot. "She had been a beaten ship from the moment when she was taken aback after the loss of her forward sails." She was really captured by boarding in a tragical fight, in which, on her crowded deck, her crew had no officers, and in which all the English officers were killed or wounded. Of the fifty Englishmen who passed to the deck of the Chesapeake from the deck of the Shannon, no less than thirty-seven were killed or wounded. Mr. Adams supposes that Lawrence, the commander of the Chesapeake, who was himself killed, had been satisfied of his "easy superiority in the battle" by his successes in the Hornet. He died himself before the ships reached Halifax, and his first lieutenant also died. Lawrence's dying words, "Don't give up the ship," have become a proverb in the Nation.

To those of us who grew up in Boston, a queer reminiscence of this defeat turned up a generation after, when Tom Hughes's "School Life in Rugby" was printed. For it was interesting to know that, while American boys were singing, "Bold Dacres came on board to deliver up his sword," English school-boys were singing about the Chesapeake and Shannon. It seems that Tom Hughes was at Rugby with a boy named Broke, who was or was not a nephew of the captain of the Shannon. Here is Tom Brown's amusing account of the credit given to the English ballad by boys in the different forms at Rugby:

"Then followed other vociferous songs in rapid succession, including the 'Chesapeake and Shannon,' a song lately introduced in honor of old Brooke; and when they come to the words,

'Brave Broke he waved his sword, crying,
Now, my lads, aboard,

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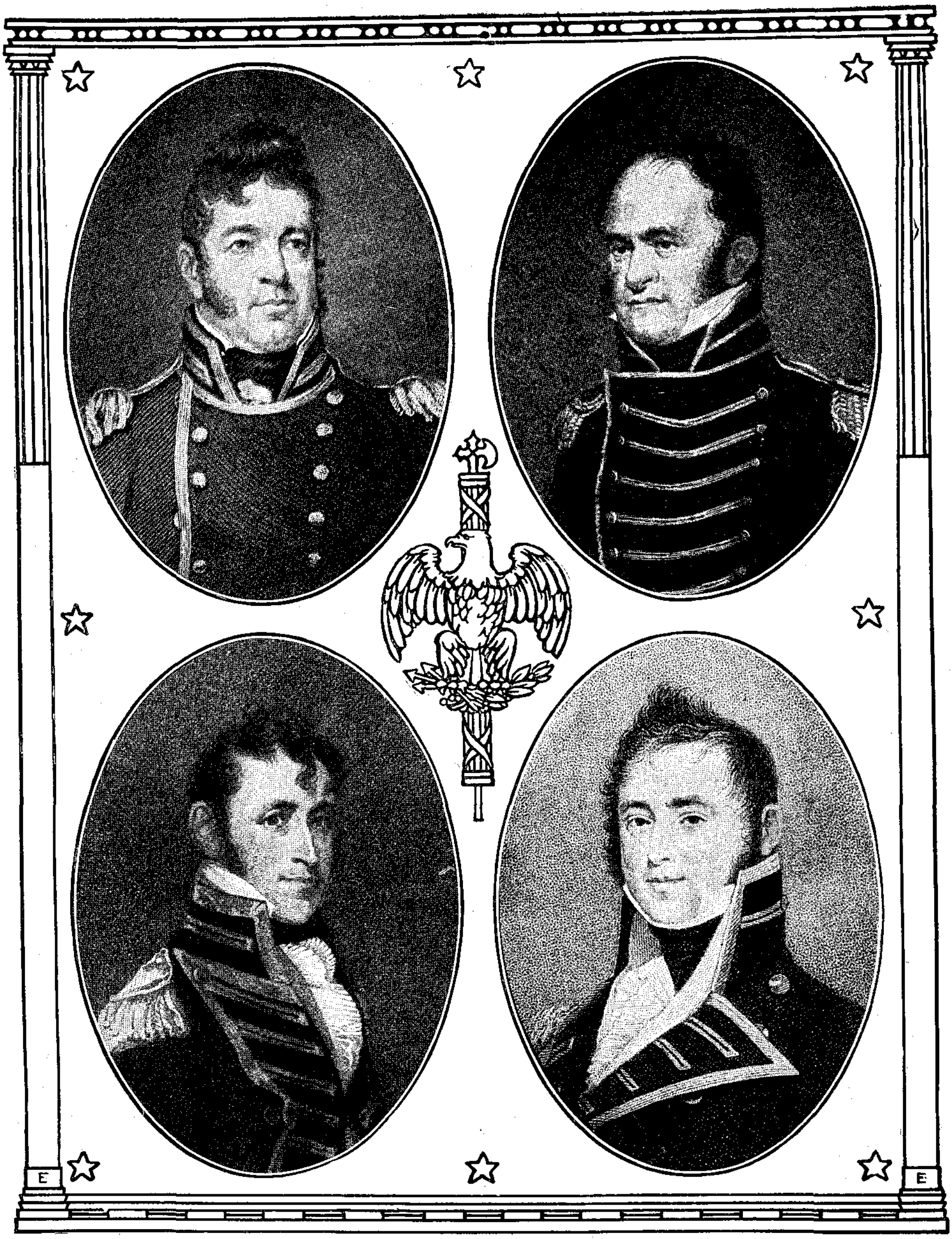
[1] Or affects to be. The real Stuarts were removed from Faneuil Hall a few years ago, to escape the danger of fire, and may now be seen in the Museum of Fine Arts. The copies in their places are so good that no visitor need regret the change.



AMERICAN NAVAL COMMANDERS OF THE WAR OF 1812

WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE
Portrait by J. W. Jarvis.

STEPHEN DECATUR
Portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

COMMODORE RODGERS
Portrait by Henry Williams.

JAMES LAWRENCE
Portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

And we'll stop their playing Yankee-doodle-
dandy oh!'

you expect the roof to come down. The sixth and fifth know that 'brave Broke' of the Shannon was no sort of relation to our old Brooke. The fourth form are uncertain in their belief, but for the most part hold that old Brooke *was* a midshipman then on board his uncle's ship. And the lower school never doubt for a moment that it was our old Brooke who led the boarders, in what capacity they care not a straw."

Observe that Hughes's words are to

the same air with our "Bold Dacres." I have not found this ballad. Bnt here are the kindred verses from another Chesapeake and Shannon song:

Silent as death the foe drew nigh,
While lock'd in hostile close embrace,
Brave Broke, with British seaman's eye,
The signs of terror soon could trace.
He exclaim'd while his looks did his ardour bespeak,
Brave boys they all flinch from their Cannon!
Board, board, my brave messmates, the proud chosen peak,
Shall soon be a prize to the Shannon.

Swiftly flew the words; Britannia's sons
Spread death and terror where'er they came,
The trembling foe forsook their guns,
And call'd aloud in mercy's name.
Brave Broke led the way, but fell wounded and weak,
Yet exclaim'd—They have fled from their Cannon!
Three cheers, my brave seamen, the proud Chesapeak,
Has lowered a flag to the Shannon!

The day was won, but Lawrence fell,
He closed his eyes in endless night,
And oft Columbia's sons will tell
Of hopes all blighted in that fight.
But brave Captain Broke, though wounded and weak,
He survives to again ply his cannon,
And his name from the shores of the wide Chesapeak,
Shall resound to the banks of the Shannon.

In the British navy they still keep the names "Chesapeake" and "Shannon" to this day, as well they may. Chesapeake has been such a wretched name in our naval annals that I have been surprised that our naval people care or dare to retain it. The grand people may think there is no such thing as luck, but sailors think there is. If I had my way, we should preserve some more of the historical naval names, like Ranger, Protector, Tyrannicide, Bon Homme Richard, and Serapis. You could say "Poor Richard," if you wanted to put it in English.

The account of Broke's victory given in the Georgian "Era" is in these words: "Towards the close of the battle, Broke leaped on board the enemy's ship, and having saved the life of an American seaman, who called for quarter, received the stroke of a cutlass on the back of the head from the wretch whom he had spared. This wound had nearly proved fatal, and from its effects he never afterwards recovered. His assailant was immediately cut in pieces by the sailors on the Shannon, and the Chesapeake became a prize to the English. The action, which only occupied fifteen minutes, was one of the most bloody and determined ever fought between two ships of their class in so short a time."

For this achievement Broke received a gold medal, as well as the formal thanks of the lords of the admiralty, besides a sword of the value of one hundred guineas. The people of Suffolk subscribed more than £700 for a piece of plate, and an Ipswich Club gave him a cup of the value of one hundred guineas. On the 2d of November he was made a baronet. The Shannon was condemned unfit for further service. Broke's name was Philip Bowes Vere Broke.

It is said that the Chesapeake never went to sea under an English commander; that no man liked to walk the deck which had been stained by his companions' blood. The gentleman who told me this also told me that when she was broken up her timbers were used in building a mill on the Mersey, which is still standing.

Rhymer's Rede

By Henry Johnstone

Sing when your heart beats high and strong—
Flame, and not ice, the world requires;
Let the strong pulses of your song
Stir in men's bosoms kindred fires.

But when your heart beats low, forbear,
For silence matches sorrow best;
Lift your own load of grief and care,
Nor seek to trouble others' rest.

ABRAM KUYPER

The New Premier of Holland

By Caroline Atwater Mason

AFTER such an overthrow as that suffered by the Dutch Liberals in the Parliamentary elections of last June, one naturally seeks an explanation. The explanation is twofold—a man and a tendency: a man capable of controlling and directing the tendency; the tendency strong enough, thus directed, to sweep aside obstacles apparently insurmountable. The tendency may be briefly characterized as the orthodox reaction; the man is Dr. Abram Kuyper, now Premier of Holland.

For a generation Dr. Kuyper has been a force to be reckoned with in the politics of Holland. To-day, by reason of the reactionary movement led by him to an almost dramatic victory, the aforetime Calvinist domine has become a conspicuous figure in the politics of Europe. A unique personality this—the preacher, editor, controversialist, parliamentarian! No pietist parson is more evangelical in his piety, more unrelenting in his orthodoxy, than this man, who is capable of reversing the government of his nation and fusing elements the most diverse into an astounding political unity.

Personally, Dr. Kuyper is a man of massive proportions, but his stout frame, being subordinate to a strikingly intellectual head and face and a piercingly penetrating glance, seems but to render the man the more formidable. For he is a formidable man. The first encounter left no room for doubt on this score—we felt ourselves in the presence of a unique and powerful personality; we thought of Carlyle's König, the man who *can.*

His speech, in correct, idiomatic English, was abrupt and peremptory; it gave one to know on the instant that here was a man who wasted no words, who was accustomed to reading men and women at sight and calling upon them to stand and deliver what was in them without needless ceremony—in short, a man on affairs, dominant and direct. This on one side; but on the other, to us who were his guests, there was a benevolence the most winning, a hospitality the most gracious, the conversation of an accom plished and versatile man of the world, of a man at home in courts and parliaments.

We dined at Dr. Kuyper's *en famille*. The house was the ancient historic mansion on the Prins Hendrikkade in Amsterdam in which the original East India Company was organized. Its first ship set sail on the broad canal just over the way. Conspicuously placed in the central hall (the main front entrance sealed and barred indeed to give it place) stood a colossal bust of Jean Calvin, the presiding genius of the career of our host. The Dutch people have not led the way in the luxuries and refinements of life, lo, these centuries, for naught. An atmosphere of inherited and inevitable, albeit unostentatious, richness belongs to all patrician Dutch houses. Exquisite porcelains, East Indian curios, rare old silver, good art, interesting heirlooms, are matters of course. So were they here in a full measure, and, despite the sense which Dr. Kuyper gives of a man who has neither time nor taste for the superfluous, these things were plainly essentials to him.

At the head of the table that night sat a charming girl, the eldest daughter of the house, Mlle. Henriette Kuyper, for Mme. Kuyper's death had occurred within the year. Around the table were ranged a goodly company, the sons and daughters of the house, several of whom had come from homes of their own. There was something finely patriarchal in the scene. Most noticeable was the affectionate veneration accorded by every one present to the master of the house. The hospitality was lavish, the service admirable, the room in which we dined a stately picture in itself. Every dish was presented first to Dr. Kuyper, who entertained us with brilliant conversation throughout the courses, delighting us with his very favorable impressions of American life, although he declared that our leading men over here are far astray in accepting the theory of evolution, which, he assured us, was wholly untenable!

At the close of dinner the servants filed in and took seats, and each person received a Bible. Then, as we sat around the board, Dr. Kuyper, with all the simplicity and elevation of feeling of Burns's Cotter, "waled a portion with judicious care," and, this done, knelt with his whole household and poured out an extempore prayer of singular fervor and eloquence. We rose from our knees, feeling that the modern world was remote and well-nigh lost. It is not thus one dines with famous statesmen in Washington, in London, in Paris! The high heritage of pure and undefiled religion, of noble simplicity of life, of national freedom and domestic virtue, for which Holland died its thousand deaths in the sixteenth century, seemed a living, palpable reality at that moment.

The old house in the Prins Hendrikkade is now deserted by the family of the new Premier, since residence in the capital is incident to his office. An interesting letter from Mlle. Henriette Kuyper manifests the characteristic poise and quiet, dignified simplicity with which she has adapted herself to the sudden exaltation of her family. It had, it is true, been very hard to leave the old home and friends in Amsterdam, but it was necessary for her to be on duty at once and to take her place in the new home at The Hague. The first formalities were now over, and she was glad to be able to resume the translating in which she was so interested, since, happily, the new life does not interfere with her work. Social life alone could not content her; she must "feel at lunch that she has *done something* in the morning hours." For her father, "although his life is both difficult and responsible, he is exceedingly well judged by *all* the parties, and she is proud and glad."

A rapid glance over the life of the new Premier gives us the following facts:

He was born at Maassluis, October 29, 1837. His father was a Calvinist pastor, and the son followed in the same calling. He received his degree of Doctor from the University of Leyden with a thesis on Calvin. He was pastor of several provincial churches, but public life attracted him, and in 1869 he established himself in Amsterdam and entered Parliament as member from Gouda. In 1872 he became editor-in-chief of "De Standaard," a conservative secular journal, through which he set forth his ideal of Christian influence in the State. Five years later he resigned from the Second

Chamber of Parliament and occupied himself wholly with the defense of the Calvinist position in "De Standaard" and in "De Heraut," a second local journal, and in the formation of an anti-revolutionary party. Dr. Kuyper is also Rector of the Free University of Amsterdam and President of the Association of Netherlandish Journalists, in which professionals of all shades of opinion fraternize. His books on Calvinism and on the Holy Spirit have been translated and published in the United States, and give him high rank as an author. In 1897 he was again returned to Parliament as member from Sliedrecht. His profound and passionate sympathy with the Boers in their struggle has been well attested by his famous brochure on "The Crisis in South Africa," published in 1900 in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and translated into all European languages.

So much for the personality of the man. What of the tendency, the movement which he represents? What of the incredible fusion of those historic arch-enemies, Calvinism and Catholicism, known as the "monster alliance"?

Let us understand clearly that when we speak of Calvinism in Holland we are speaking of a religion whose essence is not Predestination, but rather the Absolute Supremacy of the Divine. It is the antipodes of agnosticism, humanism, and modernism. To our ears a more accurate impression would be given by the name Orthodox, or Evangelical, or even Puritan. That there is a renaissance of Calvinism in this sense, a growing revolt from materialism, among European nations to-day is increasingly evident, and many are there who prophesy a speedy reaction, in the direction of the nobler ideals of Jean Calvin, from "flabby ethics and soulless politics and humanistic theology." Back, men are crying, to the religion which was worth living by, worth dying for—which created nations and set them free, which sent the Pilgrim Fathers to make the Western world their own—the religion of Cromwell, of Coligny, of William the Silent!

An interesting comment aside on this tendency is furnished us by the latest political cables from France, which take the shape of a wail of despair over the decadence of the nation and the falling off in population, which are ascribed to these causes: frequency of divorce and the prevailing irreligion and infidelity. France has cause to-day to look back remorsefully to 1572 and to 1685, when she deliberately and ruthlessly cast out the Calvinistic or Huguenot element from her body politic.

Undoubtedly the results of Liberalism unchecked among its neighbors on the Continent of Europe have stimulated the Calvinists of Holland to their present mighty reaction, but at this crisis the Catholics are no less aroused than the Protestants in their opposition to modernism.

In his treatise on Calvinism Dr. Kuyper says: "Two régimes of existence oppose each other in a mortal combat. Modernism seeks to establish the world upon itself, proceeding from the natural man, and conducting the man himself according to nature. The other side, those who bow in reverence to Jesus Christ and consider him as the Son of the living God, as God himself, seek to save the Christian heritage." Here we have the animus of the recent movement and the sufficient explanation of the "monster alliance." It is the Christian party without distinction of names or sects, composed indifferently of Catholics and Calvinists, uniting to "save the Christian heritage" from the negations of modernism. Whether we deplore or sympathize, we are forced to marvel and are fain to ponder upon a combination so unprecedented and so significant, and one which must infallibly have a profound influence on future political history.

The Liberalism against which the "monster alliance" flung itself last June with sudden and startling force, although strongly seated, was rapidly growing old. Its earlier enthusiasm had declined; its new ideas were new no longer; its watchwords had lost their power to stir the people. It had no force within itself sufficient to its own renewal save that unmanageable and dreaded force whose expression is Socialism—a force dreaded by the majority of Liberals not less than by Conservatives. The *chef d'œuvre* of the Liberal party in its palmy days had been the public school, the "neutral" school, the "school without the Bible"—

a long step in the direction of the separation of Church and State.

Education, next to religion, is to the Hollander the uppermost consideration, absorbing the interest of all classes. The neutral or unreligious school furnished the point of attack where Catholic and Calvinist could move on parallel lines. Here and there government subsidies for schools of a religious complexion were secured. The slight successes showed what might be achieved by a real union of the two hostile clerical parties, whose supreme contention is for the subservience of State to Church. The tendency was now declared; the reaction was universally felt; the "monster alliance" was gathering power; the man to control and to direct it was not wanting.

Dr. Kuyper, High Calvinist though he be, was broad enough, or was politician enough, to avail himself of his opportunity. Unhesitatingly he held out his hand to the Catholics, and called them to fight by his side. Following, then, with indomitable energy and persistence, along the diverse lines open to him as theologian, politician, and journalist, and sounding the battle-cry unceasingly in his powerful organ, "De Standaard," he pressed forward against the intrenchments of the Liberals. The phrases of religious mysticism mingled strangely with the arguments of practical politics, but in Holland, where the Arminianism of Ouden-Barneveldt was adjudged a political crime punishable by death on the scaffold, this was no new thing.

The Liberals, not aware of their danger, divided in themselves and languid in their resistance, awoke on the Ides of June to find themselves outflanked, out-maneuvered, and, in brief, *out*.

The very latest returns, November 24, show that the Clericals in the last Parliamentary by-elections have succeeded in holding all their places and thus have fifty-eight seats in Parliament out of one hundred. Of the remaining forty-two, seven are held by Socialists, and the remainder by the defeated Liberals and by small scattering groups of various factions. For four years at least, then, the "monster alliance" will prevail. The Queen, as also the Queen-Mother, is tenaciously orthodox and conservative, a fact of no small significance as we look forward. To many minds the progress of Holland is gravely imperiled. We must wait and see.

The following comments on the new Premier by the distinguished scholar and author Dr. W. G. Byvanck,[1] made in a recent private conversation, are of interest:

"Whatever else Dr. Kuyper may be, he is one of our foremost men, a man of an unresting ambition and of great energy. It is the good fortune of both Catholics and Calvinists that each party has found in due time its necessary leader. With the Catholics it is Dr. Schaepman with his thundering eloquence; with the Calvinists it is Dr. Kuyper. However great the difference may be between these men in regard to character and talent, we must look further to explain Dr. Kuyper's much more prominent position. Subservience to the organization of the Roman Catholic Church must lame the original force of the strongest of men. The man may have his own opinion, he may see his way to victory, but he is never his own master—yonder is the Pope. In the Calvinistic Church no such iron rod is held over the heads of its members. Dr. Kuyper is the head of his party, the head of his Church—Dr. Kuyper himself is Pope.

"When he began his career, the Calvinists were of no account in public opinion and were politically a minority, albeit in numbers a large majority by reason of the hold of the historic religion upon the poorer and humbler classes. The Liberals had the ear of the world: the Liberals represented freedom, progress—they imagined they represented democracy.

"Dr. Kuyper felt *there* the weakness of the Liberals, the possible strength of the Calvinists. He outshone the leaders of progress in true democracy. He called the lower classes of the people to influence in it. Soon the more modern and cultivated clergy withdrew from prominent pulpits and their places were taken by men of the elder type who used the language still familiar to the Calvinistic ear. Dr. Kuyper restored the ancient consistorial organization; he gave back to these assemblies the influence which they wielded in the very beginning of their existence, in the heroic period of their struggle with Spain in the sixteenth century. It is a system that makes an indestructible unity of the churches in the whole country, although it allows them a certain autonomy. For autonomy of the smaller unities is a favorite idea with Dr. Kuyper. Still there must be one hand to direct them and to hold firmly the different threads. Necessarily the hand is Dr. Kuyper's. So he stands as the representative of this now formidable body of the popular classes, a man of genius, able to hold his own against the cleverest spirits in the Liberal camp. He has destroyed the odium of ridicule and incapacity which has so long adhered to the Clericals. He has created an audience."

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[1] Director of the Bibliothèque Royale at The Hague.

A Parable of Charity

By Charles Frederic Goss

ONCE upon a time there was a tall, pale man who was very self-righteous. He thought that his virtuous life was the result of a high moral standard and a disciplined will. This made him very harsh in his judgments of other people, for nothing could persuade him that they had to deal with any harder problems than he, in bringing their bodies under and overcoming inherited tendencies to evil.

One day God met him in the person of an old physician who was noted throughout that region for a deep knowledge of life and a catholic charity for human infirmities.

"My son," he said, "I hear that you have been harshly condemning some of your fellow-men and declaring that you could do better in their places."

"I could," he said.

"In whose, for example?" asked the doctor.

"In that artist's, whose love of the beautiful leads him to forget his obligation to the true and the good; in that filthy tramp's, who is turning to dust before he is dead; in that millionaire's, who is a glutton, a wine-bibber, and a sensualist, besides being avaricious and unjust."

"And you think that in their places you could live as correctly as you do now?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Do you mean, if you lived in the millionaire's body, as well as in his house?"

"Beyond a question!"

"So you do not think that the management of a great physical engine like his, full of blood and nervous energy, a great brain full of schemes and a great will full of power, would be any harder than the running of that delicate mechanism in which you live, with its big bump of reverence on the top of its head, its thin neck and slow-beating heart?"

"Not a bit of it! Why should it? Everything is a question of a correct moral standard and a disciplined will."

"Would you be willing to try it?"

"With the greatest pleasure."

These words were scarcely out of his mouth before he saw the physician give a mystic wave to his right hand, and then felt himself suddenly torn out of his body like a tooth out of its jaw, borne swiftly through the air, and set down in a place as new to him as the inside of a pipe-organ. He hustled around a few moments to get his bearings, and began to feel that his blood was running a good deal faster and more powerfully than ever before, that there was a tingling sensation of strength in his whole body which was new, that he was hungrier and thirstier than he had ever been in his life.

It was now noon, and he seemed to be irresistibly hurried away to a club which he had always regarded with a certain horror, and in spite of himself impelled to order an enormous dinner with three different kinds of wine. When it was brought in, he devoured it all as ravenously as a hungry lion, and then, leaning back, stroked his stomach with a blissful sense of creature comfort.

After he had risen he met a number of men with whose faces he was familiar, and began talking to them in a loud and aggressive voice. He felt for them all a sort of scorn. It would have been a pleasure to get them into a tight corner somewhere and crush them—not because he was angry, bnt just to enjoy the exercise of the strength which seemed to bubble up from within him.

A little further on he met a cripple on crutches, and, finding him in his way, gave him a shove, feeling a profound contempt for everything weak and imperfect.

"What in the world is the matter with me?" he asked himself, as he saw the poor fellow stagger and almost fall. "I have never had such feelings as these before. I must get the upper hand of myself."

He was now approaching his office, and all sorts of schemes to increase his wealth began to revolve in his head. Opportunities of the most tempting kind presented themselves to his thought, and when he entered his elegant private room he found a man awaiting him who was promoting a great "trust."

His first thought was one of repulsion, for he had always hated and opposed combinations. But this was different. He was now on the inside! He remembered having heard some one say, "Opinions which a man is prepared to maintain at the cost of others, but not of himself, count for nothing." This memory brought a blush of shame to his cheek; but the fascination of the project which this promoter was presenting became absolutely irresistible. He did not want the money, but he *did* want the excitement and the glory! Yes, he would take a thousand shares!

As the door closed on the promoter, it opened to the financial agent of a hospital.

Toward this man he felt an unwavering repugnance. It seemed as if he wanted to throw him down the stairs, for he had come to ask him for money! He could tell that by looking at him. What right had this beggar to demand those dollars which he had accumulated by the hard knocks of his life? Sympathy for the suffering! What did they suffer for? He didn't suffer. Sympathy for the poor! What made them poor? He wasn't poor. He never asked a man for a dollar. Why should they ask him? No! He was busy. "Leave the room instantly!" he cried.

That night after dinner he started out alone. Wild, ungovernable impulses surged through him. Desires which had only flitted in the sub-conscious realms of his soul were upon him with irresistible force. They swept him along. He was like a straw in a river. He had a vague consciousness of having been suddenly lifted out of a dog-cart, from the low seat of which he had been safely driving a little donkey, and placed in the cab of an engine with six-foot drivers. The steam was rising in the boilers, and he trembled as he looked at the gauge. "Cool her off, for God's sake!" he cried to the fireman, who only threw in a bushel of coal and opened the dampers. The monster was running down a couple of shining steel rails like a whirlwind, and he couldn't find the lever. In front of him were signals which he did not understand. Everything seemed to reel and rock around him. There was a ringing in his ears, and all the while the passions rising in the boiler drove him on and on and on.

He never told the story of that night; but the next day he met the old doctor.

"How does it go?" asked that venerable sage.

"Go? Go?" he cried. "Let me out of the cab of this fearful engine! Put me back into my little dog-cart! I see it all now. I've got a new sympathy with men. There is so much more excuse for them than I thought, and so much more justification! It all looks so rational from the inside. Let me out, or I'm a lost man!"

"Do you want to take a ride in another cab—the tramp's, for example?" asked the old doctor.

"No, no! I've had enough."

"What do you think? Are all men doing a little nearer to their best than you used to believe?"

"They are—upon my word they are! At least I'll never judge them harshly any more, and my job's a good deal easier than some of theirs. I'm thankful for a dog-cart and a little donkey to drive. I don't want any more of these gee-whiz engines, with their ten miles of steam-pipes and six-foot drivers."

When he had gotten quietly back into his own delicate and manageable body, and was moving off as carefully down the street as if he were walking on eggs, God, in the person of the charitable old doctor, smiled at the efficacy of the lesson.

This smile gave place a moment later

to a look of sadness, and he murmured to himself: "He has probably swung too far the other way, and will be too easy in his judgments. Not many of us are doing much more than half as well as we ought and might."

The Mystery of Mary Stuart[1]

IF we regard Mary Queen of Scots as under indictment by the grand jury of history, which has beyond all question found evidence enough of her guilty complicity in the murder of her husband to put her on trial, and if we regard Froude as the prosecuting attorney and Hosack and Meline as the attorneys for the defense, then we may regard this volume of Andrew Lang's as the judge's charge. It will hardly be intelligible except to those who are not only somewhat familiar with the Scottish history of that period, but also who know something of the evidence for and against the accused. To such it will seem an exceedingly careful study—conscientious, judicial, well poised, but too like a judge's charge to be good history. The author is too scrupulously anxious not to let the jury guess which way his own judgment lies; it is difficult to gather what his own conclusion is or would be, or whether, indeed, he has reached any definite conclusion. He leaves the case exactly as he found it—a "mystery."

Mystery certainly does surround the character and career of Mary Queen of Scots; but this is due less to the circumstances of the case than to the untrustworthiness of all the witnesses. The ethical standards of court circles in Scotland in the sixteenth century were extraordinarily low. It is indeed scarcely too much to say that there were no standards. We cannot see that they were much better than in the Court of France or in the Vatican at the same period. Lying, fraud, forgery, murder, rape, treachery, were all looked upon as venial offenses. To lie was quite legitimate; to be discovered lying was no shame. Even John Knox seemed to look upon crime as pardonable if committed in what he regarded as a good cause. All statements of the witnesses at this epoch have to be received with great caution, and most of them cannot be received at all unless they are confirmed by circumstantial evidence, or by other and unwilling witnesses. The only way in which it seems possible to ascertain the truth is by a comparison of contradictory statements from different witnesses, and the acceptance of the minimum of uncontradicted testimony, or by the consideration of the plausibility of explanations offered for admitted and unquestioned facts which on their face appear inconsistent with the innocence of the accused. The student is lost in the mass of contradictions which Mr. Lang in vain endeavors to sift; one must have a large knowledge of the general facts, great patience in weighing contradictory testimony, and an acute intellect, trained to discriminate among men and measure their character and the probability of their testimony, in order to follow him in any detail. But, in our judgment, this is not necessary in order to reach a conclusion upon the main issue in the case. After reading with some care this judge's charge, and giving consideration to some fresh evidence—not very important—to which he refers, we repeat here the conclusion to which a careful study of the records brought us many years ago:

"A strange romantic interest has ever surrounded the character and career of Mary Queen of Scots. Says Greene, 'Her beauty, her exquisite grace of manner, her generosity of temper and warmth of affection, her frankness of speech, her sensibility, her gayety, her womanly tears, her manlike courage, the play and freedom of her nature, the flashes of poetry that broke from her at every intense moment of her life, flung a spell over friend and foe, which has only deepened with the lapse of years.' That is true; yet the spell is exorcised by the simple summary of the undoubted facts of her tragical and criminal career. A wife learns to loathe her husband; utters her passionate hate in terms that are unmistakable; is reconciled to him for a purpose; casts him off when that purpose is accomplished; makes no secret of her desire for a divorce; listens with but cold rebuke to intimations of his assassination; dallies while he languishes upon a sick-bed so long as death is near; hastens to him only when he is convalescent; becomes, in seeming, reconciled to him; by her blandishments allays his terror and arrests his flight, which nothing else could arrest; brings him with her to the house chosen by the assassins for his tomb—a house which has absolutely nothing else to recommend it but its singular adaptation to the deed of cruelty to be wrought there; remains with him until within two hours of his murder; hears with unconcern the story of his tragic end, which thrills all other hearts with horror; makes no effort to bring the perpetrators of the crime to punishment; rewards the suspected with places and pensions, and the chief criminal with her hand in marriage while the blood is still wet on his. These are the indisputable facts—the facts as they may be gathered from even the pages of Hosack and Meline, and the unquestionable correspondence of Mary herself. That the world should be asked to believe her the innocent victim of a diabolical conspiracy, and half the world should have acquiesced in the claim, affords a singular illustration of the credulity of mankind when sentiment and sympathies are called on to render the verdict which the reason alone is qualified to render."

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[1] *The Mystery of Mary Stuart.* By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Adventures in Tibet. By William Carey. Illustrated. United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston. 6×8¼ in. 285 pages. $1.50.

In 1892 a young Englishwoman with three or four Chinese and Tibetan guides started from China for Tibet, and, after traveling through that "forbidden land" for 1,300 miles, returned safely, more dead than alive, surviving fearful dangers and hardships amid snowy mountains and murderous robbers. This extraordinary journey was undertaken in the conviction that it would blaze the path for a Christian mission to follow, and it did follow. The story is told and the pioneer's diary is printed in this volume. No scientific interest attaches to it, for she carried not even an aneroid or a thermometer. But it is a fascinating story of Christian faith, courage, and endurance.

Animals of the Bible (The). By Gambier Bolton. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 100 pages. 75c.

College Student and His Problems (The). By James Hulme Canfield. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 197 pages. $1.

"The College Student and His Problems" is addressed to young men and women who are considering the question of going to college or who have decided to go, and are making their preparations for entrance upon a new life. The motto on the title-page might well be, "Let your moderation be known unto all men." The writer carefully avoids extremes in his counsels. In the main his advice seems to us well considered, rational, sensible, practical. The book would be a good one for all sub-Freshmen to read. It is free from literary affectations and hortatory rhetoric, the one unfortunate exception being the first sentence, which we are afraid will prejudice the average sub-Freshman unduly against the rest of the book.

Corn of Heaven (The). By Hugh Macmillan. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 286 pages. $1.75.

Dr. Macmillan, a lover and student of nature, is at his best when drawing spiritual lessons from the natural world. He has so done in many of these sermons, originally given to young people of his congregation. Some of these, as "The Selfishness of the Daisy" and "The Harvesting Ant," are in his most felicitous vein. The method here exemplified may be studied with advantage by all who preach to children.

Correggio. By Estelle M. Hurll. (The Riverside Art Series.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 94 pages. 75c., net.

Reserved for later notice.

Endeavorer's Daily Companion for 1902 (The). By Amos R. Wells. The United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston. 2¾×6 in. 110 pages.

En Son Nom. By Edward Everett Hale. Translated by Mary Prince Sauveur. William R. Jenkins, New York. 5½×8 in. 269 pages. $1.

A translation in French of "In His Name" has appeared; and it is a capital translation. In it we learn to regard Dr. Hale more than ever as a literary creator, now that we see him in another guise. The translator's preface well describes the work as it appeals to one who regards it from the standpoint of French, not English, literature.

Fifty Missionary Programmes. By Belle M. Brain. The United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston. 4×6 in. 128 pages. 35c.

Four Epochs of Woman's Life (The). By Anna M. Galbraith, M.D. W. B. Saunders & Co. Philadelphia. 5¼×8¼ in. 193 pages. $1.25.

Giotto. By F. Mason Perkins. Illustrated. (The Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 148 pages. $1.75.

Reserved for later notice.

History of Architecture on the Comparative Method. By Professor Banister Fletcher, F.R.I.B.A., and Banister F. Fletcher, A.R.I.B.A. (Fourth Edition, Revised and Enlarged.) Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 531 pages. $7.50, net.

The fourth edition of this work includes notable additions to the original text. These are seen especially in the notes on prehistoric architecture, on Romanesque, Gothic and Renaissance styles, and on architecture in Great Britain, indicating the principal streams of development in England, Scotland, and Ireland. The main addition to the letterpress, however, is the comparative treatment of what are known as the non-historical styles—the Saracenic, Indian, Chinese, and Japanese. Many illustrations have been added; and even if one did not read the text the book would be well worth owning for these alone.

House of Cæsar and the Imperial Disease (The). By Seymour Van Santvoord. Illustrated. The Pafraets Book Co., Troy, N. Y. 6½×10 in. 398 pages.

The value of this handsome volume is mainly in its large collection of portraits of the Roman Emperors, their consorts, and others nearly related, in obtaining which both labor and enterprise were required. The narrative extends to the fall of the Western Empire in the fifth century, but the larger part of it, devoted to "The House of Cæsar," falls within the limits of the first. The author's interest is in exhibiting the nemesis that pursued the family in the perishing of a majority of its members by violent deaths. Whether the plague-spot of the homicidal passion which he styles "the imperial disease" was apparent first in Livia, the consort of Augustus, as we are told here, may be doubted. Suetonius, indeed, ascribes to her the introduction of the crime of domestic murder among the Romans, but, according to Cicero, it was not unknown before. In the bloody proscriptions that took place in the last period of the Republic a triumvir did not scruple to sacrifice his own kinsmen. The violent extinction of the house of Cæsar seems the nemesis of the atrocity through which the founder of the imperial family climbed to the throne, rather than of the criminal ambition of his consort. Mr. Van Santvoord has accepted at their face value the statements of the Roman historians. One must bear in mind, however, the remark of Dean Merivale: "The history of the Roman emperors, though written under very different circumstances, is hardly more to be relied on than the history of the Roman kings."

Inns of Court Sermons. By the Rev. H. C. Beeching, M.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 228 pages. $1.25.

These sermons were given to a select audience at Lincoln's Inn, one of the four societies of lawyers in London known as "the Inns of Court," to which the preacher is chaplain. Their general type is that of broad churchmanship. In their spiritual and ethical quality, their recognition of the social interests of religion, and their stamp of literary culture they well deserve this introduction to American readers as among the best utterances of Anglican pulpits.

Insect Life: Souvenirs of a Naturalist. By J. H. Fabre. Translated by the Author of "Mademoiselle Mori." Edited by F. Merrifield. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. $1.75.

These papers have much the same fascination as have Sir John Lubbock's talks about ants and bees. Professor Fabre was called "that inimitable observer" by Charles Darwin, yet he never accepted Darwin's conclusions as to natural selection and evolution, and, as the translator informs us, stands almost alone among naturalists of this generation in refusing to regard evolution as a universal law. This does not in the slightest affect the present book, which tells vividly and sometimes even humorously the author's observations of the home and outdoor life of beetles and insects of all sorts. The translation is notably well done. No one who has ever felt the slightest interest in natural science can fail to derive pleasure as well as instruction from this book.

In the Footprints of the Padres. By Charles Warren Stoddard. Illustrated. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, Cal. 4¾×7 in. 335 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Stoddard is always a pleasing and gently entertaining writer of travel sketches, and is not incapable of showing the meaning and sentiment as well as the surface appearance of things. These sketches of California in early days tell of the journey thither by the Nicaragua route, of the old mission fathers, and of many incidents of life in Monterey and San Francisco in bygone and perhaps more romantic days. The book is daintily illustrated and notably well printed.

In the Wyoming Valley. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Illustrated. The American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 360 pages. $1, net.

Japan: A Record in Colour. By Mortimer Menpes. Transcribed by Dorothy Menpes. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6¼×9 in. 209 pages. $6.

It would be hard to overpraise the brilliant bits of color-work in which this book abounds. They are admirably painted, capitally printed, and full of the very life and spirit of Japan. Mr. Menpes has been known as a sportsman and war correspondent as well as painter and etcher. We notice that in reply to the questions of the editor of "Who's Who" he records himself as "inartistically born in Australia," as educated "nominally at a grammar-school in Port Adelaide, but really on a life scheme of his own," and as beginning his career as painter at the age of one. It is evident that he has had a love of traveling, a sense of humor, and a faculty of seeing things as they are and of getting close to the people whom he is studying. All these things and much else are to be found in these pictures, and the artist's daughter has also put them in the text of the book, than which we have had nothing more intimate in its knowledge of Japanese life and art since Mrs. Fraser's "Letters from

Japan" in the one case, and Mr. La Farge's "Artist's Letters from Japan" in the second.

Lives and Legends of the Evangelists, Apostles, and Other Early Saints. By Mrs. Arthur Bell. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 284 pages. $4.50.

By the side of Mrs. Jameson's "History of Our Lord," "Legends of the Madonna," and "Legends of the Saints and Martyrs," of Miss Hurll's "Life of Our Lord in Art," Dean Farrar's "Life of Christ in Art," and Dr. van Dyke's "The Christ-Child in Art," the present volume may find fit place. The saints here treated are John the Baptist and his parents, the parents of Mary, Joseph and the four evangelists, the twelve Apostles, the family at Bethany and Mary Magdalen, Joseph of Arimathea, Stephen, Veronica, and other first-century converts and martyrs, the great saints of the second century, and, for the third, martyred popes, bishops, priests, deacons, laymen, soldiers, matrons, and maidens. Thus the contents are treated, as they should be, chronologically. The author's admirable method comprises, first, a relation of the actual historical facts in the life of each saint, then the legends which have gathered round some nucleus of truth, thirdly, an enumeration of the general characteristics by which a saint may be known, and lastly the presentation of examples from typical works of art in which the saint under notice is introduced. The fifty illustrations which accompany the text are well chosen and well executed, but there might well be a hundred illustrations, and we trust that a second edition will be thus enlarged. Like the volumes above mentioned, this forms a suggestive and inspiring help to the better understanding of art, religion, and life; but three things mark Mrs. Bell's book as having a value beyond the others: (1) It seems more adequately to winnow the true from the legendary; (2) it restores certain legends to their rightful owners; (3) it includes new facts of undoubted authenticity recently added to the received biographies of many saints. The book as a whole represents the latest and perhaps the most important contribution in our language to what may be called the scientific sifting of symbolism.

Macmillan's Guides: Guide to the Eastern Mediterranean. $3. **Guide to the Western Mediterranean.** $3. **Guide to Italy.** $3.25. **Guide to Palestine and Egypt.** $3.25. With Maps and Plans. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in.

The Macmillan Guides, of which "Italy," "The Eastern Mediterranean," "The Western Mediterranean," "Palestine and Egypt" have now appeared, should take place by the side of Baedeker, Meyer, Murray, and other guides the worth of which has long been proven. The new series will appeal to the traveler because of convenient size, good paper, clear print, and particularly excellent maps. It is evident that painstaking care has been exercised in the effort to reduce bulk. Though necessary practical information is given, the editors are apparently endeavoring to make their historical, archæological, and art information the special feature. No such information contained in the brief compass of these small books can be other than suggestive, however; they should stimulate to wider reading. We presume that these books will find reading especially by those who do not care for as much matter as is contained in Baedeker, the best known of all guides. As compared with Baedeker's "Italy" in three volumes, for instance, Macmillan's is in one; probably the rest of the series will be issued in this proportion.

Newcomes (The). By William Makepeace Thackeray. Edited by Arthur Pendennis. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 844 pages. $1.

This edition contains all the drawings by Richard Doyle, which are certainly the most sympathetic illustrations which have ever been made unless we except some of Thackeray's own drawings, which, if queer technically, had the spirit of the creator of the men and women of the story. In other respects the edition is acceptable though not ideal; perhaps it is the best obtainable of those at quite moderate price.

Pastoral Epistles (The): A New Translation. By the Rev. J. P. Lilley, M.A. (Handbooks for Bible Classes and Private Students.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 255 pages. 75c., net.

Nearly nineteen-twentieths of this manual is occupied with Introductions, general and special, an ample commentary, and an appendix. The difficult problems involved in these Epistles receive thus a thorough discussion. The new translation here given is done with good judgment, improving somewhat on the Revised Version. Mr. Lilley contests at every point the widely received critical theory that disputes the Pauline authorship of the Pastorals. Whether wholly Pauline or not, they are of high value to Protestants in their controversy with Rome.

Pilgrim's Progress (The). By John Bunyan. Illustrated. (The Caxton Series.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4×6½ in. In 2 vols. $2.40, net.

An extremely dainty edition, bound in flexible leather, with appropriate stamping, well printed on a fair page, and with illustrations which, though somewhat unconventional, are full of the vigor of Bunyan's imagination.

Protestant Principles. By J. Monro Gibson, M.A., D.D. (Christian Study Manuals.) A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 4½×7 in. 171 pages.

This clear and succinct statement seems to have been inspired by the exigency of the conflict with Romanizing tendencies now going on in England. Points of agreement with the Roman doctrine are noted wherever existing, and the points of difference sharply stated in the traditional Protestant line of thought. That in some points these differences are more reducible than Dr. Gibson makes them, one who has followed recent discussions may find reason to believe. It is now some twenty years since it was admitted at Andover that since purgatory had been eliminated the Protestant doctrine of the future had been left unsatisfactorily stated. This was followed up at Union Seminary by a doctrinal publication on the progress of sanctification in the "intermediate state." So in regard to the cardinal Protestant doctrine of justification, the ground of it is made by some recent Protestant writers quite as subjective as objective, and placed in the realities of character as well as in the person of Christ—thus approximating somewhat to the Roman view, in which justification and sanctification are not as sharply distinguished as by the earlier Protestants. Of these modifications no note is taken by Dr. Gibson. But he writes in an irenical spirit, in hope of a still closer drawing together of the Evangelicals and such Anglicans as Bishop Gore and Professor Sanday.

Public-House Reform: An Explanation. By A. N. Cumming, M.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 185 pages. $1.

A clear and interesting account of the Public-House Trust Association through which Lord Grey and his Association seek to eliminate individual profit from the saloon business by applying to public ends all net income in excess of five per cent. The author is a stanch advocate of the innovation, asserting that the new public-houses are almost ideal in their management, and that the public use of the surplus profits makes "private vices" promote "public benefits." He nevertheless gives much space to the criticisms made upon the new system, reprinting in full two capital letters from Sir Wilfrid Lawson questioning the moral value of adding to the respectability of liquor-saloons, and urging the greater desirability of restricting the liquor traffic by giving voters of every community the right to vote the granting of licenses.

Question of the Pacific (The): An Edition in English of the Work of Dr. Victor M. Maurtua. By F. A. Pezet, F.R.G.S. George F. Lasher, Philadelphia. 6×9 in. 312 pages.

Red Eagle: A Tale of the Frontier. By Edward S. Ellis. Illustrated. (War Chief Stories, No. 3.) Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 4¾×7½ in. 296 pages.

Regnum Dei: Eight Lectures on the Kingdom of God in the History of Christian Thought. By Archibald Robertson, D.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¾×9 in. 401 pages. $2.50.

Dr. Robertson, the Principal of King's College, London, exhibits in these lectures the historical development of the thought embodied in the phrase, "the Kingdom of God," so often used by Jesus. In that phrase, as he observes, is involved the answer of the two questions on which turn our modern doubts and the claims of competing systems for our allegiance, viz., the government of the world, and the goal of life. These two are so intertwined that a deepening conviction of purpose in the one reproduces itself in the other. Given the idea of the Kingdom of God, the ultimate sovereignty of right, its verification must be sought in human experience. To exhibit this verification Dr. Robertson traces the history of the idea from its root in the Old Testament as it appears successively in the generation before Christ, in the New Testament, in the first four Christian centuries, in St. Augustine, in the mediæval theocracy, in the divergence of modern ideals, and lastly in modern thought and life. He considers that the modern Church has more to learn on the subject from St. Augustine than from any other extra-Scriptural source, and that among moderns Ritschl, despite his defects, presents fundamental ideas not to be neglected. The general method of the lectures is critical. The most potent means toward the realization of the divine reign is rightly placed in giving effectiveness to the idea of human brotherhood. But one is disappointed to find no hope expressed that is closer to earthly interests than the eternal reign of God in heaven after the world has ceased to be. Something nearer than one or more millions of years, some truly divine society of men on earth, must be deemed within the reach of effort, if effort for it is to be undiscouraged.

Rembrandt van Rijn. By Malcolm Bell. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 164 pages. $1.75.

Reserved for later notice.

St. Paul and the Roman Law and Other Studies of the Origin of the Form of Doctrine. By W. E. Ball, LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8¼ in. 218 pages. $1.50, net.

The Roman law undeniably shaped the theological system of Calvin. It cannot be said to have similarly influenced St. Paul, in whom the mystic is more prominent than the legalist. Yet the full significance of the Pauline phraseology is elucidated by that of some legal terms which it makes use of, such as "adoption," "inheritance," "testament," or "covenant." From an exhibition of this Mr. Ball goes on to show the coloring given by Roman law to church formularies, as in baptism and matrimony, and then passes over to discuss the influence of Greek metaphysics upon Christian theology, as in the Logos doctrine. The concluding chapters are occupied with New Testament quotation of canonical, deutero-canonical, and uncanonical Scripture. Those who appreciate scholarly exactness in minutiæ will find this a valuable book.

Saving Word (The). Published by F. S. Bellevue, 1123 Broadway, New York. 5×7 in. 147 pages.

This little volume is one of real value. Even those tolerably familiar with the Bible often wish that they might read quickly and consecutively what the Bible has to say upon a particular subject—the creation, Christ, man, sin, death, resurrection, for instance. The compiler of the present volume has met that want, and we take up a chapter—for example, that on "Natural Man"—and, beginning with Genesis, proceed to Revelation, the chapter of Bible excerpts on the subject forming sixteen pages. The book should stimulate Biblical study and individual thought alike.

Sketches in the Evolution of English Congregationalism: Carew Lecture for 1900-1901. By Alexander Mackennal, D.D. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5¼×8 in. 259 pages. $1, net.

This volume contains the Carew Lectures for 1900-1901, delivered at Hartford Theological Seminary. About ten years ago there was a remarkable revival of interest in all that concerned the Puritan and Pilgrim history. For the last few years less has been written on the subject. No man in Great Britain is better informed on these subjects or better qualified to present them. He is the recognized ecclesiastical leader of English Congregationalism, and in many respects the chief organizer of

English Nonconformity. The Federation of Evangelical Free Churches was largely due to his initiative. He treats his subject from the point of view of a generous and dispassionate Christian rather than that of a narrow denominationalist. The volume contains six lectures with the following titles: The Problem of the English Reformation; Congregationalism before Robert Bowne; Presbyterians and Independents' Reaction and Revival; Congregationalists and Anglicans; Seventeenth Century Independents and Twentieth Century Congregationalists. The two chapters which will most interest the general reader are the first and the last. The problem of the English Reformation was this: Shall England in Church and State be under absolute monarchy, or shall her people be self-governing? The problem was solved in favor of democracy. In the last chapter Dr. Mackennal shows that he is more Catholic than Congregational. Near the close of that chapter he treats of the Federation of Free Churches, and tells us that "it is perfectly frank in its welcome of diversities of judgment in Church polity and the government of Churches." He makes it evident that he believes in a unity of Christians to be realized by each one being loyal to his own views, and not only tolerant but anxious to learn of others concerning their views. He does not think that the Free Church Federation will ever grow into uniformity "in discipline representative of a single polity." He believes that Congregationalism and Presbyterianism are not incompatible, and that both may exist in harmony and co-operation with Episcopalianism. In conclusion he well says that he has not tried merely to glorify Congregationalism, and that he has been "quite as anxious to show what it has received from others as what it has given to others; its obligation, as well as its contribution, to the national life for three centuries." He then makes a remark which ought to be heeded by all ecclesiastics in all denominations: "The church system is to be estimated not less by its readiness to receive instruction from all quarters than by its own simple, sufficient testimony." The scholarship of the work is ample and trustworthy, and its style perspicuous and attractive.

Tales of the Spanish Main. By Mowbray Morris. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 357 pages. $2.

A taking title, and the book is full of the romance of history suggested thereby. These stories are not fiction, but they abound in buccaneers, treasure-ships, conquest and adventure, and the events of the period treated have long been the much-frequented storehouse of romance writers. The narratives are told with spirit and gusto.

Tales of Passed Times. By Charles Perrault. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 192 pages. 50c.

A very pretty edition, daintily made, with twelve illustrations by Charles Robinson and frontispiece and title-page in colors, of this classic French rendering of many favorite fairy tales.

Theodore Roosevelt: Patriot and Statesman. By Robert C. V. Meyers. Illustrated. P. W. Ziegler & Co., Philadelphia. 6¼×9 in. 485 pages.

"Uncle Boston's" Spicy Breezes. By Boston W. Smith. American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 255 pages. $1, net.

Watteau. By Edgcumbe Staley, B. A. (Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6¼ in. 72 pages. 50c.

Reserved for later notice.

West Indies and the Empire (The): Study and Travel in the Winter of 1900-1901. By H. De R. Walker. T. Fisher Unwin, London, England. 5½×9 in. 253 pages.

This volume has a timely interest on this side of the water by reason of the fact that it deals with the industrial problem—and to some extent with the political problems—now confronting us in Porto Rico and Cuba. Mr. Walker's first chapter treats of the steadily declining prosperity of the sugar industry, and he makes a strong plea for the adoption by Great Britain of a system of "countervailing" duties upon "bounty-fed" sugar. The sugar-producers of the British West Indies, he points out, are obliged to compete in the British market with French and German producers who receive from their respective Governments bounties on their sugar exports. A British tariff on the French and German product, equal to the bounties received, would merely establish for all sugar-producers seeking the British market that "equality of opportunity" or "fair competition" which is the free-trade ideal. Mr. Walker, we think, correctly states the amount of the German bounties—£1 5s. to £1 15s. a ton; but his statement of the French bounty—£4. 10s. a ton—indicates a typographical error. The French export bounties are but little higher than the German. To the decline of the sugar industry in the British West Indies, which seems inevitable if Great Britain refuses to protect her colonies by countervailing duties, there is one relieving feature. As sugar-planting declines, peasant proprietorship extends. The cane-sugar industry, as Mr. Walker acknowledges in common with all other observers, is distinctively the agricultural industry demanding the concentrated ownership of land and capital. Mr. Walker's views respecting colonial government are generally anti-democratic, and he frequently criticises those expressed in Mr. Salmon's "Crown Colonies of Great Britain."

Mayor Low on the Excise Question

We give below some extracts from Mayor Low's reply to the letter on the excise situation sent to him by the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. We comment elsewhere on this subject and on the excise question generally:

I think it will clear the air if we try to arrive at some common meaning for the word "enforced," for as you use it you give the impression that the law is treated by the administration as a dead letter. This is very far from being the case. By virtue of this law the public sale of liquor has been stopped and a peaceable and orderly Sunday has already been more perfectly secured since the first of January, as I judge from the public press, than certainly at any time for four years past. Because, however, it may have been possible, as you imply, to buy liquor in many saloons behind closed doors on Sunday, it pleases you to say in effect that the law is treated by the administration as though it did not exist.

Coming from any one less familiar with the problem than yourselves, this assumption would suggest one of the easy and sweeping inferences often made by those who speak without knowledge. Read, however, in the light of the interview of the honored President of your Society, which appeared in the "Mail and Express" on the 20th inst., it bears a very different aspect.

In that interview Dr. Parkhurst said: "It impresses me that the present excise law will be exceedingly hard to enforce. Roosevelt bent all his wonderful energy to attain this end, and we had three dry Sundays as a result. That does not seem to predict success for any effort the present administration may make. The whole police force was used in carrying out Roosevelt's determination, and there was practically an open field for the perpetration of other crimes."

Those who realize that Mr. Roosevelt, when in full control of the situation, could only prevent the result you complain of for three Sundays, though using the entire power of the police force for that object, to the neglect of all other laws, should be slow rather than quick to say of this administration that "the first two weeks of the present régime have practically put the Mayoralty in revolt against the Legislature," because the administration has treated the excise law as one of many laws which it is bound to enforce and has not neglected all other mandates of the Legislature in order to look after this one.

The fact is that the excise law has been enforced up to the very limit of what is practicable with the means at our command, and substantially as well, I believe, as it was enforced by Mr. Roosevelt, unless you except the three Sundays on which Dr. Parkhurst says every other law was disregarded in order the better to enforce this one.

But you argue that the excise law, being a law, should be enforced to the uttermost, come what will, just because it is a law. That position begs the very question which you yourself raise when you say it is "quite likely unenforceable." That question is whether the Legislature has not in fact enacted a law that contains clauses which cannot be enforced in the city of New York. I asked the Presiding Justice of the Court of Special Sessions a few weeks ago to furnish me with a list of misdemeanors as defined by the Legislature. He replied that he was unable to do so, for it would take an able lawyer three months to compile it. Does anybody suppose that all of these penalties are enforced, or that the administration is derelict because it does not go out of its way to find out what laws thus go by default?

The Legislature has said that there shall be no drinking on Sunday except in homes, in hotels, and in clubs, but there must come a time when experience shall demonstrate in every locality whether this mandate can be literally executed or not. In my judgment, our experience in New York on this point is already ample. In my letter accepting the various nominations that were offered to me last autumn, I said, in speaking of the evils traceable to these clauses:

"All this would be bad enough if these clauses accomplished their object of actually preventing the sale of liquor on Sunday, but they do not even do this. It may be considered certain, after much experience, that in this community those clauses of the excise law that forbid the sale of liquor on Sunday in saloons are not competent to accomplish more than to prevent the public sale of liquor on that day; they never have stopped and they never can stop drinking on Sunday."

. . . .

Purely political considerations, you properly say, should be disregarded. But this is what happens in the city of New York, in addition to the partial disregard of other laws of which Dr. Parkhurst has spoken, when an attempt is made by the police power to close all access to saloons on Sunday, no matter how clandestine it may be. For two or three weeks, while the pressure lasts, every vessel that will hold liquor is filled on Saturday, with the results that many lodgings become saloons on the Sunday following. By the end of a few weeks arrangements are completed by which liquor can be had in the room behind the saloon, or in the room above, or in the room on one side, and illegal Sunday trade from that time on goes as smoothly as before the pressure began. In other words, the police pressure aimed at making even clandestine access to the saloons impossible does not result in the enforcement of the law, but only in driving the breach of the law one step further back.

In the meanwhile this pressure causes the fires of blackmail to burn as with a forced draught, and the last state of the city under such a policy is worse than the first. It is difficult enough at best to break up blackmail. An administration of the excise law that only doubles the inducements to blackmail, but which cannot stop illegal sales, may well be called in question. . . .

To sum up the attitude of this administration toward the excise law can be clearly defined. It will continue to enforce the excise law as one of the general body of laws which it is called upon to enforce in the best manner practicable with the means at its disposal. It will take immediate cognizance of any complaint of breach of the law that is called to its attention, but it will not concentrate the entire police force on this one law and let all other laws go by the board. It will also do everything it can while it is in power to break up the bribery and corruption of which the excise law has been for so long the fruitful parent.

If anything further is called for in response to your letter, it could not be better said than in these words attributed to the President of your Society: " So long as we pretend to be doing more than we can do, we shall not succeed in doing so much as we might do."

President-Elect Palma and Cuban Students

From a Special Correspondent

Tomas Estrada Palma, the first President-elect of Cuba, was the prominent figure at New Paltz, N. Y., on Monday of last week. Several citizens and the authorities of the Normal School constituted a committee of arrangements. The sixty Cuban women students receiving their professional training under the patronage of the United States Government in the New Paltz Normal School assembled at the hotel now devoted exclusively to the use of thirty of the Cuban students. At this point many citizens had gathered, awaiting the arrival of General Palma. The pleasure and excitement of the Cuban students aroused the warmest interest of the citizens, and when General Palma descended from the trolley-car in front of the hotel, under the flags of the United States and of Cuba, there was little, if any, difference in the vivacity and intensity of the welcome he received from his own countrywomen and of that from the American citizens who greeted him. The waving of the flags of Cuba carried by all the students, the singing of their national hymn, not only affected deeply the soldierly gentleman who stood bowing bareheaded before his countrywomen on that hilltop, but the Americans there felt the emotion of the moment. The English-speaking community suddenly realized the inadequacy of the English language as the General was greeted and surrounded by the Cuban students. Under all the grace and the courtesy of the future President of Cuba, it was evident that he was critically observing the effect of American training on the future teachers of Cuban schools.

After the informal reception by the Cuban students, the guest of the day was escorted to the drawing-room of the Normal School, where a luncheon, cooked by the students of the department of domestic science, was served by other students to about twenty guests. Later a reception, attended by about five hundred people, followed two addresses by General Palma—one in Spanish and one in English—given in the school chapel. General Palma most gratefully acknowledged the debt of Cuba to this country, his confidence in its continued interest and friendship. He declared it his most earnest desire, his ambition, to be the link between the two republics. Publicly and privately he announced his belief in the public schools as the safeguards of the people, laying emphatic and fervid emphasis on the importance of primary education, which he called the foundation of the educational structure. He appealed feelingly to the Cuban students for their co-operation in behalf of their country's development, and he evidently made a deep impression. About forty men students from a business college in Poughkeepsie arrived in time for the addresses. To them he appealed with even more warmth to devote their highest and best gifts to Cuba. The young faces showed the response to the appeal, and it was evident that the Americans present felt the solemnity of the occasion.

The day closed with a dancing reception given in the evening in the gymnasium by the Cuban woman students to all the Normal students and the guests who remained in town. L. W. B.

Correspondence

"Ruling Classes"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Who compose the "Ruling Classes in a Democracy," accepting the United States as an example of that form of government?

Dr. Henry van Dyke, in an address published in The Outlook of December 23, says: "A democracy differs from a monarchy, an empire, and an aristocracy, not in the absence of ruling classes, but in the method by which they are selected." Again, he says: "The democratic method intrusts the selection of the ruling classes to the collective reason and justice of the people." And again: "It is said that democracies sometimes choose weak, incompetent, and even bad men for their ruling classes." Throughout his entire discourse it is perfectly clear that office-holders alone are regarded by him as composing the "ruling classes" in the United States.

The office-holders in this Republic, properly speaking, do not form a "class" at all, neither are they "rulers." There is but one legally recognized, well-defined "class" of any kind in this country. That is composed solely of the legal voters. The office-holders elected by them or appointed by their delegated authority are in every sense their paid servants, and, while in office, hold their respective positions by no tenure stronger than or different in principle from the tenure under which Dr. van Dyke's coachman performs his proper service by the month or year.

In every case the servants are employed and paid for service because of their supposed special fitness. The coachman may prove on trial to be a rascally jockey, and the office-holder a corrupt scoundrel. There are all sorts in this country; but, under our laws, either may be removed for malfeasance or incompetence. And this applies as well to the President and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court as to the Doctor's coachman or gardener. No political office here is hereditary, and there is no shadow of special privilege except that extended to every voter alike.

In monarchies and oligarchies, even in those we sometimes call the most advanced and liberal, there are hereditary, titled, privileged "ruling classes." Their governmental structures, as in Great Britain, are honeycombed with them and owe their continued existence to them. Not more than one-half of the native, adult males are accorded the right to vote for members of the so-called "popular branch"—the House of Commons—while the membership of the House of Lords is wholly titled and hereditary, and the Lords, together with the monarch, are mere accidents of birth.

So far as it relates to "ruling classes" in monarchies and other forms of absolutism, Dr. van Dyke's treatment of the subject is not open to just censure; but in the presence of our vast alien population just opening their eyes and their hearts for the first time to the blessings of equal rights under the only existing "government of a people by the people and for the people," and our millions of youths just preparing for the serious duties of American citizenship, it is a sad if not a pernicious mistake as applied to the United States Government and people.

Chicago, Ill. J. P. R.

The Concentration Camps

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your comments on the statements of Lord Onslow, page 1010, in The Outlook for December 21, 1901, you do the Boer women an unintentional injustice when you seem to attribute any portion of the enormous death-rate in the concentration camps to the "unsanitary habits" of the unfortunate women. The English authorities burned the homes of these women and children, and forced them into these camps when they would have gone to their friends. Miss Emily Hobhouse shows in the October "Contemporary Review" that these camps are *prisons*, surrounded with wire fence, and women who escape are returned to the camps. She shows that the awful death-rate is due to scurvy, a starvation disease. She shows that mothers and their babes are often in different camps and are kept apart. She says that while the relatives and friends would care for these unfortunates, the Government will not permit this. She also says that Dutch women who desire to nurse in the camps are replaced by English nurses in whom the people have no confidence. She further says that the women are harshly treated, and that such is the treatment that a large portion of the deaths are no less than murders to be charged to the authorities maintaining the camps. During the Spanish-American War we had a great amount of sickness and a heavy death-rate at Camp Alger, at Chattanooga, at Santiago, in Porto Rico, and at Montauk Point. The sickness was largely typhoid fever, a disease preventable, and which largely delights in filth. Now, just as properly charge this sickness to the ignorance and unsanitary habits of the American people as the present sickness in the concentration camps to the ignorance and unsanitary habits of the Boer women. In each case the sickness follows strange, unusual, and unfavorable conditions. The habits or customs of those concerned have but comparatively little to do in the matter.

GEORGE G. GROFF, M.D.

Lewisburg, Pa.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

1. Can you recommend a number of short stories (twenty to thirty minutes' reading) suitable for reading to a Sunday night congregation by a lay reader? I should like to hold the attention of both adults and children, and give a striking portrayal of some Christian virtue—something that would be helpful and uplifting, and at the same time as interesting as possible as a story. Two or three of Tolstoï's short stories, several of Sheldon's books, and "Black Rock" served my purpose, but now I am at a loss where to turn for more. 2. Can you also recommend one or more volumes of story-like sermons, or sermons rich in illustrations, that might be suitable? N.

1. The late Professor R. W. Raymond wrote a large variety of admirable Christmas stories for the Sunday-school of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, which were published by the Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. Two volumes of these are entitled, we think, "Two Ghosts" and "The Man in the Moon." There is also the Rev. T. K. Beecher's "In Time with the Stars" (see our book notices, January 4). 2. We recall the sermons of the Rev. L. A. Banks as of this description, and think they can be obtained of the Revell Company, New York. Some reader will perhaps add helpful suggestions in further answer to both questions.

1. What is the earliest date at which the books of the New Testament, as we have it, were brought together as one book? 2. What is the earliest date at which the books of the Old Testament and those of the New Testament, as we have them, were united in one volume? J. E.

1. Uniform recognition of one collection as it now stands was first established by decree of the Council of Carthage, A.D. 397. Recognition of our present collection in the main, but with local disagreements about a few books, is found in the second half of the second century. The four Gospels obtained recognition during the earlier part of that century. 2. Understanding you to mean one collection, not one book, the date is 1517, when the Complutensian Polyglot included the Old Testament and the New in a set of six volumes—the Old in four, the New in two.

1. Could you suggest a few books that would be helpful for one who has had some study and training in theistic philosophy and is now especially preparing to teach along this line? 2. Also a few books helpful in study under the subject of Comparative Religion. M. D. D.

1. Caldecott's "Philosophy of Religion in England and America" (The Macmillan Company, $2.50) is a very comprehensive and critical introduction to the history of theism—a judicial summing up of the achievements of theistic thought. Flint's "Theism," seventh edition, is a valuable work (Scribners, $1.50). Professor Royce's expositions of theism from the standpoint of an idealistic monism are illuminating in many ways and deserve careful reading, viz., "The Conception of God" and the two volumes of his Gifford Lectures on "The World and the Individual" (Macmillan, $1.75 and $6). 2. Menzies's "History of Religion" and Tiele's two volumes on the "Elements of the Science of Religion" (Scribners, $1.50 and $4). A complete and most valuable bibliography is in Jastrow's new book, "The Study of Religion" (Scribners, $1.50).

What are the titles and authors of some good books on the general subject of experimental theology? I mean on theology with experience as a basis, just as experiment and physical fact is the basis of science. What are some of the best wall maps of Palestine for class use, with prices and publishers? F. C. D.

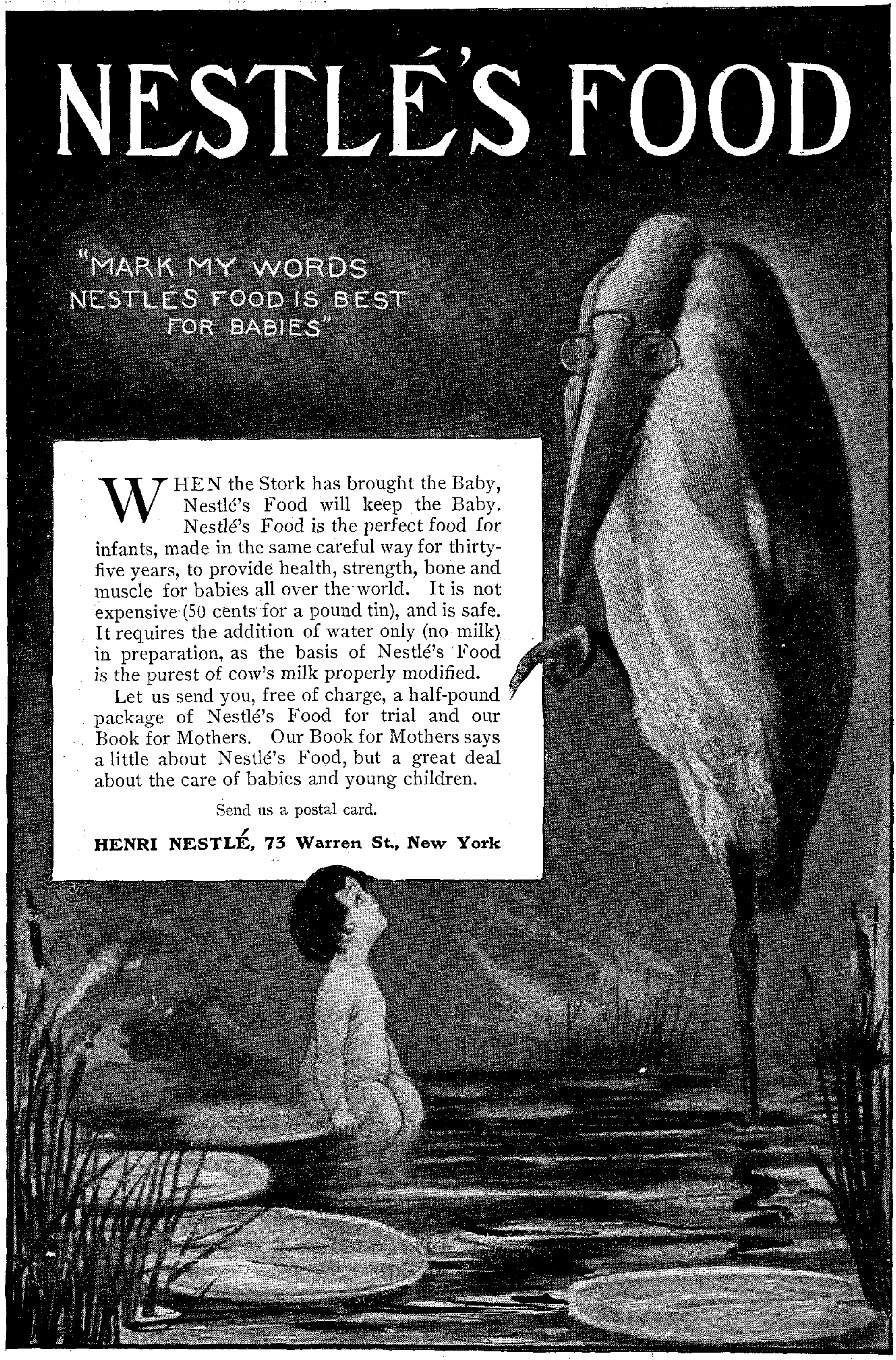
1. Professor Stearns's Ely Lectures at Union Seminary on "Christian Life and Experience" (Scribners, $2), and Professor Foster's Stone Lectures at Princeton Seminary on "Christian Life and Theology" (Revell, $1.50) are among the best works on this subject, if not the best. 2. The very best is Bartholomew's, published last year with the latest results of investigation (Scribners, $3.50 in covers, in wall-map form a little more).

Will you tell me where I can procure a brief outline of the government, form of service, and history of the Established Church of England? A. N. G.

In the city where you live are public libraries where you will find cyclopædias with accounts of the history and government of that Church. Spence's History in the Temple Primer Series is a brief outline (Macmillan, 40 cents). For the form of service you will have to get the English Prayer-Book, or consult the American Prayer-Book, which is very like it.

Will you kindly inform me which is the best translation (English) of Herodotus and of Xenophon's "Cyropedia"? L. W. W.

Professor Capp in his recent work on Greek Literature, "From Homer to Theocritus," recommends Rawlinson for Herodotus and Dakyns for Xenophon. Rawlinson with notes unabridged is published by D. Appleton & Co., in four volumes, by Scribners with abridged notes in two. Dakyns is published by Macmillan.



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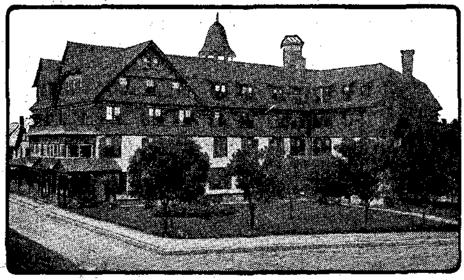

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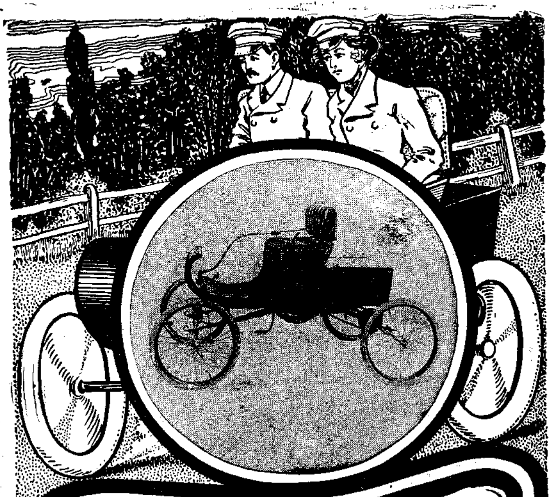

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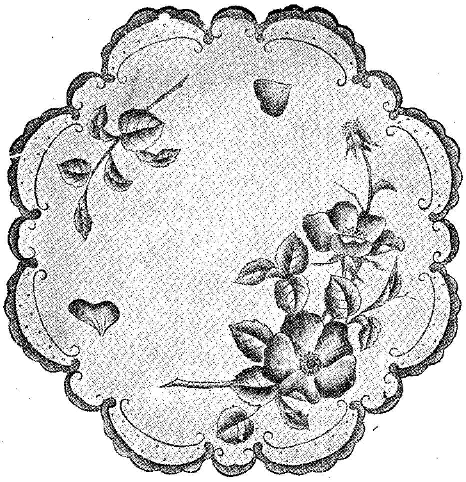

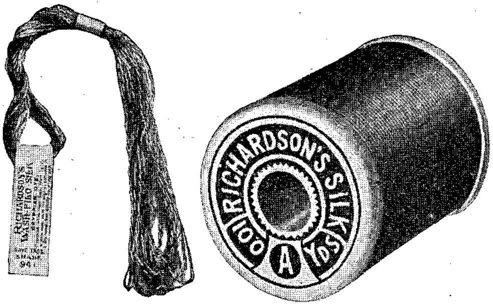

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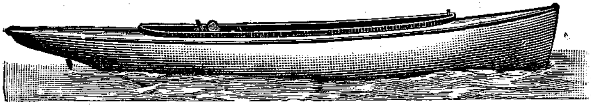

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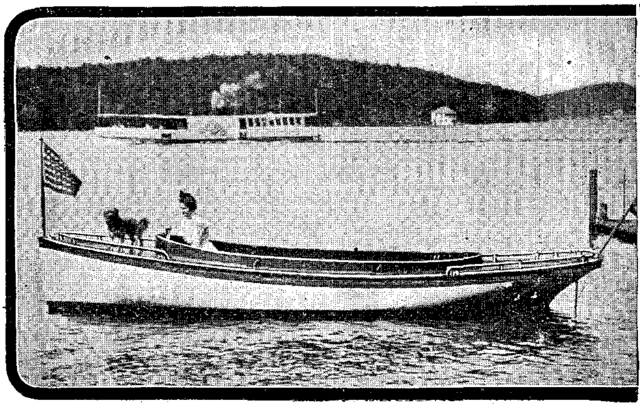

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